

Van Morrison - What Makes The Irish Heart Beat

Tom: E

All that trouble all that grief
That's why I had to leave
Staying away too stong is in defeat
Why I'm singing this song
Why I'm heading back home
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

E
I'm just like a hobo riding a train
I'm like a gangster living in Spain
Have to watch my back and I'm
running out of time
When I roll the dice again
If lady luck will call my name
That's what makes the Irish heart
beat

E
Well that's what makes it beat
When I'm standing on the street
And I'm standing underneath this
Wrigley's sign
Oh so far away from home
But I know I've got to roam
That's what makes the Irish heart
beat

E

And it was off to foreign climes
On the Piccadilly line
We were standing underneath the
Wrigley's sign
So far away from home
Well I know I've got to roam
That' s what makes the Irish
heart beat

E
Just like a sailor out on the foam
Any port in a storm
Where we tend to burn the candle
at both ends
Down the corridors of fame
Like the spark ignites the flame
That's what makes the Irish
heart beat

E
But I roll the dice again
If lady luck will call my name
That s what makes the Irish
heart beat
Oh, that's what makes the Irish
heart beat
That's what makes the Irish
heart beat

Acordes

