

# “Coming Home”

By Kilkenny Knights



In former times we were ramblin' around and kicked some ass'  
*(we kicked some ass' ... Hey!)*

We hit down the road to Brady's pub and swigged some glass'  
*(we swigged some glass' ... Hey!)*

Some day we all went astray,  
Those memories are the price we pay,  
We're living our lives alone and stray,  
Far from home... We should get away!

Irish Beer, buskers playin'  
Some old folksongs in the crowded pubs,  
Smoke around and shoddy Joking,  
All that made us coming home!

... Coming home!  
All that made us coming home!  
... Coming home!  
All that made us coming home!

Old Murphy told us to last here as long as we can  
*(as long as we can ... Hey!)*  
We giggled with him and assured "yeah that's our plan!"  
*(Yeah that's our plan! ... Hey!)*

The Years came and also our old songs were back in my head,  
*(they were back in my head ... Hey!)*  
I took some bobs and went homeward what should I instead?  
*(what should I instead? ... Hey!)*

But what did I think to find there?  
All my parts were living anywhere!  
I drank some pints of the beer that I revere,  
Few guys came and opened the atmosphere!

Irish Beer, buskers playin'  
Some old folksongs in the crowded pubs,  
Smoke around and shoddy Joking,  
All that made us coming home!

... Coming home!  
All that made us coming home!  
... Coming home!  
All that made us coming home!

And I revolved wide-eyed,  
I can't believe who's on my side,  
My old pards who told the story that I told you!  
And we sang those old folksongs,  
drank beer and giggled the whole night long,  
Kickin' asses with our rare old Brady's crew!