

Pulp

"Whiskey In The Jar"

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As I was goin' over the Cork and Kerry mountains
I saw Captain Farrell and his money, he was countin'
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
I said stand or deliver or the devil he may take ya

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da
Wait for my daddy-o
Wait for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o

I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny
I took all of his money and I brought it home to Molly
She swore that she'd love me, never would she leave
me
But the devil take that woman for you know she tricked
me easy

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da
Wait for my daddy-o
Wait for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o

Being drunk and weary, I went to Molly's chamber
Takin' my Molly with me and I never knew the danger
For about six or maybe seven in walked Captain Farrell
I jumped up, fired off my pistols and I shot him with
both barrels

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da
Wait for my daddy-o
Wait for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o

Now some men like the fishin' and some men like the
fowlin'
And some men like to hear a cannon ball a roarin'
Me I like sleepin' specially in my Molly's chamber
But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and chain,
yeah

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da
Wait for my daddy-o

Wait for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o

And I've got drunk on whiskey over
And I loved I loved I loved
I loved I loved I loved my Molly
And she will [Incomprehensible]
Did I always love your town? I loved your town

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