

Jim Croce

"Ball Of Kerrymuir"

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Four-and-twenty virgins come down from Inverness,
And when the Ball was over, there were four-and-
twenty less,

Singin' balls to your partner, your ass against the wall,
If ya never been had on a Saturday night, ya never
been had at all..

There was doin' in the parlor, there was doin' on the
stones,
But ya couldn't a hear the music for the wheezin' and
the groans,

Singin' balls to your partner, your ass against the wall,
If ya never been had on a Saturday night, ya never
been had at all.

The undertaker, he was there, all wrapped up in a
shroud,
Swingin' from the chandelier, and peein' on the crowd,

Singin' balls to your partner, your ass against the wall,
If ya never been had on a Saturday night, ya never
been had at all.

The village cripple, he was there, ah he could not do
much,
So he lined the ladies against the wall, and he did 'em
with his crutch,

Singin' balls to your partner, your ass against the wall,
If ya never been had on a Saturday night, ya never
been had at all.

Miss Mary McPherson was standin' way up front,
Some posies in her hand, and a carrot in her cunt,

Singin' balls to your partner, your ass against the wall,
If ya never been had on a Saturday night, ya never
been had at all.

The Village postman, he was there, but the poor man

had the pox,
He could not do the lassies, so he did the letter box,

Singin' balls to your partner, your ass against the wall,
If ya never been had on a Saturday night, ya never
been had at all.

The Village Magician, he was there, he gave us all a
laugh,
He pulled his foreskin over his head, and he vanished
up his ass,

Singin' balls to your partner, your ass against the wall,
If ya never been had on a Saturday night, ya never
been had at all.

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