

Metallica, Whiskey In The Jar

As I was goin' over the Cork and Kerry mountains
I saw Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'
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 yeah I brought it home to Molly
She swore that she'd love me, never would she leave me
But the devil take that woman for you know she treat 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
Takin' 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 fishin' and some men like the fowlin'
And some men like ta hear, ta hear cannon ball a roarin'
Me I like sleepin' 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

Whiskey in the jar-o
Musha ring dum a doo dum a da