

The Daughter Of Molly Malone

Rosemary Clooney

Well, she used to roam the streets of old Dublin pushing her wheelbarrow
She'd pedal her kettle of fish through the Dublin streets so broad and narrow
Calling cockles and mussels alive, alive oh
She'd holler cockles and mussels alive, alive oh
But now she's old and retired, she's working no more
And so her sweet Irish daughter is watching the store

The Saints be praised, here comes young Molly now

In Dublin's fair city the girls are so pretty
And I am the daughter of Molly Malone
I drive her Volkswagen aziggin azaggin
Sellin' cockles and mussels alive, alive oh
Alive, alive oh, alive, alive oh
Sellin' cockles and mussels alive, alive oh

I drive like a demon, my red hair a streaming
I'll stop, sell a fish and away I will go
I drive my Volkswagen aziggin azaggin
Cryin' cockles and mussels alive, alive oh
Alive, alive oh, alive, alive oh
I wish I could catch her alive, alive oh

I am her suitor and my motor scooter
Will bring me beside her and I'll say hello
But I'll take my break off and then I will take off
Cryin' cockles and mussels alive, alive oh
Alive, alive oh, alive, alive oh
Oh, you'll never catch me alive, alive oh

I'm saving my payroll for an Alfa Romeo
To catch up with the daughter of Molly Malone
I'll slow down this dolly and then pretty Molly
And her cockles and mussels I'll take for me own
Alive, alive oh, miss Molly, alive, alive oh, miss Molly
We'll always keep our love alive, alive alive oh