

[Riff] (x2) B-F# B7-E Em-B F# [Intro] (x2) F# Bbm
B F#-C#

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] C# C#½

Come on Eileen, oh, I swear well, he means [Hook]
(At this moment, you mean everything) G# D#
(You in that dress, my thoughts, I confess Bbm C#-D#
Verge on dirty,
ah come on Eileen) Dexys Midnight [Fill] D# D#
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] C# C#½

[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] G#-X

[Link] G# G# Cm Cm - C# C# G# D# 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)