# Toora Loora Lay

Na Fianna and Don Mescall 2015

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**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]↓**

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