

Dexy's Midnight Runners - Come On Eileen

Poor old Johnny Ray
Sounded sad upon the radio, he moved a million hearts in mono.
Our mothers cried and sang along and who'd blame them.
Now you're grown, so grown, now I must say more than ever.
Go Toora Looa Toora Loo-Rye-Aye
and we can sing just like our fathers.

Come on Eileen,
I swear (well he means) At this moment you mean everything,
With you in that dress my thoughts I confess verge on dirty
Ah come on Eileen.

These people round here wear beaten down eyes
Sunk in smoke dried faces they're so resigned to what their fate is,
But not us, no not us we are far too young and clever.
Remember Toora Looa Toora Loo-Rye-Aye
Eileen I'll hum this tune forever.

Come on Eileen, I swear, well he means
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, please.