

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)