

[Riff] (x2) G-D G7-C Cm-G D [Intro] (x2) D F#m
G D-A

Poor old Johnny Ray - Sounded sad upon
the radio, moved a million hearts in mono
Our mothers cried - Sang along, who'd blame them
You're grown (.../up) (x2), so grown (.../up) (x2)
Now I must say more than ever, come on Eileen
Toora-loora-toora-loo-rye-ay
And we can sing just like our fathers [Fill] A A½

Come on Eileen, oh, I swear well, he means [Hook]
(At this moment, you mean everything) E B
(You in that dress, my thoughts, I confess F#m A-B
Verge on dirty,
ah come on Eileen)

| | | |
|----------------|---------|-----|
| Dexys Midnight | [Fill] | B B |
| Runners | [Intro] | |

These people round here
Wear beaten-down eyes sunk in smoke-dried faces,
so resigned to what their fate is
But not us, no never, no not us, no never
We are far too young and clever, remember
Toora-loora-toora-loo-rye-ay
Eileen, I'll hum this tune forever [Fill] A A½

[Hook] (Ah come on, let's take off everything)
(That pretty red dress, Eileen, tell him yes
Ah come on, let's, ah come on, Eileen x2)
[Break] E-X

[Link] E E G#m G#m - A A E B Please
(Come on, Eileen, too-loo-rye-(ey/...) x2)
Now you have (grown/shown) (x2) - Ohoh, Eileen
[Accel] (Come on, Eileen, too-loo-rye-(ey/...) x2)
Now I must say, more than ever
Things round here have changed
Toora-loora - Toora-loo-rye-ay

| |
|----------------|
| Come On Eileen |
| [Hook] (x4) |