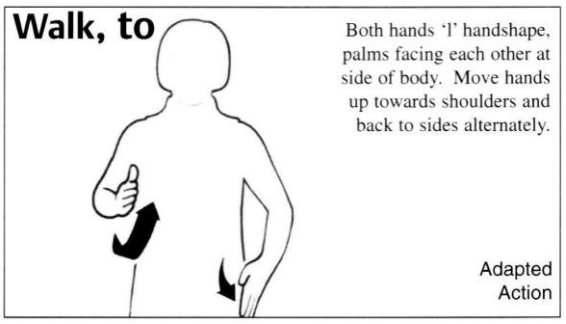
The Galway Girl

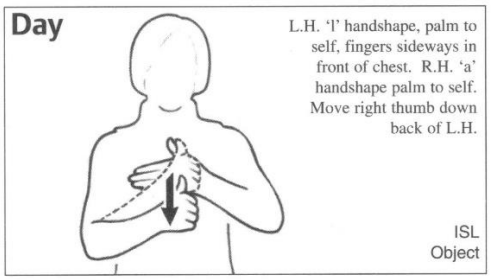
Song by

Steve Earle

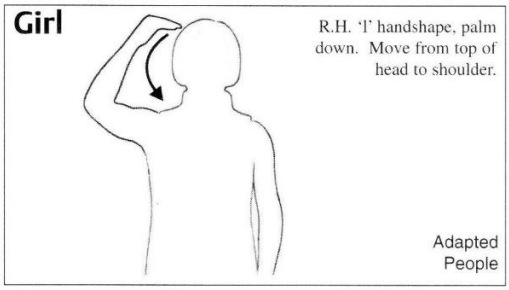
I took a stroll down the old long walk



Of the day I-ay-I-ay

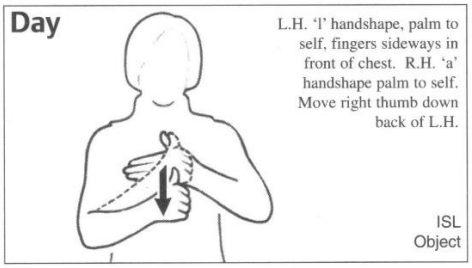


I met a little girl

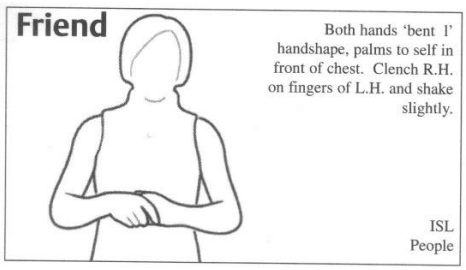


and we stopped to talk

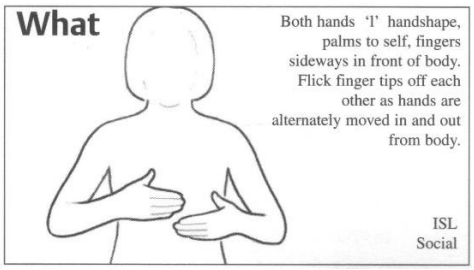
Of a fine soft day I-ay



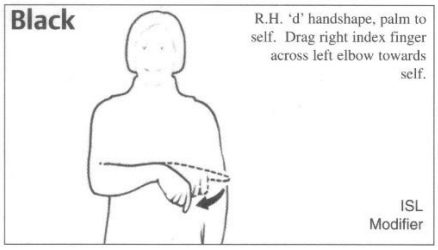
And I ask you friends,



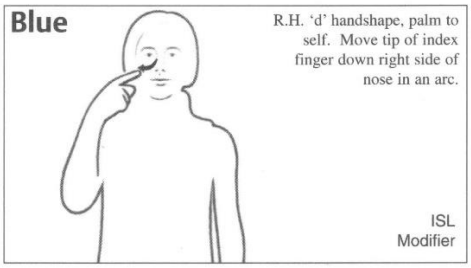
what's a fella to do?



