

IRELAND

(Paulette)

Music and Lyrics by
LAURENCE O'KEEFE and NELL BENJAMIN
Arranged by
LAURENCE O'KEEFE/JAMES SAMPLINER/
ALEX LACAMOIRE

CUE: (PAULETTE) "Do you know the number one reason
behind all bad hair decisions?"

Colla voce but not too rubato

1 *Piano?* 2 3 4

Love! You're lost with-out your love. Your heart is on the floor. I can help— you, I been— there be-fore.

B F#/A# G#m B/D# E6

5 6 7 8 9 *(Paulette clicks the remote at the stereo.)*

— When I need to re - lax, I just put on some tracks From this C. D. I bought for the store...

B/F# D#7/F# G#m A

V.S.

10 New Agey Celtic music a la Enya

11 12 13 14 15

Stately Irish 3/4
(+ off-stage voice)

Db Dbsus4 Db⁵ Ab⁵

PAULETTE: Isn't that relaxing? It's called 'Celtic Moods'

16 17 18 19 20 21

When I'm
(off-stage voice fades)

Bbm Ab⁷/C Db7sus4 Gb⁶ Db/Ab Ab

22

23 24 25 26 27 28 29

lone - ly or feel - ing de - ject - ed, I play this, and it ne - ver fails. I pre - tend

Db Ab/C Bbm Db/F Gb² Absus4 Ab

30 31 32 33 34 35

— that — I'm in... I - RE - LAND. With En - ya. And the whales.

Bbm Ab/C Db7sus4 Gb Gb⁶ Gb/Bb

36 37 38 39 40 41

When my

whale noises, very slurred pitch

Absus4 Ab Absus4 Ab Absus4 Ab

42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49

te- le- phone gets dis- con- nect- ed, And I spend ev- 'ry night a- lone, I pre- tend

Db Ab/C Bbm Db/F Gb² Gb/Bb Absus4 Ab

50 51 52 53 54 55

like I'm in I- RE- LAND. Where the I- rish bag- pipes

Bbm Ab/C Db7sus4 Gb Gb⁶ Ab⁷

56 57 58 59

Poco accel.

drone. Smell the

Irish Uleann pipes

Db⁵ Gb/Db Db

90 **Flowing**

61 62 63

grass as a rain - storm is end - in' Peo - ple

much pedal throughout

E F# G#m D#m

64 65 66 67

smile while I stroll past their farms. With a

E F# B

68 69 70 71 72 73

red-head-ed sail-or named... "Brendan"! And we dance. With-out mov-ing our

Bm Bm6 F#m/A Eb7/Bb A7(b5)

74 75 76 77

arms. In a

Absus4
Gentle Irish drum

78

Not too fast

79

80

81

82

83

84

85

bar once I met this guy De-wey, And he bought me like four-teen beers. And he told

Db

Ab/C

Bbm

Db/F

Gb²

Gb/Bb

Ab⁷sus4

Ab

86

87

88

89

90

91

92

93

me that he was from I-re-land. I lived with him ten years. If I

Bbm

Ab/C

Db⁷sus4

Gb

Gb⁶

Gb/Bb

Ab⁷sus4

Ab

94

95

96

97

98

99

100

101

squint-ed he looked like my sail-or, Through my booz-y delu - sion-al fog. But he

Db

Ab/C

Bbm

Db/F

Gb²

Gb/Bb

Ab⁷sus4

Ab

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

dumped me for some slut named "Kayla". Took my trail-er and took my dog. In

Bbm

Ab/C

Db⁷sus4

Gb

Db

Db

gliss.

111

Ire - land they know how to love you! You em-brace in the mist - y I - rish

E F# G#m D#m E F#

116

breeze! And if your I - rish boy ti - res of you, You're al-

B Bm F#m/A

122

lowed to shoot him in the knees. ...Hey, YOU

D#7/A# D#7(b5)/A G#sus4 Gentle Irish drum

128

look like that post-er for Ire-land:— Long blonde hair and that sweet sunny face. ...Oh no

D A/C# Bm D/F# G² G/B Asus4 A

136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143

wait, that's the post - er for Swed-en. Screw it. I'll ne-ver see - either place... But a

Bm A/C# D7sus4 G G⁶ G/B A7sus4

144 **A Hair Slower** 145 146 147 148 149 150 151

girl sweet as you - has a fu - ture. You have hope, as each new day dawns. Girls like

D A/C# Bm D/F# G² G/B Asus4 A

152 153 154 155 156 157

Rit. (fighting tears but failing)

you al - ways get to see... Ire - land... Give my love to the le - pre -

Bm A/C# D7sus4 G G⁶ Asus4

158 **A tempo or a little slower** (Flood gates open) 159 160 161 **Rit.** → 164 165

chauns. [Paulette weeps. Elle comforts her.]

(+ off-stage voice)

D D7sus4 G/D G⁶

(walking bass?)