

Weekend Players

"The Blarney Stone"

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Get off my ass you wee bitty fuck
If I pull out the Claymore you're shit outta luck
Who's that girl, that pretty young thing
After I fuck her she'll get up and sing

Aye Aye Aye -- sharpen your boot, and bludgeon your
eye
Aye Aye Aye -- the Blarney Stone brings a tear to me
eye

Down to the pub for a two shilling ale
The bread on the counter is going stale
If I don't get some fresh bread soon
Gonna punch you in your face and bark at the moon

Aye Aye Aye -- sharpen your boot, and bludgeon your
eye
Aye Aye Aye -- the Blarney Stone brings a tear to me
eye

Ain't got no girl 'cuz I haven't the time
Got too many other things on me mind
Patty was nice she was pale and cute
But I threw her away like an old piece of fruit

Aye Aye Aye -- sharpen your boot, and bludgeon your
eye
Aye Aye Aye -- the Blarney Stone brings a tear to me
eye

Got ooze in my pores my feet are all wet
Got mold in my ears but I ain't dead yet
Got stones in me bladder got a crack in me head
When Patty starts cryin' this is what I said

Aye Aye Aye -- sharpen your boot, and bludgeon your
eye
Aye Aye Aye -- the Blarney Stone brings a tear to me
eye

