

## **Judas Factor**

### **"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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