

Paddy Schmidt**"MONTO"**

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Well if you got a wingo,
take her up to ringo,
Where the waxies sing o all the day,
If you've had your fill of porter,
And you can't go any further,
Give yer man the order "Back to the Quay"
And take her up to Monto, Monto, Monto,
Take her up to Monto, langeroo, to you.
The Dirty Duke of Gloucester
the dirty old imposter,
Took his mot and lost her up the Furry Glen,
He first put on his bowler,
then he buttoned up his trousers,
And he whistled for a growler
and he said "My man",
Take me up to Monto, Monto, Monto,
Take me up to Monto, langeroo, to you.
You see the Dublin Fusiliers,
the dirty old bamboozileers,
They went to get the childer one, two, three,
Marchin' from the linenhall

there's one for every canonball,
And Vicki's going to send yis all o'er the sea,
But first go up to Monto, Monto, Monto,
First go up to Monto, langeroo, to you.
When the Tzar of Russia
and the King of Prussia,
Landed in the Phoenix Park in a big balloon,
They asked the Police band to play
the Wearing of the Green,
But the buggers in the Depot
didn't know that tune,
So they both went up to Monto, Monto, Mont,
They both went up to Monto, langeroo, to you.
The Queen she came to call on us,
She wanted to see all of us,
I'm glad she didn't fall on us,
she's eighteen stone,
Mr. me Lord Mayor, sez she,
Is this all you've got to show to me?
Why no, ma'am, there is more to see,
Pã³g mo thã³in,
And he took her up to Monto, Monto, Monto,
He took her up to Monto, langeroo,
Goodnight to you

