

It's A Long Way To Tipperary

Tiny Tim

Up to mighty London came an Irish lad one day
All the streets were paved with gold, so everyone was gay
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand, and Leicester Square
Till Paddy got excited and he shouted to them there

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know
Goodbye, Piccadilly
Farewell, Leicester Square
It's a long, long way to Tipperary
But my heart's right there

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Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O'
Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and let me know
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly, dear", said he
"Remember it's the pen, that's bad, don't lay the blame on me"

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Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O'
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame
For love has fairly drove me silly, hoping you're the same"

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