

The Rumjacks

"Green Ginger Wine"

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Oh kiss me Maggie & take me home,
For I sure dinnae feel like dyin' alone,
Gawn geez a shot, chuck a doggie a bone,
Or a penny for me rattlin' can,
As sure as Christ it's a bitter pill,
But if you won't have me, yer sister will,
I'll cart me arse doon Surry Hills & call her out this
evenin',
Go on, go well, ye're no catch o' mine,
Yer clothes in rags, ye reek o' fags & old green ginger
wine,
My sisters aye a leezie into the drinkin', dogs & cards,
My poor departed Father couldn't flog her at the yards,
I'm a man o' some renown 'Jack the Lad' about the
town,
We'll share a plate of oysters, crack the neck o' Billy
Brown,
Sly grog & salty treats, I'll not grant yer wish,
I'm promised to the toll collector boy upon the bridge.
Like good whisky in bad wounds,
Like honey on a toothache, you'll never be mine,
Tho' we can dance, b'Jesus, we'll swing like the razors,
Of Kate Leigh & Tilly Devine.
Why wait until yer dancin' shoes are scuffed and in the
bin?
I'll stitch my holey duds, scrape the whiskers from me
chin,
We'll get ye down yer scarlet gown, I'll steal you
somethin' blue,
I'd waltz off Millers point before I walk the aisle with
you!
Oh I'll sing you 'six ribbons'!
Aye when your 'three sheets'!
Yer drunken, brawlin' caterwaulin' echoes through the
streets,
Y'know I'm not yet very old,
Sure it's poison when its cold,
And a dear old southerly beltters sure to blow!

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