## Shane Macgowan And The Popes ''Paddy Rolling Stone''

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(Shane MacGowan) It was on the 23rd of June As I lay blasted in my room A small bird sang on an ivy branch And the song they sang was the "Jug of Punch"

Tu-ra-lu-ra-lie, tu-ra-lu-ra-lay, Tu-ra-lu-ra-lie, tu-ra-lu-ra-lay, A small bird sang on an ivy branch And the song they sang was the "Jug of Punch"

I don't need my junkie friends All knockin' on my door I just wanna do an old time waltz With a buxom Irish whore

Call me Paddy Rolling Stone I've a jug full of Mountain Dew Just call me Paddy Rolling Stone When I'm howling at the ceilidh moon

Call me Paddy Rolling Stone I've a jug full of Mountain Dew Just call me Paddy Rolling Stone When I'm howling at the ceilidh moon

I'll be drinking whiskey in a ditch With Scruffy, and Brick and Noel Now I've gone and lost my gear And I'm looking for my hole

We are Tex's riders And we come from Nenagh town One of these nights, durin' one of those fights Gonna burn the whole place down

Call me Paddy Rolling Stone I've a jug full of Mountain Dew Just call me Paddy Rolling Stone When I'm howling at the ceilidh moon Call me Paddy Rolling Stone I've a jug full of Mountain Dew Just call me Paddy Rolling Stone When I'm howling at the ceilidh moon

When I die don't bother me Just dig me a six foot hole With a candle at my head and feet And a jar of alcohol

Just call me Paddy Rolling Stone I've a jug full of Mountain Dew Just call me Paddy Rolling Stone When I'm howling at the ceilidh moon

Call me Paddy Rolling Stone I've a jug full of Mountain Dew Just call me Paddy Rolling Stone When I'm howling at the ceilidh moon

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