Smoke And Strong Whiskey Christy Moore [Intro] CG CG CG CG[Verse 1] Kids wear white garters and smell like their mothers Whose husbands and fathers alike Drink black beer in the same public houses Smelling of smoke and strong whiskey C G Mammies and daddies and skipping ropes Lectures from priests, living in hope They we not mistaken the brand of their coats Paid for by their spiritual teachings CG G A busy year this, the streets running red How many sent to a nuptial bed And how many sent home to a winter of graves D And how many wait in for the slaughter CG [Chorus] D G C Oh the holy ground Ceud mile failte, there s saints and there s scholars to see C the holy ground Am D

The far away hills ain t as green as they once used to be

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[Bridge]
       Am Em
                  Am
[Verse 2]
                        G
It s Easter again and we cannot forget
Brothers and sisters and all that was said
So practice your pipes, stand proud in the wet
                   D
But the eyes of the world are upon you
CG
D
God in his mercy has given us men
To lead us to peace but they can t bring an end
To the profits that pay off the lease on the land
We still send them over the water
CG
Seventeen years and Kelly s a man
Who stands on the street with a gun in his hand
He s Protecting the pipers that play in the band
While the enemy waits with an army
[Chorus]
G C
                  D
Oh
            the holy ground
                          Am
Ceud mile failte, there s saints and there s scholars to see
G
      C
Oh
            the holy ground
                                                     D
                            Αm
The far away hills ain t as green as they once used to be
[Bridge]
   Am
             Em
                     Am
[Verse 3]
Dia le hEireann, suckle the empire
Dia le hEireann, suffer the loss
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D Of the green to the blue while the media feeds On the blood and the pain and the hatred C G Father walks home on the colourless night And the organisation has blinded his sight His wife and his kids are sleeping tonight In the arms of sweet Jesus and Mary [Chorus] G C D the holy ground Oh C Ceud mile failte, there s saints and there s scholars to see G C the holy ground Oh С The far away hills ain t as green as they once used to be (Repeat to Fade)