

# Johnny Mcgory

## The Dubliners

Hey, Johnny Mcgory  
Tell me where's your glory gone  
I saw you up in the Monto  
With your old leg gone  
A dirty Flanders bullet  
Sure it left you half a man  
Hey, Johnny Mcgory  
Where's your old leg gone

Up the Sally Gardens  
Around the back of the pipes  
Messing with the liberty bells  
A man could lose his stripes  
Trading on your troubles  
And grabbing every chance  
To show the randy old ones  
All the things you learned in France

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Up the Gloucester Diamond  
Red Biddy on your mind  
Not a tosser in your pocket  
Nor a soul you could remind  
The lord knows you're a darling

You never did give in  
Your neck's as hard as concrete  
And your laugh's a mortal sin

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Monday in the Iveagh  
Tuesday in the dregs  
Wednesday's walking wounded  
Thursday's soldier begs  
Friday's heroes on the touch  
And Saturday's lost again  
How if Sunday's good intentions  
Sure we start the week again

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