

Whiskey in the Jar

Metallica

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, and I brought it home to Molly
She swore that she loved me,
No, never would she leave me
But the devil take that woman,
Yeah, for you know she tricked me easy Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da
Whack for my daddy, oh
Whack for my daddy, oh
There's whiskey in the jar, oh Being drunk and weary
I went to Molly's chamber
Takin' Molly with me
But I never knew the danger
For about six or maybe seven,
Yeah, in walked Captain Farrell
I jumped up, fired my pistols
And I shot him with both barrels Yeah, musha rain dum a doo, dum a da, ha, yeah
Whack for my daddy, oh
Whack for my daddy, oh
There's whiskey in the jar, oh Yeah, whiskey, yo, whiskey
Oh, oh, yeah
Oh, oh, yeah Now some men like a fishin'
But some men like the fowlin'
Some men like to hear,
To hear the cannonball 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 rain dum a doo, dum a da, heh, heh
Whack for my daddy, oh
Whack for my daddy, oh
There's whiskey in the jar, oh, yeah

Whiskey in the jar, oh Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da, hey
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da, yeah

Songwriters

ARR LYNOTT Published by

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