

## **Irish Rovers**

# **"Whiskey On A Sunday"**

Visit "[Whiskey On A Sunday](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Come day, go day  
Wish in my heart it were Sunday  
Drinking buttermilk thru the week  
Whiskey on a Sunday

He sits in the corner of old beggar's bush  
On top of an old packing crate  
He has three wooden dolls that can dance and can sing  
And he croons with a smile on his face

Come day, go day  
Wish in my heart it were Sunday  
Drinking buttermilk thru the week  
Whiskey on a Sunday

His tired old hands tug away at the strings  
And the puppets dance up and down  
A far better show than you ever would see  
In the fanciest theatre in town

Come day, go day  
Wish in my heart it were Sunday  
Drinking buttermilk thru the week  
Whiskey on a Sunday

And sad to relate that old Seth Davy died in 1904  
The three wooden doll in the dustbin were laid  
His song will be heard nevermore

Come day, go day  
Wish in my heart it were Sunday  
Drinking buttermilk thru the week  
Whiskey on a Sunday

But some stormy night when you're passing that way  
And the wind's blowing up from the sea  
You'll still hear the song of old Seth Davy  
As he croons to his dancing dolls three

Come day, go day  
Wish in my heart it were Sunday  
Drinking buttermilk thru the week

## Whiskey on a Sunday

Visit [Irish Rovers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.