

# Dropkick Murphys, Finnegan's Wake

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 tipling way,  
With love for a liquor poor Tim was born.  
To help him on with his work every day,  
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn'.

One morning Tim was rather full.  
His head felt heavy, which made him shake.  
He fell from a ladder and broke his skull.  
They carried him home, his corpse to wake.  
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,  
And laid him out upon the bed,  
A bottle of whiskey at his feet,  
And a gallon of porter at his head.

[chorus]  
Whack fol-de-dol now dance to your partner,  
Walk the floor, your trotters shake,  
Wasn't it the truth I told ye,  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake.

His friends assembled at his wake,  
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch.  
First they brought in tay and cake,  
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.  
Biddy O'Brien beggan to cry,  
Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,  
Tim avourneen, why did you die?  
Hold your gob! said Paddy McGee.

[chorus]

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job,  
Biddy she says you're wrong, I'm sure  
Biddy then gave her a belt in the gob,  
And left her sprawling on the floor.  
Then the war did soon engage,  
Woman to woman and man to man.  
Shillelagh law was all the rage,  
And a row and a ruction soon began.

Mickey Maloney he 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,  
Thanum an Dail! Do you think I'm dead?

[chorus]