

## Shane Macgowan And The Popes "Spanish Lady"

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As I went out through Dublin City  
At the hour of twelve o'clock at night  
Who should I see but the Spanish lady  
Washing her feet by candlelight  
First she washed it  
Then she dried it  
Over a fire of amber coals  
In all my life I never did see  
A maid so sweet about the soul

Whack for the tur a lur a laddy  
Whack for the tur a lur a lay  
Whack for the tur a lur a laddy  
Whack for the tur a lur a lay

As I went our thru Dublin City  
At the hour of half past eight  
Who do I see but the Spanish lady  
Combing her hair so trim and neat  
First she brushed it  
Then she combed it  
On her lap was a silver comb  
In all my life I never did see  
A maid so sweet since I did roam

As I walked out through Dublin City  
As the sun began to set  
Who should I see but the Spanish lady  
Catch a moth in her golden net  
First she spied me then she fled me  
Hitchin' her petticoat over her knee  
In all my life ne'er did I see  
A maid so fair as the Spanish Lady

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