Thursday "Finnegan's Wake"

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Tim Finnegan lived on Walkin Street,
A gentleman Irish mighty odd
well, he had a brogue both rich and sweet,
An' to rise in the world he carried a hod
Well, he had a bit of a timmlinÂ' way
with a love for the liquor poor Tim was born
And to send him on his way each day,
he'd a drop of the craythur every morn

[Chorus:]

Whack fol the dah do now dance with your partner whirl the floor your trotters shake Isn't it the truth I tell you, lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

One morning Tim felt rather full, his oleÂ' head felt heavy which made him shake well, he fell off the ladder and he broke his skull, then they carried him home his corpse to wake oh, they wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet, and they laid him out upon the bed with a gallon of whiskey at his feet and a bucket of porter at his head

[Chorus]

Well, his friends assembled at the wake, and missus Finnegan called for lunch well, first she brought out tea and cake, then pipes and tobacco and brandy punch Then the widow Malone began to cry, "Such a nice, clean corpse, have you ever seen, Saying Tim my boy why did you die?", well, "Hold your gob." says Mother McGee

[Chorus]

Then Maggie OÂ'Conner took up the job, And Biddy says "you're wrong, for sure" well, Biddy fixed her with a belt in the gob and sent her sprawling on the floor then a civil war did soon engage, it was woman to woman and man to man Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began

[Chorus]

Then Mickey Maloney he ducked his head when a bottle of whiskey flew at him It ducked, and landed on the bed, well, whiskey scattering over Tim Be dad it revives him see how he rises Tim Finnegans rising in the bed Sayin whirl whiskey around like place Thanum an Dhul!, do ye think I was dead?"

[Chorus 2x]

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