

There's

There's a black sheep in every flock
There's many a good tune played on an old fiddle
There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip
There's many a true word spoken in jest
There's no fool like an old fool
There's no place like home
Where there's a will there's a way
There's none so blind as those who will not see
There's none so deaf as those who will not hear
There's no such thing as a free lunch
There's many a good cock come out of a tattered bag
While there's life there's hope
There's many a slip between cup and lip
Where there's muck there's brass
There's nowt so queer as folk