

Pogues

"The Ould Triangle"

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OULD TRIANGLE

(Brendan Behan)

Oh a hungry feeling, it came o'er me stealing

And the mice were squealing in my Prison cell--

chorus

And the ould tri - an - gle, It went jin - gle jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Ca - nal.

Now the screw was peeping while the lag was sleeping

And he was dreaming of his gal, Sal,

CHORUS

And to begin the morning, the warders bawling

"Ah, get up you bowsey and clean out your cell!"

CHORUS

Now in the female prison there are seventeen women

And it's among those women I would like to dwell;

CHORUS

Now the wind was rising and the sun declining

While I lay there pining in my prison cell.

Featured in Behan's play "The Quare Fella"

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