

I spent a dollar the other day,  
On the luck of the Irish a scratch to pay;  
And as it turned out I did not win,  
Because the truth of the matter was really sin.

But god turned it around and blessed me you know,  
Even though it was a devilish idea this flows;  
I learnt how the luck of the Irish would go,  
That I too may know the truth and grow.

It came into my mind like the voice of Patrick,  
As if all I knew was just the hat trick;  
And out came these words and all in flow,  
The turning of the world for me heart to know.

And I tell you the truth I had a word with Paddy,  
About the truth and the life and live with patty;  
If I'd had half a brain I would have used me head,  
And not jumped of that cliff and ended up dead.

But knowledge is an awesome thing you know,  
Of how the love of a word in a rhyme will flow;  
As it paddy was sitting in a bar from with a beer,  
With an Irish stew which brought him a homesick tear.

And these words of his went down deep in one heart.  
That the life of paddy was so really clever and smart;  
Like those little green leprechauns out in the field,  
The art of poetry and all it did yield.

Signed,

You're dear to me Paddy