

# Hot Asphalt

## The Dubliners

Good evening, all my jolly lads, I'm glad to find you well  
If you'll gather all around me, now, the story I will tell  
For I've got a situation and begorrah and begob  
I can whisper all the weekly wage of nineteen bob'Tis twelve months come October since I left me native home  
After helping them Killarney boys to bring the harvest down  
But now I wear the gansey and around me waist a belt  
I'm the gaffer of the squad that makes the hot asphaltWell, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat  
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat me hat  
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I never felt  
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphaltThe other night a copper comes and he says to me, McGuire  
Would you kindly let me light me pipe down at your boiler fire?  
And he planks himself right down in front, with hobnails up, till late  
And says I, me decent man, you'd better go and find your baitHe ups and yells, I'm down on you, I'm up to all  
yer pranks  
Don't I know you for a traitor from the Tipperary ranks?  
Boys, I hit straight from the shoulder and I gave him such a belt  
That I knocked him into the boiler full of hot asphaltWell, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat  
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat me hat  
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I never felt  
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphaltWe quickly dragged him out again and we threw him in the tub  
And with soap and warm water we began to rub and scrub  
But devil the thing, it hardened and it turned him hard as stone  
And with every other rub, sure you could hear the copper groanI'm thinking, says O'Reilly, that he's lookin'  
like old Nick  
And burn me if I am not inclined to claim him with me pick  
Now, says I, it would be easier to boil him till he melts  
And to stir him nice and easy in the hot asphaltWell, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat  
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat me hat  
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I never felt  
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphaltYou may talk about yer sailor lads, ballad singers and the rest  
Your shoemakers and your tailors but we please the ladies best  
The only ones who know the way their flinty hearts to melt  
Are the lads around the boiler making hot asphaltWith rubbing and with scrubbing, sure I caught me death of  
cold  
For scientific purposes, me body it was sold  
In the Kelvin grove museum, me boys, I'm hangin' in me pelt  
As a monument to the Irish, making hot asphaltWell, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat  
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat me hat  
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I never felt

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