

Smoke And Strong Whiskey
Christy Moore

[Intro]

C G C G C G C G

[Verse 1]

D G
Kids wear white garters and smell like their mothers
C G
Whose husbands and fathers alike
D C
Drink black beer in the same public houses
C D G
Smelling of smoke and strong whiskey

C G

D G
Mammies and daddies and skipping ropes
C G
Lectures from priests, living in hope
D C
They ve not mistaken the brand of their coats
C D G
Paid for by their spiritual teachings

C G

D G
A busy year this, the streets running red
C G
How many sent to a nuptial bed
D C
And how many sent home to a winter of graves
C D G
And how many wait in for the slaughter

C G

[Chorus]

G C D
Oh the holy ground
C Am D
Ceud mile failte, there s saints and there s scholars to see
G C D
Oh the holy ground
C Am D
The far away hills ain t as green as they once used to be

[Bridge]

Em Am Em Am

[Verse 2]

D G
It s Easter again and we cannot forget
C G
Brothers and sisters and all that was said
D C
So practice your pipes, stand proud in the wet
C D G
But the eyes of the world are upon you

C G

D G
God in his mercy has given us men
C G
To lead us to peace but they can t bring an end
D C
To the profits that pay off the lease on the land
C D G
We still send them over the water

C G

D G
Seventeen years and Kelly s a man
C G
Who stands on the street with a gun in his hand
D C
He s Protecting the pipers that play in the band
C D G
While the enemy waits with an army

[Chorus]

G C D
Oh the holy ground
C Am D
Ceud mile failte, there s saints and there s scholars to see
G C D
Oh the holy ground
C Am D
The far away hills ain t as green as they once used to be

[Bridge]

Em Am Em Am

[Verse 3]

D G
Dia le hEireann, suckle the empire
C G
Dia le hEireann, suffer the loss

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]

Oh the holy ground
Ceud mile failte, there s saints and there s scholars to see
Oh the holy ground
The far away hills ain t as green as they once used to be

(Repeat to Fade)