## Dropkick Murphys, The Rocky Road To Dublin

In the merry month of June from my home I started left the girls of Tuam nearly brokenhearted saluted me father dear, kissed me darling mother drank a pint of beer, my grief and tears to smother then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts and goblin, brand-new pair of brogues, rattling o'er the bogs frightening all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

## 1-2-3-4-5!

In Mullingar last night, I rested limbs so weary started by daylight next morning bright and early took a drop of the pure to keep me heart from sinking that's the Paddy's cure when he's on the drinking see the lassies smile, laughing all the while at me darling style, would set your heart a-bubblin' asked me was I hired, wages I required 'til I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.

## 1-2-3-4-5!

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road and all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da!

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity to be so soon deprived a view of that fine city decided to take a stroll all among the quality bundle, it was stole in that neat locality something crossed my mind when I looked behind no bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin' crying for a rogue said me connaught brogue wasn't much in-vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

1-2-3-4-5! Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road and all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da!

From there I got away, me spirits never failing landed on the quay just as the ship was sailing captain at me roared, said that no room had he then I jumped aboard a cabin found for Paddy down among the pigs, played some funny rigs, danced some hearty jigs, the water 'round me bubblin' off to hollyhead wished myself was dead or better far instead on the rocky road to Dublin.

1-2-3-4-5! Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road and all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da!

The boys in Liverpool, when we safely landed called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it blood began to boil, temper I was losing poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing hooray me soul, says I, let the shellaillagh fly some Galway boys were nigh, saw I was a-hobblin' with a loud array, they joined me in the fray and soon we cleared the way on the rocky road to Dublin.

## 1-2-3-4-5!

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road and all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da!(2x)