

Salsa O'Keefe

INTRO

A F#m D Bm E
A F# E C# E F# F#, A F# A B C# C# B A B C#

A F#m D Bm E
A F# E C# E F# F#, A F# A F# A C# C# B A B C#

A F#m
Her Mamma was from Bayamun, Puerto Rico
D Bm E
She had an attitude when walkin' down the street oh
A F#m
Her old man was from Cultimagh County. Mayo
D
Put them two together you got some kind of flavor
A F#m
Their baby girl she was their pride and their joy
D Bm E
They brought her up to think she was better than any boy
A F#m
They called her Elanor, Hillary, Maria Elena
D
We called her Salsa 'cause she steamed up the neighborhood

A F#m A F#m
Oh, oho, woho, oh oh woh oh oh
D Bm E
Better wash out your mouth, boy, or she'll have you on your knees
A F#m A F#m
Oh, oho, woho, oh oh woh oh oh
D Bm A
If you fancy steppin' out with Salsa, Salsa O'Keefe

INTRO

CHORUS

She got long red hair - stretches down to her thighs
Walk just like a senorita - oh those eyes
Blaze like the sun on Puerto Rican Day
But when she get her Irish up, get out of the way
Her Mamma said "go to college be my pride and joy
Her Daddy said "don't take any crap from any boy
They only after one thing, oh my Maria Elena
Keep yourself pure, don't go steamin' up the neighborhood

CHORUS

RIFF A F#m D Bm E

(E F# A F#) 2 A A A B C#

(E F# A F#) 2 C# C# B A B C#

A

Oh I want you, oh I want you

F#m

Can't you see how I bleed

D

Oh I need you, oh I need you

Bm E

My Salsa O'Keefe

Oh I want you, oh I want you

Come give me some relief

Oh I need you, oh I need you

My Salsa O'Keefe

Her Mamma said, "my darling Maria Elena
You could be the first Puerto Rican lady president
Her old man said, "Hey, babe, your hope I cherish
But don't forget this girl of mine, she is half black-Irish
Now I don't care about your father or your mother
I just wanta be your eternal lover
Got the fire burnin' it's shootin' through my blood
You and me are gonna go out steamin' up the neighborhood

CHORUS

RIFF OUT....

If you wanta step out with the woman of your dreams
If you want make out with red hot Salsa O'Keefe
When you're dancin' with Salsa O'Keefe
If you wanta make love with Salsa O'Keefe

A CULCHIE PRINCE

INTRO - JIGS

VERSE

D G
Did you ever go to the County Clare when you were nearly twenty-one
D Bm A Bm
With a crowd of swingin' culchies in the back of a Volkswagen van
D G
Quarts of lukewarm cider seepin' out the door
D Bm G Bm
And your fluttered face flattened against the mucky German floor
F#m G A
And did you score a peroxide brasser all the way down from Dublin
D E A A7
And get your arse thrown out of the sweetest pub in Doolin
D G
And did you take that gurrrier princess to the edge of the Cliffs of Moher
D Bm A Bm B
And argue with her over nothin' then try to talk things over – two, three, four

CHORUS

G
Hi yoh, diddle eyedoh
Em
Ain't seen the like of it since
D
A gorgeous Dublin brasser
Bm Em E G A
Wrapped around a culchie prince

G
Hi yoh, diddle eyedoh
Em
Ain't seen the like of it since
D
The night the Dublin brasser
Bm D D C A G E G (2)
Hooked up with a culchie prince

JIGS MELODY

2nd VERSE

D G
And while you were addin' copiously to the roarin' black Atlantic
D Bm A Bm
Did she turn to you and say, "Oh God, I'm feelin' frantic"
D G
And did you kiss that vestal virgin from sweet Ballymun
D Bm A Bm
'Til her lips were bruised and she cried out "Oh, sweet Jesus, do it again"
F#m G A
And did you take her to your tent with the promise of deliverance
D E A A7
And a couple of hail Mary's to speed up the whole business
D G
And as the sun began to struggle out over the Cliffs of Moher
D Bm A Bm
Did you tell her that you loved her, over and over and over

