

Pulp, Whiskey In The Jar

As I was goin' over the Cork and Kerry mountains
I met Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'
I first produced my pistol and then produced my wager
I said stand and deliver or the devil he may take ya
Oh ring dum a doo dum a da / Wept for my daddy-o
Wept for my daddy-o / There's whiskey in the jar-o
I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny
I took all of his money and I brought it home to Molly
She swore that she'd love me, never would she leave me
But the devil take that woman 'cos you know she treats me easy
Oh ring dum a doo dum a da / Wept for my daddy-o
Wept for my daddy-o / There's whiskey in the jar-o
Being drunk and weary I went to Molly's chamber
I lay down on the bed and I never knew the danger
For about six or maybe seven in walked Captain Farrell
I jumped up, grabbed hold of my pistols and I shot him with both barrels
Oh ring dum a doo dum a da / Wept for my daddy-o
Wept for my daddy-o / There's whiskey in the jar-o
Now some men like fishin' and some men like a fowlin'
And some men like ta hear a cannon ball a rollin'
Me I like sleepin' specially in my Molly's chamber
But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and chain yeah
Oh ring dum a doo dum a da / Wept for my daddy-o
Wept for my daddy-o / There's whiskey in the jar-o
Ahlalalala, lalala.....