

Finnegan's Wake

Dropkick Murphys

Tim Finnegan lived in Watling Street, A gentle Irishman - Might
y Odd - He'd a beautiful brogue So rich and sweet, to rise in t
he world He carried a hod, You see He'd sort of a Tripping way
: with love for a liquor Poor Tim was born, to help him on with
His work each day, He'd a drop of the Craythor every morn'

One morning Tim was rather full, his head felt Heavy, which mad
e him shake, fell from the Ladder and broke his skull, so they
carried Him home, his corpse to wake, rolled Him up in a nice c
lean sheet, and laided Him upon the bed, A bottle of Whiskey At
his feet, and a gallon of Porter At his head

And whack Fol-De-Dah now dance to your Partner, welt the floor,
your trotters shake Wasn't it the truth I told Ye Lots of fun
at Finnegan's Wake

His friends assembled at his wake And Missus Finnegan called fo
r lunch First they brought in tea and cake Then pipes, tobacco
and Whiskey Punch Biddy OBrien begged to cry, such a Nice clean
corpse did you see Arrah hold your gob see Paddy Magee

Then O Connor took up the job "Arrah!" Biddy says she Ye're wro
ng I'm Sure, Biddy then gave her a belt on The gob and left her
sprawling on the Floor, there the war did soon engage Woman to
Woman and Man to Man Shillelah-law was all the rage, an A Row
and a Ruction soon began Mickey Maloney raised his head when a
bottle Of Whiskey flew at him, it missed him falling on The Bed
, the liquor scattered over Tim, Tim Revives, see how he rises,
Timothy rising from the bed Whirl your Whisky around like blaz
es Tonamondeal, do ye think I'm dead