

Motopony

"St. Patrick's Army"

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Johnny drinks 'em harder than half the lads that I know
And when he's cop-sluggin' drunk well it's best to let
him go
And Timmy takes 'em bigger when he's got no place to
go
But she's half of Mother Ireland and all of twenty stone

Our good friends Pat and Andy Capp bring whiskey for
what ails ya
And Mr. Simo, Mr. Fish are drinkin' in Australia
You played it well but what the hell, she's shotgun shy
she don't wanna stay
So tip your hat and slap her ass and send her on her
way

We'll raise our glasses, drink till dawn
No one wears a frown
Line 'em up shout bottoms up
And fall around the town

I drank to your health on round-up
I drank to your health at home
I drank to your health so many damn times
I almost ruined my own

We'll pass the whiskey 'till the bottle's at an end
Then well turn the table over and we'll do it all again
A jig and a dance a new romance, a drink to the the
living we toast the dead t'day
So one more round and tip 'em well and drink the night
away
Yeah, one more round and tip 'em well and drink the
night away

We'll raise our glasses, drink till dawn
No one wears a frown
Line 'em up shout bottoms up
And fall around the town

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