

Stephen Lynch

"Down At The Old Pub Instead"

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Lad its your duty to find you a lass
With child bearing hips and a pink supple ass
And make her your wife
And lather her with love so true
Now some rivers run high
Some rivers run low and
Her river runs red and shes starting her flow
Ands its called menstraulation heres what it means to
you
You will notice her bloomers are spotty at first
And back her ovarian dams gonna burst
Son dont be afraid its a natural thing
Just wad up some cotton and hand her a string
And put the old linens ontop of the bed
Get out of the house and go down to the old pub
instead
She'll retain her water her breast'll be tender
Say something nice and you're sure to offend her
Get out of the house and go down to the old pub
instead
She'll want to make love, if you do you're a fool
You'll only end up with a bloody old tool
Get out of the house and go down to the old pub
instead
And she'll want you to sample the fruit of her loins
But son it'll taste like some old rusty coins
So turn off the light and
Take off your hat and drop to your knees say a prayer
to saint pat
That'll give you the strength to get out of bed
And for irelands sake get out of the house and go
down to the old pub instead
Now the pub is the place where the lads are meeting
When the moon is full and the gals are a bleeding
The catholic the protist the demon the pig
And the pub is the place where your lady is raggin
So drink up your pint boys and thank your sam rocks
That as men folks that we dont haveta bleed from our
cocks
And that we can escape from the lady in red
And get out of the house and go down to the old pub

instead

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