

Pogues, Muirshin Durkin

In the days when I was courtin',
I was seldom done resortin'
In the ale house and the playhouse,
And many's the house between
I told me brother Seamus,
I'll go off and get right famous,
And when I come back home again,
I'll have seen the whole wide world
And it's goodbye, Muirshin Durkin,
I'm sick and tired of workin'
I'll no more dig the praties,
I'll no longer be a fool
As sure as me name is Carney,
I'll go off to California
And instead of digging praties,
I'll be digging lumps of gold
Farewell to all the girls at home,
I'm bound away across the foam
Off to seek me fortune
In far Amerikay
There's silver there a-plenty,
For the poor and for the gentry
And when I come back home again,
I never more will say,
Goodbye, Muirshin Durkin,
I'm sick and tired of workin'
I'll no more dig the praties,
I'll no longer be a fool
As sure as me name is Carney,
I'll go off to California
Where instead of diggin' praties,
I'll be digging lumps of gold
And goodbye, Muirshin Durkin,
I'm sick and tired of workin'
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