

The Pogues, Poor Paddy

(Traditional)

In eighteen hundred and forty-one
Me corduroy breeches I put on
Me corduroy breeches I put on
To work upon the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-two
From Hartlepool I moved to Crewe
Found meself a job to do
Working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches, pulling stitches,
Dancing on the line
Still working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-three
I broke me shovel across me knee
And went to work for the company
On the Leeds to Selby railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-four
I landed on the Liverpool shore
Me belly was empty, me hands were raw
With working on the railway, the railway
I'm sick to my guts of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-five
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive
And working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
I changed me trade to carrying bricks
Changed me trade to carrying bricks
Still working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to Heaven
The old bugger was thinking of going to Heaven
To work upon the railway, the railway
I'm sick to my death of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway