

The Pogues

"The Auld Triangle"

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(Brendan Behan) A hungry feeling, came o'er me
stealing And the mice they were squealing in my prison
cell And that auld triangle, went jingle jangle All along
the banks of the Royal Canal. Oh to start the morning,
the warden bawling Get up out of bed you, and clean
out your cell And that auld triangle, went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal. Oh the screw
was peeping and the lag was sleeping As he lay
weeping for his girl Sal And that auld triangle, went
jingle jangle All along the banks of the Royal Canal. On
a fine spring evening, the lag lay dreaming And the
seagulls were wheeling high above the wall And that
auld triangle, went jingle jangle All along the banks of
the Royal Canal. Oh the wind was sighing, and the day
was dying As the lag lay crying in his prison cell And
that auld triangle, went jingle bloody jangle All along
the banks of the Royal Canal. In the female prison there
are seventy women And I wish it was with them that I
did dwell And that auld triangle, went jingle jangle All
along the banks of the Royal Canal.

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