

Dropkick Murphys

"Finnigan's Wake"

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tim finnegan lived in watling street,
a gentle irishman - mighty odd -
He had a tongue both rich and sweet,
to rise in the world he carried a hod,
now Tim had a sort of a tripling way:
with love for the liquor poor tim was born,
and to help him on with his work each day,
he'd a drop of the craythor every morn'
(CHORUS)

one morning tim was rather full,
his head felt heavy,
which made him shake,
fell from the ladder and broke his skull,
so they carried him home,
his corpse to wake,
rolled him up in a nice clean sheat,
and laid him upon the bed,
a gallon of whiskey at his feet,
and a barrell of porter at his head

Chorus

whack fol-de-dah
dance to your partner,
round the floor,
your trotters shake
wasn't it the truth
i told ye lots of fun at finnegan's wake

his friends assembled at his wake
and missus finnegan called for lunch
first they brought in tay and cakes
then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
then biddy o'brien begged to cry,
such a nice clean corpse
did you ever see?

Aw, Tim, Auvareen, why'd ye die?
Ah, hold yer tongue says Pattie McGee

CHORUS

then biddy mcBrien took up the job
""ah biddy" says
she "ye're wrong i'm sure,"

then biddy then gave her a belt on the gob
and left her sprawling on the floor,
there the war did soon engage
'twas woman to woman and man to man
shillelah-law was all the rage,
an a row and a ruction soon began
CHORUS

mickey maloney raised his head
when a bottle of whickey flew at him,
it missed him falling on the bed,
the liquor scattered over tim,
tim revives,
see how he rises,
timothy rising from the bed
whirl your whisky around like blazes tonamondeal,
do ye think i'm dead

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