

# Rednex, Whiskey In The Jar

As I was goin' over the Cottdale mountains  
I saw Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'  
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier  
&quot;So stand up and deliver or the devil he may take ya&quot;

Mush-a-ree dum a doo dum a di  
Whack for my daddy-o  
Whack for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar

I took all of his money, it was a pretty penny  
I took all of his money and brought it home to Molly  
She swore that she'd love me, never would she leave me  
But the devil take this woman for you know she conned me easy

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Whack for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar

Being drunk and weary I went to Molly's chamber  
I took my money with me, I didn't know the danger  
For about six or maybe seven in walks Captain Farrell

I jumped up with my pistol and I shot him with both barrels

Now some men like the fishin' and some men like the fowlin'  
And some men like ta hear a cannon ball a roarin'  
Me I like sleepin' specially in my molly's chamber  
Here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and chain yeah

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