

Pogues, Whiskey You're The Devil

Now brave boys we're on the march
Off to Portugal and Spain
Drums a-beating, banners a-waving
The devil a-home will come tonight
La, fare thee well
With me tither-y-eye dum dah
Me tither-y-eye dum da
Me right fol tur-a ladee oh, there's whiskey in the jar

Hey, whiskey you're the devil
You're leading me astray
O'er hills and mountains
Into Amerikay
Your sweetness from the bleachner
You're spunkier than tea,
Ah, whiskey you're me darlin', drunk or sober

The French are fighting boldly
Men are dying hot and coldly
Give every man his flash, gunpowder
His firelock on his shoulder
La, fare thee well
With me tither-y-eye dum dah
Me tither-y-eye dum da
Me right fol tur-a ladee oh, there's whiskey in the jar

Says the mother, "Do not wrong me
Don't take me daughter from me
For if you do, I will torment you
And after death me ghost will haunt you"
We're off, fare thee well
With me tither-y-eye dum dah
Me tither-y-eye dum da
Me right fol tur-a ladee oh, there's whiskey in the jar