

The Rumjacks, An Irish Pub Song

Theres a county map to go on the wall,
A hurling stick & a shinty ball,
The bric, the brac, the craic & all,
Lets call it an Irish pub,
Caffreys, Harp, Kilkenny on tap,
The Guinness pie & that cabbage crap,
The ideal wannabee Paddy trap,
We'll call it an Irish pub,

Whale, oil, beef, hooked! I swear upon the holy book,
The only 'craic' you'll get is a slap in the ear,
Whale, oil, beef, hooked! I'll up & burst yer filthy mug,
If you draw one more shamrock in me beer!

We'll raise the price o' beer a dollar,
We'll make em wear a shirt & collar,
We'll fly a bloody tri-colour,
And call it an Irish pub,
Jager bombs & double shots,
The underagers think its tops,
We'll spike the drinks & pay the cops,
We got us an Irish pub.

The quick one in the filthy bog,
The partin' glass across the lug,
O' the lady-O, the dirty dog,
We got us an Irish pub,
It's over to me and over to you,
We'll skip along the Avenue,
And who t'hell is Ronnie Drew?
We got us an Irish pub.

Plasma screens & neon lights,
Kara-farkin-oke nights,
The bouncers they can pick the fights,
We'll call it an Irish pub,
Plastic cups, a polished floor,
We'll hose the blood right out the door,
And let the knucklers back for more,
We got us an Irish pub,

Oh top o' the mornin', Garryowen,
Kiss me I'm Irish, Molly Malone,
Failte, Slainte, Pog ma thon,
We got us an Irish pub,
Spike the punch & strip the willow,
Strike me up the rakes o' Mallow,
The Liffey never ran so shallow,
We got us an Irish pub.