

Dropkick Murphys, The Spicy McHaggis Jig

I'll tell you a story, believe me, it's true.
A tale you best hope never happens to you.
Old Spicy McHaggis, how he met his fate.
You I can save, but for him it's too late.

Spicy was big, burly and strong. His pipes were gigantic,
and so was his schlong!
From city to city, running around,
always looking for chicks over four hundred pounds

One night at the pub, a girl caught his eye,
big as a house, just the right size.
the broad was enormous, stacked to the hilt,
Spicy soon noticed a bulge in his kilt.
The piper delivered his best pick-up line,
thought to himself, this beast is all mine
The portly young lady could stand for no more,
grabbed his cojones and went for the door.

They got to her house and dimmed all the lights.
Spicy was in for one hell of a night.
He said that he loved her, he'd always be true.
But Mr. McHaggis, I've only just met you

By now he saw double through his drunken eyes,
neither had looks or appropriate size.
He came to his senses, thought to himself;
At this time at night, I won't find nothing else
He took off his shirt, She lifted her skirt,
They pulled out his unit and started to play,
she asked for a glove, he gave her a shove,
had baby McHaggis nine months to-the-day.

Spicy, Spicy, Spicy, Spicy, Spicy, Spicy, Spicy, Spicy

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Three packs a day he'll smoke 'til he dies,
Spicy McHaggis, One hell of a guy!