

Pogues, The Rare Old Mountain Dew

Let grasses grow and waters flow
In a free and easy way,
But give me enough of the rare old stuff
That's made near Galway Bay,
Come gangers all from Donegal,
Sligo and Leitrim too,
Oh, we'll give the slip and we'll take a sip
Of the rare old Mountain Dew
Hi the dithery al the dal, dal the dal the dithery al, al the dal, dal dithery al dee
Hi the dithery al the dal, dal the dal the dithery al, dal the dal, dal dithery al dee
There's a neat little still at the foot of the hill,
Where the smoke curls up to the sky,
By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell
That there's poitin, boys, close by.
For it fills the air with a perfume rare,
And betwixt both me and you,
As home we roll, we can drink a bowl,
Or a bucketful of Mountain Dew
Now learned men as use the pen,
Have writ the praises high
Of the rare poitin from Ireland green,
Distilled from wheat and rye.
Away with yer pills, it'll cure all ills,
Be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew,
So take off your coat and grease your throat
With a bucketful of Mountain Dew.