

## Gaelic Storm

### "Never Drink 'Em Dry"

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Now I'm sure you've heard the sorry tale, of the day  
when Johnny fell, bet here's a side of the story, boys,  
you might not know so well

When the hullabaloo was over, that night at the Castle  
Bar myself and the Five Cork Women had to bury  
Johnny Tarr! so we rolled him out the door to the  
morgue at Bishopstown, we asked if they'd creemate  
him, but the coroner wore a frown.

He sadly shook his head and said, "Your plan won't  
work so well, there's so much booze inside his veins  
he'll blow this place to hell!"

Chorus:

So if it starts raining and the thunder rumbles loud,  
Johnny's fallen up in heaven and landed on a cloud.  
His tears are failing as he laughs for he knows that  
when you die, In the big! Pub! Way up in the sky! You'll  
never ever, ever, ever, ever drink 'em dry!

We finally got him out the door and we propped him  
ag'in the wall, but we couldn't find a big enough hearse  
to carry him at all.

We rolled him to Cobh Harbor, for a burial at sea, we  
found the Irish Navy, they had all gone home for tea.

So if it starts raining and the thunder rumbles loud,  
Johnny's fallen up in heaven and landed on a cloud.  
His tears are failing as he laughs for he knows that  
when you die, In the big! Pub! Way up in the sky! You'll  
never ever, ever, ever, ever drink 'em dry!

So once more we slowly rolled him, to the pub where he  
lived and died, we went in to drown our sorrows, and  
we left the corpse outside.

When we stumbed out at sunrise, he was white as any  
sheet, there was Johnny frozen solid in the middle of  
the street.

So we covered him in concrete, and forevermore he'll  
stand a pigeon on his baldy head and a pint glass in

his hand.

The passersby all give a shout to the Saint of Lager  
Lotus,

"Please treat him as a Roundabout!" Yer man named  
Johnny Tarr!

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Johnny Tarr!

So if it starts raining and the thunder rumbles loud,  
Johnny's fallen up in heaven and landed on a cloud.  
His tears are failing as he laughs for he knows that  
when you die, In the big! Pub! Way up in the sky! You'll  
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