

Come on Eileen

|F C |F Bb |Bb F |C | x2 [fiddle]***

|C |Em |F |C G | x2 [fiddle and banjo]

C Em
Poor old Johnny Ray

F C G
Sounded sad upon the radio moved a million hearts in mono
C

Our mothers cried
F F C G
Sang along, who'd blame them

C Em
You're grown (you're grown up), so grown (so grown up)

F C G
Now I must say more than ever (come on Eileen)

C Em F
Toora-loora-toora-loo-rye-aye
C G

and we can sing just like our fathers

|G C G C |GGC G C |G GGGGGG| [brass section]

D F#m
Come on Eileen oh, I swear (well he means)

Em G A
at this moment you mean everything

D F#m
With you in that dress, my thoughts (I confess)

Em G A
verge on dirty, Ah come on Eileen

|A |A | [banjo]

|C |Em |F |C G | [fiddle and banjo]

C Em
 These people round here
 F
 wear beaten-down eyes sunk in smoke-dried faces,
 C G
 so resigned to what their fate is
 C Em
 but not us (no never) no not us (no never)
 F C G
 we are far too young and clever remember
 C Em F
 Toora-loora-toora-loo-rye-aye
 C G
 Eileen I'll hum this tune for ever

 |G C G C |GGC G C |G GGGGGG| [brass section]

D F#m
 Come on Eileen, oh I swear (well he means)
 Em G A
 Ah come on let's take off everything
 D F#m
 That pretty red dress, Eileen (tell him yes)
 Em G A
 Ah come on let's, ah come on Eileen
 D F#m
 That pretty red dress, Eileen (tell him yes)
 Em G A
 Ah come on let's, ah come on Eileen
 D
 Please...

D F#m
(Come on Eileen too-loo rye-aye come on)

G D A
(Eileen too-loo rye-aye toora toora-too-loora)
Now you have grown, now you have shown, oh Eileen

D F#m
Come on Eileen, these things they are real and I know

G
how you feel Now I must say more than ever

D A
things round here have changed

D F#m G D A
Too-ra loo-ra too-ra loo-rye-aye