

Finnegan's Wake

Dropkick Murphys

Tim Finnegan lived in Watling Street, A gentle Irishman - Mighty Odd - He'd a beautiful
brogue So rich and sweet, to rise in the world He carried a hod, You see He'd sort of a
Tripling way: with love for a liquor Poor Tim was born, to help him on with His work each
day, He'd a drop of the Craythor every morn'One morning Tim was rather full, his head felt
Heavy, which made him shake, fell from the Ladder and broke his skull, so they carried Him
home, his corpse to wake, rolled Him up in a nice clean sheet, and laided Him upon the bed, A
bottle of Whiskey At his feet, and a gallon of Porter At his headchorus: And whack Fol-De-Dah
now dance to your Partner, welt the floor, your trotters shake Wasn't it the truth I told Ye Lots
of fun at Finnegan's WakeHis friends assembled at his wake And Missus Finnegan called for
lunch First they brought in tea and cake Then pipes, tobacco and Whiskey Punch Biddy OBrien
begged to cry, such a Nice clean corpse did you see Arrah hold your gob see Paddy
Mageechorus:Then O Connor took up the job "Arrah!" Biddy says she Ye're wrong I'm Sure,
Biddy then gave her a belt on The gob and left her sprawling on the Floor, there the war did
soon engage Woman to Woman and Man to Man Shillelah-law was all the rage, an A Row and
a Ruction soon began Mickey Maloney raised his head when a bottle Of Whiskey flew at him,
it missed him falling on The Bed, the liquor scattered over Tim, Tim Revives, see how he rises,
Timothy rising from the bed Whirl your Whisky around like blazes Tonamondeal, do ye think
I'm dead

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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