

If I Were A Leprechaun

If I were a leprechaun
I'd live without my trousers on
I'd go out in the midnight air
showing all my Derriere.

I'd go around in bright green clad,
shorter than an average lad.
I'd wear a beard of scarlet red
a buckled hat upon my head.

If I were a leprechaun
I wouldn't have to go to bed.
I stay up with a lass so nice
and kiss her once or twice or thrice.

If I were a leprechaun
I'd live without my trousers on
I'd go out in the midnight air
not a stitch of clothes but underwear.

I'd be the envy of them all
the big the thin the round the tall.
I'd be the talk of myth and lore
spoken of on every shore.

If I were a little man
I'd lie around and get a tan.
I'd slip into the bars at night
to drink and curse and start a fight.

then I'd go home to my loch
my little lady in her frock.
She'd see I was a drunken man
then hit me with her frying pan.

If I were a leprechaun
I'd live without my trousers on
I'd go out in the midnight air
to streak through neighborhoods so bare.

If I had a chance to be
a pint sized, jolly fantasy.
I'd count my gold all through the day
and nap when I'm too tired to play.

But, I'm still here and just a man.
living life the only way I can.
I work all day with trousers on,
wishing I were a leprechaun.