

Three Dead Trolls In A Baggie

"A Dublin Lullaby"

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(Music starts off as Danny Boy:)

Oh Danny Boy,
The Pints... The pints are calling
From inn to inn,
And down the mountainside

The whiskey's gone...
The candlelight is dying
I'm not pissed enough
But blessed Mary knows I tried

But call me back when gin is in the flagon,
and when the tavern floor is drenched with blood
'cause I'll be here and I'll be off the wagon
Oh Danny Boy, whooah Danny-boy, Hey, you're such a
bud.

(music fast-shifts to Irish Lullaby :)

O'Leary was a bastard, I gave his head a crack
I drank a pint of Guinness and pissed on a fucking neck
Old John I say was singing with Paddy in the back,
When Irish shy's are smiling you punch 'em 'till they're
black!

We're gonna drink and fight
and drink and fight
and drink and fight some more
When the drinking's done grab anyone
and go and fight some
So grab your friends and neighbours,
and punch them in the eye
And raise another glass and sing
The Dublin Lullaby!

O'Leary and O'Connell were drinking pretty hard
They'd been sitting for a fortnight
With Clancy at the bar
He got so stewed
that when he spewed
we swore he must have drowned!
So we kicked his ass

and raised a glass
and bought another round!

We're gonna drink and fight
and drink and fight
and drink and fight some more
When the drinking's done grab anyone
and go and fight some
So grab your friends and neighbours,
and punch them in the eye
And raise another glass and sing
The Dublin Lullaby

I went up with O'Leary to Old McDonald's wake
We drank a lot of stout and ate a lot of cake!
Someone was singing Danny-boy it filled my eyes with
tears,
so we kicked his nuts into his guts, drink another beer!

We're gonna drink and fight
and drink and fight
and drink and fight some more
When the drinking's done grab anyone
and go and fight some
So grab your friends and neighbours,
and punch them in the eye
And raise another glass and sing
The Dublin Lullaby

(this is incomprehensible drunken babbling to the
melody)

I gonna pattha pflatha! I Afka blatha aya cuff!
I flanna ganna blatha I focking gedda brluff!
I flanna ganna blatha blatha real tough!

We're gonna drink and fight
and drink and fight
and drink and fight some more
When the drinking's done grab anyone
and go and fight some
So grab your friends and neighbours,
and punch them in the eye
And raise another glass and sing
The Dublin Lullaby

(song appears to end, clapping... but then:)

We're gonna drink and fight
and drink and fight
and drink and fight some more
When the drinking's done grab anyone
and go and fight some

So grab your fucking neighbours,
and punch them in the fucking eye
And raise another glass and sing
The Dublin Lullaby

(And again, clapping... and again:)
We're gonna drink and fight
and drink and fight
and drink and fight some more
When the drinking's done grab anyone
and go and fight some
So grab your friends and neighbours,
and punch them in the fucking eye
And raise another glass and sing
The Dublin Lullaby

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