CHORUS

JIGS MELODY

BRIDGE

F#m G A
Oh Clare, oh Clare, oh sweet Lisdoonvarna
D G A A7
Is this just another tall tale or a yarn or a
D G A
Memory of the Cliffs of Moher when all was young and new
E G A
And I was just a culchie prince so in love with you

CHORUSES

JIGS - OUT

DUBLIN DAYS

 G C
Do you remember I was your sweetness
 G C
Do you recall all of the ways
 G Am
You used to love to love me
 C D
Stole my heart away
 G C
When you adored to call me darlin'
 G C
When I was your only craze
 G Am
Before I had to leave you
 C D
Back in Dublin Days

 G C
Do the lights still glow on Grafton Street
 G C
Are The Frames still on fire
 A7 C
Does your Irish body ache for me
 Am D
And tremble with desire
 G C
Is the grass still soft in Stephens Green
 G C
Are your eyes still ablaze
 G C
Does your Irish heart still beat for me
 Am D G
Like it did in Dublin Days

At the discos and the parties
We danced the night away
And neither of us mentioned
I'd be history someday
No we drank our pints of Guinness
And kissed away the pain
And all that endless summer
I swore I'd return again

DUBLIN DAZE

FIDDLE

And the lights glowed down on Grafton Street
The Frames they were on fire
While your Irish body ached for me
And trembled with desire

Is the grass still soft on Stephen's Green
Are your eyes were all ablaze
Does your Irish heart still beat for me
Like it did in Dublin days

Fiddle Bridge Em C A7 D (run F# E D C B A)

Riff

First Verse/Chorus

Oh la la la Dublin Days

US of A 2014

VERSE

G7

Hey kid, got a job for you, now you're finally out of graduate school

G7sus

Here's your desk your computer, excel sheet, roto rooter

F Fm

You be workin' 9 to seven, occasionally past eleven

C C7

But that's okay, me oh my, jobs these days so hard to find

G

What you talkin' about, cash in the hand, think this is a rock & roll band

F Am

You're my intern, get with the program, your Daddy pay for your health care & your

C G

Futon

CHORUS

F

Welcome to the new republic

G E - F

Say hello to your American dream

C G

And you better know who you're talking to

C F

You better be born with a silver spoon

C G F

In the US of A Twenty Fourteen

RIFF

F G C C7 F G E F C G

A G E G C A B B E B C CD E

NSA is on the phone, they wanta know if you're at home

Beg your pardon for the intrusion, but terrorist plots ain't an illusion

Heard you bitchin' about the CIA, FBI, the NBA

Wanta save your democracy, but freedom don't come easily

We know what is best for you, stay the course, kid, don't be fooled

Next thing you know, they wanta let the freaks out of Guantanamo, oh no

CHORUS

RIFF

They sold out Iraq, next up Pakistan, now they wanta exit Afghanistan
I ain't no interventionist, but hey yoh, who whipped the communists
Cut defense, gotta be kiddin', bombs make jobs for my constituents
This the real world, get with the program, gassin' the Syrians - you out partyin'
Be a good boy, go back to bed, pull that pillow over your head
Plug in your earphones, listen to some moron, hallucinate about his hoes and his hard-ons

CHORUS

RIFF

BREAKDOWN ON NEXT VERSE

I'm out of here it was a blast, Black 47 soon a thing of the past
So many gigs, could go on but I might end up repeatin' this song
Thanks for the praise, love and all, especially the alcohol,
Called it like we saw it so sorry, if we occasionally played out of key
This ain't no 1989, what the hell happened to my life
Asked all the questions but nobody knows
Who stole the scent from the American rose, nobody knows

CHORUS OUT

Hey hey Julie what's goin' on
 Do you see the heads from any of the bands
 Did you end up marryin' that bass guitarist
 The guy who became the famous artist
 Silicon suits, ballroom romance
 Belfast on fire, would you care to dance
 All mixed up no rhyme nor reason
 Don't cross the border in the middle of marchin' season

