

Town Pants

"Whiskey You're The Devil"

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Oh, whisky you're the devil
you're leading me astray
over hills and mountains
and to Amerikay
you're sweeter stronger dacent
you're spunkier nor tea
oh whisky you're my darling drunk or sober

Now brave boys we're off for marching
off to Portugal and Spain
Drums are beating, banners flying
the Devil a home will come tonight
Love, fare thee well
With me tiiddery idle loodle lum a da
Me tiiddery idle loodle lum a da
Me right for tooral addee o
there's whisky in the jar

The French are fighting boldly
men are dying hot and coldly
give every man his flask of powder
his firelock on his shoulder
Love, fare thee well
With me tiiddery idle loodle lum a da
Me tiiddery idle loodle lum a da
Me right for tooral addee o
there's whisky in the jar

Says the mother do not wrong me
don't take me daughter from me
for if you do I will torment you
and after death my ghost will haunt you
Love, fare thee well
With me tiiddery idle loodle lum a da
Me tiiddery idle loodle lum a da
Me right for tooral addee o
there's whisky in the jar

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