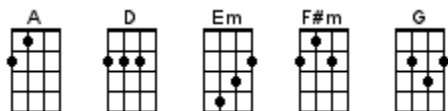


Toora Loora Lay

Na Fianna and Don Mescall 2015



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[D] / [D] / [G] / [G]

I **[D]** woke up on a Sunday mornin'
[G] Tired eyes to greet the day
A **[D]** rucksack full of expectation
[G] Up on dreary Langton way
The **[A]** train a-waitin' on the platform
The **[G]** diesel hummin' high
A **[A]** one-way ticket stamped for freedom
Time for **[G]** just one last goodbye

CHORUS:

Toora **[D]** loora lay **[D]**
I'm **[Em]** on my way **[Em]**
Make it **[F#m]** New York City, San Francisco **[G]** Botany Bay **[G]**
I been **[A]** prayin', I been waitin' mister
[G] For this faithful day
Toora **[D]** loora lay **[D] / [G] / [G]**

Took **[D]** passage on the early water
[G] Waved the mainland sweet goodbye
Lit a **[D]** cigarette above on top deck
[G] Watched the seagulls soar the sky
I **[A]** woke up to the sound of laughter
And the **[G]** strangers passin' by
[A] Stepped upon the land of dreams
And **[G]** had myself a smile

CHORUS:

Toora **[D]** loora lay **[D]**
I'm **[Em]** on my way **[Em]**
Make it **[F#m]** New York City, San Francisco **[G]** Botany Bay **[G]**
I been **[A]** prayin', I been waitin' mister
[G] For this faithful day
Toora **[D]** loora lay **[D] / [G] / [G]**

Met a **[D]** sham from Blarney, ginger red
On a **[G]** New York City street
He was **[D]** askin' if I'd seen the hurlin'
And **[G]** how the hell we'd meet
At a bar in **[A]** Queens, he knew a man
That **[G]** came from my home town
Then he **[A]** borrowed twenty dollars
Till his **[G]** pay day came around

CHORUS:

Toora [D] loora lay [D]
I'm [Em] on my way [Em]
Make it [F#m] New York City, San Francisco [G] Botany Bay [G]
I been [A] prayin', I been waitin' mister
[G] For this faithful day
Toora [D] loora lay [D] / [G] / [G]

INSTRUMENTAL: < OPTIONAL >

Met a [D] sham from Blarney, ginger red
On a [G] New York City street
He was [D] askin' if I'd seen the hurlin'
And [G] how the hell we'd meet
At a bar in [A] Queens, he knew a man
That [G] came from my home town
Then he [A] borrowed twenty dollars
Till his [G] pay day came around

I [D]↓ got some work by Sydney Harbour
With a [G]↓ firm from Antrim town
We were [D]↓ diggin' up the paving stones
Laying [G]↓ concrete pipin' down
Found a [A] place up on the hill for pints
Where they [G] said you'd have the craic
They were [A] singin' toora loora
Sayin' we're [G] never goin' [G]↓ back

CHORUS:

Toora [D] loora lay [D]
I'm [Em] on my way [Em]
Make it [F#m] New York City, San Francisco [G] Botany Bay [G]
I been [A] prayin', I been waitin' mister
[G] For this faithful day

Toora [D]↓ loora lay
I'm on my way
Make it [F#m] New York City, San Francisco [G] Botany Bay [G]
I been [A] prayin', I been waitin' mister
[G] For this faithful day
Toora [D] loora lay [D] / [G] / [G]
Toora [D] loora lay [D] / [G] / [G] /

[D] / [D] / [G] / [G] /
[D] / [D] / [G] / [G] / [D]↓

