

# Flogging Molly, Kiss My Irish Ass

Oh the churchbells are ringin' in the schoolyard,  
And we all went out those days  
The bully said "Mick would you fancy a rumble?"  
I said "Yes, it's time to play!"

Oh the nuns and the priests they grabbed their Rosaries  
As they pulled our bodies apart  
The bully said "Mick you lost the fight, but you've gained my respect!  
You fight with so much heart!"

We're as stubborn as mules  
With our blood on fire  
When we ain't at Sunday mass  
We'll look any man straight in his eyes and say  
Kiss my Irish ass!  
You better kiss my Irish ass!

Oh the husbands and wives, they had a neighborhood pack  
They called the Mackeys white trash behind our backs (White Trash!)  
I was way too young to understand that  
But if I did, I'd given it right back

Oh me dad, he'd be drunk on the lawn,  
Yelling and screaming like he do  
But sometimes my old man felt what he was feeling,  
Sometimes Mr. Mackey spoke the truth

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Oh me grandpa passed through Ellis Island,  
From the greatest of the Motherlands  
For he worked, provided for his family  
He was a dedicated welding man  
And he knew right from wrong like day and night,  
He could whip any fool in a bareknuckle fight  
He talked of country like he preached of God,  
One hell of an Irishman!

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Oooohh, I'm of a distant relation to John Redman,  
He was one of the greatest Irish Rebels of his day  
One bastard to another, on down the line  
And this is what my son will say:

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