

Sons of Murphy

The Dreadnoughts

Ah, the day is done and it's been to long
It's down to the pub where you belong.
We know your weary tired and cold,
We are the sons of murphy.
A net and people atop the dough,
Two fine gentlemen don't you know,
We rock deterants at the rake and bow,

We are the sons of murphy!
Shaking,
bottles to the floor,
are you drinking?
Your (inaudible)'s at the door,
And the songs will shout,
Drinks will pour,
This is what you're waiting for.