

Da Vinci's Notebook, Another Irish Drinking Song

Gather 'round ye lads and lassies, set ye for a while,
and harken to me mournful tale about the Emerald Isle.
Let's all raise our glasses high to friends and family gone,
and lift our voices in another Irish drinkin' song.

Consumption took me mother and me father got the pox,
me brother drank the whiskey 'till he wound up in a box.
Me other brother in the troubles met with his demise,
me sister has forever closed her smilin' Irish eyes.

(Chorus)

Now everybody's died, so until our tears are cried,
we'll drink and drink and drink and drink and then we'll drink some more.
We'll dance and sing and fight until the early mornin' light,
then we'll throw up, pass out, wake up and then go drinkin' once again.

Ken was killed in Killkinney, Claire she died in Clares,
Tip in Tipperary died out in the dairy air.
Shannon jumped into the river Shannon back in June,
Ernie fell into the urn and Tom is in the tomb.

Cleanliness is godliness me Uncle Pat would sing,
he broke his neck-a-slippin' on a bar of Irish Spring.
O'Grady he was eighty, 'tho his bride was just a pup,
he died upon the honeymoon when she got his Irish up.

(Chorus)

Now everybody's died, so until our tears are cried,
we'll drink and drink and drink and drink and then we'll drink some more.
We'll dance and sing and fight until the early mornin' light,
then we'll throw up, pass out, wake up and then go drinkin' once again.

<Hockey fight tune>

Joe Murphy fought with Riley near the cliffs of Alderney,
he took out his shillelagh and he stabbed him in the spleen.
Crazy Uncle Mike thought he was a leprechaun,
but in fact he's just a leper and his arms and legs are gone.

When Timmy Johnson broke his neck it was a cryin' shame,
he wasn't really Irish, but he went to Notre Dame.
MacNamara crossed the street and by a bus was hit,
but he was just a Scotsman so nobody gave a sh*t.

(Chorus)

Now everybody's died, so until our tears are cried,
we'll drink and drink and drink and drink and then we'll drink some more.
We'll dance and sing and fight until the early mornin' light,
then we'll throw up, pass out, wake up and then go drinkin' once again.

<Hava Nagila> Ole!!

Me drunken Uncle Brendan tried to drive home from the bar,
the road rose up to meet when he fell out of his car.
Irony at once befell me Great Grand Uncle Sam,
when he choked upon the very last potato in the land.

Connor lived in Ulster-town, he used to smuggle arms,
until the British killed him and cut off his lucky charms.
And dear old Father Flanagan who left the Lord's employ,
drunk on sacramental wine beneath the altar boy.

(Chorus)

Now everybody's died, so until our tears are dried,
we'll drink and drink and drink and drink and then we'll drink some more.
We'll dance and sing and fight until the early mornin' light,
then we'll throw up, pass out, wake up and then go drinkin' once again.

Someday soon I'll leave this world of pain and toil and sin,
the Lord will take me by the hand to join all of me kin.
Me only wish is when the Savior comes for me and you,
He kills the cast of Riverdance and Michael Flatley too.

(Chorus)

Now everybody's died, so until our tears are cried,
we'll drink and drink and drink and drink and then we'll drink some more.
We'll dance and sing and fight until the early mornin' light,
then we'll throw up, pass out, wake up and then go drinkin' once again,
then we'll throw up, pass out, wake up and then go drinkin' once again,
then we'll throw up, pass out, wake up and then go drinkin' once again.