

[Riff] (x2) D-A D7-G Gm-D A [Intro] (x2) A C#m
D A-E

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] E E½

Come on Eileen, oh, I swear well, he means [Hook]
(At this moment, you mean everything) B F#
(You in that dress, my thoughts, I confess C#m E-F#
Verge on dirty,
ah come on Eileen) Dexys Midnight [Fill] F# F#
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] E E½

[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] B-X

[Link] B B D#m D#m - E E B F# 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)