

[Riff] (x2) E-B E7-A Am-E B [Intro] (x2) B D#m  
E B-F#

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] F# F#½

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

These people round here Dexys Midnight [Fill] G# G#  
Runners [Intro]  
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] F# F#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] C#-X

[Link] C# C# Fm Fm - F# F# C# G# 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 Come On Eileen  
[Hook] (x4)  
Toora-loora - Toora-loo-rye-ay