

Jimmy Collins Wake

Dropkick Murphys

We've gathered here to bid adieu
Us Boston boys, alas are few
Some from crosstown some from the coast
To give our skipper one last toast
We'll pour the good stuff round his casket
Drop some coin into the basket
Bow our heads and praise the Lord
Then rouse ourselves and strike a chord...

Lets raise a glass and lift it up
Then sip from Jimmy Collins cup
And hail the lads that won the crown
That brought victory to our ground

Lets raise a glass and lift it up
Then sip from Jimmy Collins cup
And hail the lads that won the crown
While turning baseball upside down

We hit 'em hard, we hit 'em clean
The pitching of Big Bill Dineen
Some legged a bunt, some hit them out
Remember old Buck Freeman's clouts
We'll sing of Candy, Cy and Freddy
Patsy Dougherty, Broadway Hobe,
Chick, and Jack O'Brein
Honus Wagner sat there cryin'

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Our days with you indeed were great
and now that you have crossed the plate
and scored that final run of life
We'll hug your kids and kiss your wife
and tell of how you played the game
and led us all to wealth and fame
We'll lift our heads with one loud voice
Pay homage to "The People's Choice"

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