

Out On the Town

Dropkick Murphys

Me and the gang, we were out on the town
In my uninsured 88
Its time to get Maggie down at the bar,
She said dont you punks dare be lateIt was Saturday night on Hilltop Street
And everybodys dressed to spill
They were having a time for Mary Os boy Barry,
Who had recently been killed
In the back of the bar they were sure having fun
Everybody make some room
She got out of the chair, threw her fist in the air
And the whole place started to move
So get up, get up, get with the music
Everybody out of your seat
So get up, get up and get with the music,
Maggies got a brand new beat
Tiny was Santa, Reds at the door
And The Old Brigades starting to play
Maggies playing tricks on a few of the boys
Shell take your worries and your wallet away
Johnny Mac took a slap from a few older brothers
When he wouldnt dance with Big Marie
But it wouldnt be long til they were singing along
With the girl they all came to see
So get up, get up, get with the music
Everybody out of your seat
So get up, get up and get with the music,
Maggies got a brand new beat
So get up, get up, get with the music
Everybody out of your seat
So get up, get up and get with the music,
Maggies got a brand new beat
She was handsome, she was mean
She smoked two packs a day since she was 17
A leather face and many a vice
She had a sharper tongue than a butchers knifeShes out past curfew with the boys in the band
Throwing one last farewell toast
Then shes up with Father Dorin
At mass in the morning
Handing out the Holy Ghost
So get up, get up, get with the music
Everybody out of your seat
So get up, get up and get with the music,

Maggies got a brand new beat
So get up, get up, get with the music
Everybody out of your seat
So get up, get up and get with the music,
Maggies got a brand new beatMaggies got a brand new beat
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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