

Whiskey In the Jar

Thin Lizzy

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 o'er and deliver or the devil he may take yaMusha ring dum a do dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-oI took all of his money and it was a pretty penny
I took all of his money and I brought it home to Molly
She swore that she'd love me, never would she leave me
But the devil take that woman for you know she tricked me easyMusha ring dum a do dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-oBeing drunk and weary I went to Molly's chamber
Takin' my money with me and I never knew the danger
For about six or maybe seven in walked captain Farrell
I jumped up, fired off my pistols and I shot him with both barrelsMusha ring dum a do dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-oNow some men like the fishin' and some men like the fowlin'
And some men like to hear a cannon ball a 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, yeahMusha ring dum a do dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-oAnd I got drunk on whiskey-o
And I love, I love, I love, I love, I love, I love my Molly-o
And she wheels a wheelbarrow through that dirty old town
Oh it's a dirty old town

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