

# Galway Girl

Ed Sheeran

**F#m** **A**  
She played the fiddle in an Irish band,  
**E** **D**  
But she fell in love with an English man.  
**D** **A**  
Kissed her on the neck, and then I took her by the hand,  
**E**  
Said, "Baby, I just want to dance."  
  
**F#m** **A**  
I met her on Grafton street right outside of the bar.  
**E** **D**  
She shared a cigarette with me, while her brother played the guitar.  
**F#m** **A**  
She asked me, "What does it mean the Gaelic ink on your arm?"  
**E**  
Said, "It was one of my friend's songs. Do you want to drink on?"  
  
She took Jamie as a chaser, Jack for the fun.  
She got Arthur on the table, with Johnny riding as shotgun.  
Chatted some more, one more drink at the bar,  
Then put Van on the jukebox, got up to dance, you know.

**D** **A**  
She played the fiddle in an Irish band  
**E** **D**  
But she fell in love with an English man.  
**D** **A**  
Kissed her on the neck and then I took her by the hand,  
**E**  
Said, "Baby, I just want to dance,  
**D** **A** **E** **F#m**  
With my pretty little Galway Girl."  
**D** **A** **E** **F#m**  
You're my pretty little Galway Girl.

You know she beat me at darts, and then she beat me at pool,  
And then she kissed me like there was nobody else in the room.  
As last orders were called, was when she stood on the stool  
After dancing to Kaleigh, singing to trad tunes.  
I never heard Carrickfergus ever sung so sweet,  
Acapella in the bar using her feet for a beat.  
Oh, I could have that voice playing on repeat for a week,  
And in this packed out room, swear she was singing to me.

You know, she played the fiddle in an Irish band  
But she fell in love with an English man.  
Kissed her on the neck, and then I took her by the hand  
Said, "Baby, I just want to dance."  
My pretty little Galway girl.  
My my my my my my my Galway girl  
My my my my my my my Galway girl  
My my my my my my my Galway girl

Now we've overstayed our welcome, and it's closing time.  
I was holding her hand, her hand was holding mine.  
Our coats both smell of smoke, whisky and wine,

As we fill up our lungs with the cold air of the night.

I walked her home then she took me inside,  
Finished some Doritos, and another bottle of wine.  
I swear I'm going to put you in a song that I write  
About a Galway girl, and a perfect night.

She played the fiddle in an Irish band  
But she fell in love with an English man.  
Kissed her on the neck, and then I took her by the hand  
Said, "Baby, I just want to dance."  
My pretty little Galway girl.  
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