

Garage Inc., Whiskey In Teh Jar

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains
I saw Captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
I said "Stand and deliver or the devil he may take ya"
I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny
I took all of his money and I brought it home to Molly
She swore that she'd love me, no, never would she leave me
But the devil take that woman for you know she tricked me easy
Musha ring dum a doo dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o
Being drunk and weary I went to Molly's chamber
Taking my money with me and I never knew the danger
For about six or maybe seven in walked Captain Farrell
I jumped up, fired off my pistols and I shot him with both barrels
Musha ring dum a doo dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o
Now some men like the fishing and some men like the fowling
And some men like to hear, to hear the cannon ball roaring
Me, I like sleeping specially in my Molly's chamber
But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and chain yeah
Musha ring dum a doo dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o
Musha ring dum a doo dum a da
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