

Foster And Allen

"Give the Woman In the Bed More Porter"

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O'Brien was a friend of mine and he had a mighty wife
She bore him eighteen children, through years of joy
and strife
When her temper started risin', she would turn a
brilliant red
And she'd maybe break a bowl or two, as she
thundered off to bed

Give the woman in the bed more porter
Give the woman in the bed more porter
Give the woman in the bed more porter
Before she wrecks the house

When she'd drunk her fill of porter, then she'd begin to
snore
And the bed would shake and rattle, as it pounded
'round the floor
O'Brien manned the kitchen while the blankets flew
about
And he'd run like hell to buy more drink and she'd
begin to shout

Give the woman in the bed more porter
Give the woman in the bed more porter
Give the woman in the bed more porter
Before she wrecks the house

The doctors tried for years and years, to cool her
temper down
They fed her herbs and potions, and powders by the
pound
But the man who found the cure for her, a scorcher,
Paddy Mallon
Said to keep her calm you've got to give her porter by
the gallon

Give the woman in the bed more porter
Give the woman in the bed more porter
Give the woman in the bed more porter
Before she wrecks the house

Well the porter kept her cool and calm, and porter
made her sing
And sometimes when she'd had enough she'd dance a
Highland Fling
When O'Brien took a drop himself, he'd join her in a
song
And a happier pair you'd never see, and they'd sing the
whole night long

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Give the woman in the bed more porter-aca

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