

Gaelic Storm, Never Drink Em Dry (Johnny Tarrs

Now I'm sure you've heard the sorry tale, of the day when Johnny fell,
but here's a side of the story, boys, you might not know so well

When the hullabaloo was over, that night at the Castle Bar
myself and the Five Cork Women had to bury Johnny Tarr!
so we rolled him out the door to the morgue at Bishopstown,
we asked if they'd creemate him, but the coroner wore a frown.

He sadly shook his head and said, "Your plan won't work so well,
there's so much booze inside his veins he'll blow this place to hell!"

Chorus:

So if it starts raining and the thunder rumbles loud,
Johnny's fallen up in heaven and landed on a cloud.
His tears are falling as he laughs for he knows that when you die,
In the big! Pub! Way up in the sky!
You'll never ever, ever, ever, ever drink 'em dry!

We finally got him out the door and we propped him ag'in the wall,
but we couldn't find a big enough hearse to carry him at all.
We rolled him to Cobh Harbor, for a burial at sea,
we found the Irish Navy, they had all gone home for tea.

Chorus

So once more we slowly rolled him, to the pub where he lived and died,
we went in to drown our sorrows, and we left the corpse outside.
When we stumbed out at sunrise, he was white as any sheet,
there was Johnny frozen solid in the middle of the street.
So we covered him in concrete, and forevermore he'll stand
a pigeon on his baldy head and a pint glass in his hand.
The passersby all give a shout to the Saint of Lager Lotus,
"Please treat him as a Roundabout!" Yer man named Johnny Tarr!
"Please treat him as a Roundabout!" Yer man named Johnny Tarr!

Chorus