

The Psychedelic Furs

"The Irish Rover"

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On the 4th of July, eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the cold bay of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand city hall in New York
She was a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft
And oh, how the wild winds drove her
She had several blasts, she had 27 masts
And we called her the Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stones
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides
We had four million barrels of bones.
We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs
And seven million Celtic supporters
We had eight million bails of old nanny goats' tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Charlie McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a man from Westmeathe called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And Fightin' Bill Tracy from Dover
And your man Mick McCann
From the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

Bridge:

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the ship lost it's way in the fog (great fog!)
And the whale of a crew was reduced down to two
Just myself and the Captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a shock
The bulkhead turned right over
Turned nine times around, and the poor old dog was
drowned
And I'm the last of the Irish Rover