CHORUS

Break	A7	Gdim	G	G7	
	G F# G	G F# G	G D B	F E D B A G	
	A7	Gdim	G	E	D E
	G F# G	G F# G	G D B	BBBB	D B

Another band headin' home
 Down the A1 Newry town
 British Roadblock up ahead,

Goodnight lads, what's the craic
 Step out of the van, just a wee check

Careful with that guitar there, man
 What are you puttin' in the back of the van
 Jesus, no need for violence

UDR, UVF, British accent
 What's goin' on

CHORUS

Then out on repeated intros

Johnny Come A'Courtin'

INTRO Chords: A E F#m D

A.....A Ab F# F# E

A..... A B A F#

A B C# E EE C# E F# E C# E F# C# C# B A F#

 A D A
Oh father, dear father, you're so far away
F#m A D E
I have need of your advice on this blazing day
F#m A D Bm
Cromwell and his roundheads they've sold me for a slave
 A D A D
To cut the sugarcane in Jamaica
 A D
To cut the sugarcane then

 F#m D
Johnny come a courtin' – oh yeah
 A E
Love light shinin' – oh yeah
 F#m D
Johnny if I love you I will never go home
 A E
Over the sea to Ireland

Half INTRO A E F#m D

Oh daughter, dear daughter, I think of you and die
Since the roundheads dragged you off in the cruel night
I daily wait upon the shore for word of your return
And I hope that you are safe and in good company

Oh father, dear father, the sun has braised my skin
My poor hands are cut to shreds by the sugarcane
Johnny shows me kindness, his smile has warmed my soul
Oh I need your advice and good counsel
Oh I need your advice

When Johnny comes a courtin'

FULL INTRO A E F#m D

Oh daughter, dear daughter, young Seamus came today
To reaffirm his love for you until his dying day
Like me he waits for word from you from far across the main
And prays that you're still thinking about him

Oh father, dear father, you grieve for me at home
But I must seek protection, I can no longer live alone
Johnny's skin is blacker than November's surly storm
And he will not be denied an answer,
Oh he will not be denied when

Johnnie comes a' courtin'...

HARMONY for pipes or flute

C# C# B
C# B C# D

LET THE PEOPLE IN

INTRO: Bass/Drums

Pipes – Reel

Horns:

Horns: F# A B D E F# E F# E

F# A B D E

F# A B D G F# E D B

F# F# E E D

VERSE

D Bm
My sister came from Mexico

D A
Provide for her children

D Bm
They want to be American

D A D
Let my sister in

D Bm
My blood come here from Ireland

D A
They want to start again

D Bm
Build a future for themselves

D A D
Let my people in

CHORUS

D
Let the people in, Lord,

A
Let the people in

D Fm G D
They'll do their very best for us , oh

D A D
Let the people in

Don't be afraid of difference
The color of our skin
We all bleed the same beneath
Let the people in

VERSE

My Philipino sister
She the first of all her kin
To make it to America
Let my sister in

My cousin from El Salvador
He works from dusk til dawn
So that his kids be citizens
Let my cousin in

CHORUS

D
Let the people in, Lord
A
Let the people in
D F#m G D
They do their very best for us Oh
D A D
Let the people in

Don't be afraid of difference
The color of our skin
We all bleed the same beneath
Let the people in

INTRO

BRIDGE

Em Gm
Don't pull the ladder up behind yourself
G A
Think of everyone else
Gm F#
Don't stop the people dreaming
G Gm A
They just want to contribute just like everyone - everyone - everyone else

BREAKDOWN – JIGS/BRASS

VERSE

My brother from West Africa
Bleed the same red under his skin
Treat that man with dignity
Let my brother in

Iraqi War interpreter
Lost his kith and kin
He gave up everything for us
Let that soldier in

CHORUS

Saint Patrick's Day

INTRO – CHORALE

G GGG A B C G

D E D B A

G GGG A B C G

D G G, C B A

CHORDS Rhythm section entrance

G C G D (4)

G C
Cops on horseback beaming down

G D
On the Paddies goin' to town

G C
One for all and all for one

Am D
On the feast of Patrick

G C
Shots a pourin', pint's aflowin'

