

# Down To The Old Pub Instead

[Stephen Lynch](#)

Lad, it's your duty to find ye a lass  
With child-bearing hips and a pink, supple ass  
And make her your wife and love her with love so true  
Now some rivers run high, some rivers run low  
When her river runs red, then she's starting her flow  
And it's called menstr'ation, and here's what it means to you  
You will notice her bloomers are spotty at first  
Stand back - her ovarian dam's gonna burst  
Son, don't be afraid, it's a natural t'ing  
Just wad up some cotton and hand her some string  
Put the old linens on top of the bed  
Get out of the house and go down to the old pub instead  
She'll retain her water, her breasts will be tender  
And every third word that you say will offend her  
Get out of the house and go down to the old pub instead  
And she'll want to make love - if you do, you're a fool  
'Cause you'll only end up with a bloody O'Toole  
Get out of the house - down to the old pub instead  
And she'll want you to sample the fruit of her loins  
But son, it'll taste like some old rusty coins  
So turn off the light, boy, and take off your hat  
And drop to your knees, say a prayer to Saint Pat  
Then he'll give you the strength to get out of the bed  
And for Ireland's sake, go down to the old pub instead

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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