

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