G D
Biddies cryin', scallies stylin'

G C
Forty million shades of green

Am D
To honor dear St. Patrick

Em
Cursin', singin', laughin' lyin',

A7
Dancin', drinkin', lovin' dyin'

C D
To hell with the begrudgers

Em
I see you now across the bar

A7
You're eyes are like collapsin' stars

C
And all I want to ask is

D
Would you

G
Come dance with me darlin'
C
Don't give it away
G
Those wild eyed boys
D
Just want more of the same
G
The streets are explodin'
C
But I'll see you okay
G C D G
If you hold on to me on St. Patrick's Day

G C G D (4)

Politicians bein' cool
All the Paddies out of school
Hey now baby don't be cruel
On the feast of Patrick
Boyfriends hecklin', mother's textin'
Girlfriends lyin', no denyin'
You're on the back of a wild stallion
Call him dear St. Patrick

Cursin', singin', laughin' lyin',
Dancin', drinkin', lovin' dyin'
To hell with hesitation
I've waited for you down the years
Watched that jerk drive you to tears
Now all I want to ask is
Would you

Come dance with me, darlin'
Don't give it away
Those boys from the Bronx
Just want more of the same
The streets are explodin' (they'll use you, abuse you)
But I'll see you okay
If you hold on to me on St. Patrick's Day
I'll love you forever on St. Patrick's Day
If you hold on to me on St. Patrick's Day

QUEEN OF CONEY ISLAND

Intro:

C G D G
G...E D A A G A B
C G D
G BCD EE F# G B G D B DD C A

C G
Shotsie Murphy fell in love with Legsy Malone
C G
At a do out in Coney Island
C G
Legsie was a stripper for the mob
Em D G
But at heart just a nice Catholic girl
C G
Shotsie had a drinking problem
C G
But back then who the hell hadn't
C G
Legsie said he looked cute in his zoot suit
Em D G
I tell you it was a match made in heaven

G7 C
C'mon Shotsie, take it while you can
B7 C
Don't give up on the excitement
Am G
Ah, Shotsie, take her like a man
D G
She the queen of Coney Island

BREAK

G BCD EE F# G D G AAA G A B
G BCD EE F# G B G D B DD C A G

Shotsie said “hey, Legs, you like my saxophone
Take you home, teach you how to blow it
Legsie had that glint in her eye
“Hey babe let’s go for it.
But Mr. Raggonese who ran the strip joint
He overheard their conversation
“No two-bit horn player gonna take my meal ticket
That babe got the finest legs in Brooklyn”

CHORUS

BREAK 2

Em A6 C D

B E B C# F# C# C G C DEF#EDC

E A D C

B E B C# F# D C G C

 Em A6 C D
Oh Legsie, love your man, do what you can to keep his love, keep his love true
 E A D C D
Oh Shotsie, treat her right, come home at night, she’ll do her routine only for you

INTRO

Shotsie turned to his bone man
Cat name of Hot lips Hanrahan
“Hey, Lips, cover for me, babe
Looks like I got some kinda problem
Hot lips blows his bone so hard
Mr. Rags thinks it’s the cops approachin’
Shotsie escapes with Legsie in his arms
Last seen speedin’ through the Holland Tunnel

CHORUS OUT

SHANTY IRISH BABY

INTRO: F#m E A D

C# C# C# B C# B E E F# E D E D

F#m E A D

C# C# C# B C# B E E F# D

B7 D A A7

Sick of sippin' champagne - bein' what I'm not

B7 D A A7

Usin' up credit 'til my plastic's burnin' hot

C# D

All of them hungover mornin's

Bm G E

Finally I know exactly where I'm goin' - I'm goin' home, I'm goin' home

CHORUS

F#m E

I've had enough of those lace curtain ladies

A D

I'm goin' back to my shanty Irish baby

F#m E

Gonna tie a load on hit the hay

A D

Promise to do whatever she say

E7 Bm7

Then she gonna love me til I think I'm goin' crazy

D E A

Gotta get back to my shanty Irish baby

INTRO

Tired of livin' uptown with the love-me-nots

Wanta go south side where the love is hot

Tell all of my friends I'm sorry

I never should have left home in such a hurry

CHORUS

BRIDGE

Bm

E

You said I'd rue the day I left you

C#m

F#m

It's true I never could forget you

D

B7

All of them Paddies goin' crazy for you

E

But your waitin' just for me – DRUM FILL (2 MEASURES)

