

# Dropkick Murphys, The Auld Triangle

A hungry feeling  
Came o'er me stealing  
And the mice were squealing  
In my prison cell  
To begin the morning  
The warden bawling  
Get up out of bed, boy!  
And Clean up your cell!

And the auld triangle went jingle-jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

On a fine Spring evening  
The loike lay dreaming  
And the sea-gulls squealing  
High above the wall  
Oh! the day was dying  
And the wind was sighing  
As I lay there crying  
In my prison cell

And the auld triangle went jingle-jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

Oh! the screw was peeping  
And the loike was sleeping  
As he lay there weeping  
For his poor gal

And the auld triangle went jingle-jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

In the female prison  
There are seventy women  
And I wish to god it was with them  
That I did dwell

And the auld triangle went jingle-jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal  
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All along the banks of the Royal Canal