

Irish Song Lyrics

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Teddy Bear's Head, The
Brian Warfield

On the outskirts of Europe in the Atlantic so dear
There's a country called old Ireland that looks like a teddy bear
It's an island that's split in two - with a border in her head
Her face and tail are all her own but her brains are foreign land

So its here's up the rebels get back our teddy's head
Her face and tail are all her own but her brains are foreign land.

Her face is o'er in Donegal her brains are in Belfast
Her arms outstretched in Galway for the friends that do go past
Her hair is on the North Coast in Derry, Antrim, Down
I am sure this head would be better off without the bloody crown

Her Back Bone's on the East Coast from Dublin to Dundalk
Her legs and feet in Kerry they have shoes that never walked
Her backside's from Cork to Wexford her heart is in the Midlands
We're facing towards America with our ***** to England

So listen proud Brittania to what I say to you
Would you like it if your head was owned by someone quite untrue
And they planted foreign fleas to mix in with your breed
Before another year had passed you'd never know your creed