

## Unknown

### "Dicey Reilly"

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DICEY REILLY

Oh poor old Dicey Reilly, she has taken to the sup  
And poor old Dicey Reilly, she will never give it up  
It's off each morning to the pop that she goes in  
for another little drop  
But the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

She will walk along Fitzgibbon Street with an  
independent air  
And then its down by Summerhill, and as the people  
stare  
She'll say, "It's nearly half passed one  
Time I went in for another little one  
But the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly  
Now at two, pubs close and out she goes as happy as a  
lark  
She'll find a bench to sleep it off at St. Patrick's Park  
She'll wake at five feeling in the pink  
And say, "Tis time for another drink  
But the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Now she'll travel far to a dockside bar to have another  
round  
And after one or two or three she doesn't feel quite so  
sound  
After four she's a bit unstable  
After five underneath the table  
But the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Oh they carry her home at twelve o'clock as they do  
every night  
Bring her inside, put her on the bed and then turn out  
the light  
Next morning she'll get out of bed  
And look for a cure for her head  
But the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly  
@Irish @drink  
filename[ DICYREIL  
play.exe DICYREIL  
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