# The Old Dun Cow

**The Futureheads**

Tom Brown and I in the local pub,
Were playing dominos one night,
When all of a sudden in the postman rushed,
His face all chalky white.
"Hey what's up?", said Brown, "Have you seen a ghost?
Have you seen your Aunty Mariah?"
"Well, me Aunt Mariah be blown", said he,
"The bloody pub's on fire!"

Oh, there was Brown upside down,
He was moppin' up the whisky on the floor.
"Booze, booze!" the firemen cried,
As they came knockin' at the door.
Don't let them 'in til it's all mopped up,
Somebody shouted MacIntyre! (MACINTYRE! )
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk,
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

"On fire!" says Brown, "What a bit of luck.
Everybody follow me.
Down in the cellar,
Where the fire isn't there,
We will have a gay old spree."
So we all went down with good old Brown,
The beer we could not miss,
And we hadn't been but ten minutes there,
'Til we were bloody pissed.

Oh, there was Brown upside down,
He was moppin' up the whisky on the floor.
"Booze, booze!" the firemen cried,
As they came knockin' at the door.
Don't let them 'in til it's all mopped up,
Somebody shouted MacIntyre! (MACINTYRE! )
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk,
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Oh Jones did rush, to the port wine tub,
And gave it just a few hard knocks,
Started takin' off his pantaloons,
Likewise his shoes and socks.
"Hey, what's up?, " said Brown, "If you want to wash your feet,
There's a tub of booze down here.
Don't wash your trousers in the port wine tub,
When we there's lots of Carling lager beer."

Oh, there was Brown upside down,
He was moppin' up the whisky on the floor.
"Booze, booze!" the firemen cried,
As they came knockin' at the door.
Don't let them in 'til it's all mopped up,
Somebody shouted MacIntyre! (MACINTYRE! )
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk,
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

All of a sudden there's a bloody big bang,
And half the flamin' roof gave away.

And we were drowned in the firemen's hose,
But were all still going gay.
So we got some tacks and some old tin scraps,
And boarded ourselves inside,
And we kept on drinking good old Scotch,
'Til we were bleary-eyed.

Oh, there was Brown upside down,
He was moppin' up the whisky on the floor.
"Booze, booze!" the firemen cried,
As they came knockin' at the door.
Don't let them 'in til it's all mopped up,
Somebody shouted MacIntyre! (MACINTYRE! )
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk,
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