INTRO

Know I didn't email, text or make a call

But I missed you, baby, 'cause you're the best of all

I just pray that you're waitin'

We had a thing between us that goes beyond heart breakin'

CHORUS

Gonna hold her and squeeze her all through the night

Start all over in the morning light

BALLAD OF BRENDAN BEHAN

G C
Born in the glory of Russell Street
G D
You grew up humming Amhrán na Bhfian
G C
Your auld lad did time in a Free State Jail
G D
For Republican activities beyond the pale
C D
You were your Granny's best boy, your Mammy's best chap
G Am
You loved to cheer all the old ladies up
G C
But your soul had been scorched with the Orange White and Green
G C D G
You were the one and only Brendan Behan

BREAK 1

G C G D
B BAG E C B BCD A (2)

By the age of thirteen you had quit school
By sixteen you were in sweet Liverpool
With your sticks of Gelly and your auld alarm clock
With intent to blow up the Merseyside docks
Three years in Borstal made you a man
They deported you back to auld Ireland
Where DeValera had sold out the republican dream
And interned you the one and only Brendan Behan

BREAK 2

Am Bm C D
E EGE F# D C CDED

Am Bm7 D A7 D
E EGE A F# G GF#ED

Well you started to scribble some lines on occasion
Bits of poetry and prose 'bout the state of the nation
And you wrote the Quare Fellow about a con getting' hung
'Cause the state didn't have the right to spill a man's blood
Then the North Side rebel became the toast of McDaid's
When the play moved to the West End stage
But you never forgot your roots or your dreams
No, you were the one and only Brendan Behan

BREAK 1

Then Joan took An Giall, turned it into The Hostage
And spiced up your poetry with Commedia dell'arte
But the truth spiked through, sure it's no wonder
Just 'cause he's a Brit the kid shouldn't be murdered
Even for justice and the Republican cause
No man has a right to pervert god's laws
You were never afraid to question your reasonin'
That's what made you the one and only Brendan Behan

BREAK 2

Then you came to New York and you loved our old town
No one gave a damn if you let the side down
And you checked into the Chelsea on 23rd Street
Reinvent yourself and catch up with your dreams
You could love who you liked be it a man or a woman
Five months on the dry then the walls came down tumblin'
And your words all got choked in a silent scream
Left you reelin' the one and only Brendan Behan

BREAK 1

What the hell happened, Bren, did the façade collapse
Leaving you naked, mere yards from the hearse
The booze took your liver, the fame wrecked your head
Your spirit still pulsing, but your promise all fled
Just another drinker with writing problems
Just another messed up Dylan Thomas... (STOP)
But you left us your poetry, your soul and your dreams
You'll always be our one and only Brendan Behan

Hard Times Come Again No More

INTRO: D F#m G D D A D A D F#m G D A D
D C# B A D E F# E D E F# C# G A B A D E D

D G D
Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears
A D A
While we all sup sorrow with the poor.
D G D
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
A D
Oh, hard times, come again no more.
D G D
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.
G D E7 A
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
D G D
Many days you have lingered all around my tenement door.
G D A D
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

INTRO

While we seek mirth and beauty, music light and gay.
There are frail forms fainting at the door.
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say
Oh, hard times, come again no more.
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered all around my tenement door.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

INTRO

Instruments drop out with just kick drum on four and bass grooving off it)

There's pale drooping woman who toils her life away
With a worn out heart, better days behind her.
Though her voice could be merry, 'it's sighing all the day,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

(All instruments in)

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered all around my tenement door.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.
Oh, hard times, come again no more

INTRO +

Line D E F# A B A D E D E F# G F# E

D E F# C# G A B A D E D