

The terrible case of the Knocking down of an Irish pub , losing a watering hole,  
|C| |G7| |C|

(C)The Holly(G7) Bush is on our (C) road, been there (G7) all my(C) life  
Me da took me there (F) as a ( G7) lad, it's (C) where I met me (G7) wife  
When (C) times get (G7) hard it (C) comforts me,  
it warms me to the (F) core (G7)  
And (F) I can't wait to get back (C) in  
The Holly (G7) bush once (C) more, ( great pub ya 'are)

### CHORUS

The pub I do (F) adore (G7)  
And (F) I would like to get drunk (C) in  
The Holly (G7) bush once more, ( great pub ya 'are)

The brewery says its past its prime , the custom has gone down  
The time has come to close it up and raise it to the ground  
How dare they say those things to me , I'm sure they don't want war  
We'll fight them , right up to the end,  
in The Holly bush once more, ( great pub ya 'are)

### REPEAT CHORUS

Seamus, Pat and all our mates , standing side by side  
Them brewery guys had better see, the rage that's in our eyes  
We're quite prepared to stay all night, to fight the wrecking ball  
Defend our pub, right to the end ,  
at The Holly bush once more, ( great pub ya 'are)

### REPEAT CHORUS

Then one night when we were drunk , they came and knocked it flat  
Terrible thing, we stiil ain't seen , hide nor hair of Pat  
All that's left is piles of bricks and the old red tiled floor  
Looks like we'll never drink  
In he Holly bush once more ( great pub ya 'are)

### REPEAT CHORUS x2 + end