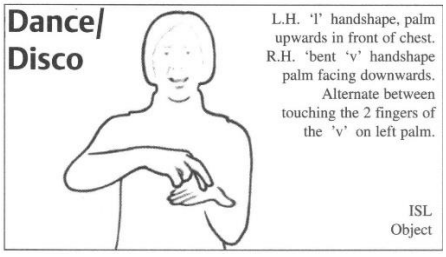
Because her hair was black



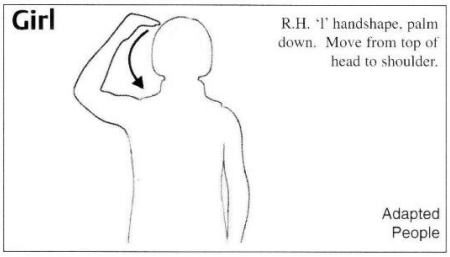
and her eyes were blue

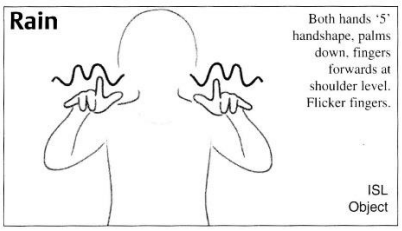


And I knew right then I been takin' a whirl



Down the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl



We're halfway there when the rain came down 

On the day I-ay-I-ay

She asked me up to her flat downtown

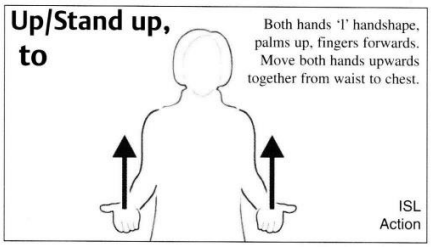
On a fine soft day I-ay

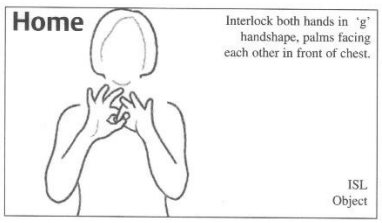
And I ask you **friends**, **what's** a fella to do?

Because her hair was **black** and her eyes were **blue**

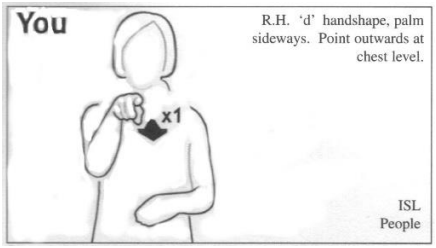
So I took her **hand**, and I gave her a **twirl**

Oh, and I lost my **heart** to a **Galway Girl**

When I woke **up** I was all alone 

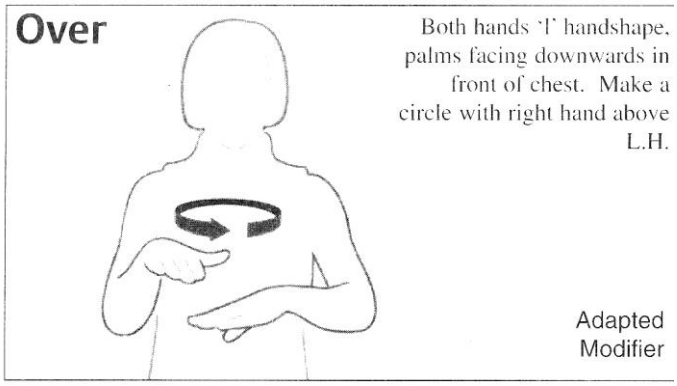
With a broken heart and a ticket **home** 

And I ask you now, tell me **what** would **you** do?



If her hair was **black** and her eyes were **blue**

'Cause I've travelled around, I've been all **over** this world



Boys, I've never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

