

The Pubcrawlers

"Finnegan's Wake"

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Tim Finnegan lived on Watling Street
A gentle Irishman mighty odd
Had a love for both the rich and the sweet
And to rise in the world he carried a hod
You see, he'd sort of a tipling way
With the love for the liquor poor Tim was born
To help him on with his work each day
Had a drop of the craythur every morn'

Chorus:

Whack fol the da now dance to your partner
'Round the floor your trotters shake
Bend an ear to the truth I tell ya
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake

One mornin' Tim got rather full
His head felt heavy which made him shake
Fell from the ladder and broke his skull
They carried him home his corpse to wake
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed
A bottle of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head

Chorus

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch
First she brought in tea and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and brandy punch
Then Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
"Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?
Tim, avoorneen! Why did you die?"
"Ah, fuck you!" said Paddy McGee

Chorus

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the cry,
"O Biddy," she said, "you're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
And sent her sprawling on the floor
Then the war did soon engage

It was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began

Chorus x2

Bridge:

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a bottle of Jameson flew at him
It missed him, landing on the bed
The liquor splattered over Tim
Tim revived, see how he rises
Fat fuck Finnegan rising from the bed
Crying, "will ya walup each girl and boy,
Thunderin' Jaysus, do ya think I'm dead?"

Chorus x2

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