

# Tom Lehrer, The Irish Ballad

About a maid I'll sing a song  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin  
About a maid I'll sing a song  
Who didn't have her family long  
Not only did she do them wrong  
She did every one of them in,  
them in,  
She did every one of them in.  
One morning in a fit of pique  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin  
One morning in a fit of pique  
She drowned her father in the creek  
The water tasted bad for a week  
And we had to make do with gin,  
with gin,  
And we had to make do with gin.  
Her mother she could never stand  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin  
Her mother she could never stand  
And so a cyanide soup she planned  
Her mother died with a spoon in her hand  
And her face in a hideous grin,  
a grin,  
Her face in a hideous grin.  
She set her sister's hair on fire  
Rickety-tickety-tin  
She set her sister's hair on fire  
And as the smoke and flame rose higher  
Danced around the funeral pyre  
Playin' a violin,  
'olin,  
Playin' a violin.  
She weighted her brother down with stones  
Rickety-tickety-tin  
She weighted her brother down with stones  
And sent him off to Davy Jones  
All they ever found were some bones  
And the occasional pieces of skin,  
of skin,  
Occasional pieces of skin.  
One day when she had nothing to do  
Rickety-tickety-tin  
One day when she had nothing to do  
She cut her baby brother in two  
And served him up as an Irish stew  
And invited the neighbors in,  
'bors in,  
Invited the neighbors in.  
And when at last the police came by  
Rickety-tickety-tin  
And when at last the police came by  
Her little pranks she did not deny  
To do so she would have had to lie  
And lying she knew was a sin,  
a sin,  
Lying she knew was a sin.  
My tragic tale I won't prolong  
Rickety-tickety-tin  
My tragic tale I won't prolong  
And if you do not enjoy my song  
You've yourselves to blame if it's too long  
You should never have let me begin,  
begin,  
You should never have let me begin.

