

Whiskey On A Sunday (The Puppet Song)

The Irish Rovers

Come day go day, I wish in my heart it was Sunday
Drinkin' buttermilk through the week and whiskey on a Sunday

He sits on the corner by ould beggar's bush atop of an ould packing crate
He's got three wooden dolls who can dance and can sing
And he sits with a smile on his face

Come day go day, I wish in my heart it was Sunday
Drinkin' buttermilk through the week and whiskey on a Sunday

His tired ould hands tug away on the strings, the puppets they dance up and down
It's a far better show than you ever will see
In the fanciest theatre in town

Come day go day, I wish in my heart it was Sunday
Drinkin' buttermilk through the week and whiskey on a Sunday

I'm sad to relate that ould Sad Davie died in nineteen hundred and four
His three wooden dolls in the dustbin are laid
Their songs will be heard never more

Come day go day, I wish in my heart it was Sunday
Drinkin' buttermilk through the week and whiskey on a Sunday

Some dark stormy night should your passin' that way and the winds blowin' up from the sea you can still hear the voice of ould Sad Davie
As he sings to his dancin' dolls three

Come day go day, I wish in my heart it was Sunday
Drinkin' buttermilk through the week and whiskey on a Sunday