

St. Patrick's Army

The Jude

Johnny drinks 'em harder than half the lads that I know
And when he's cop-sluggin' drunk well it's best to let him go
And Timmy takes 'em bigger when he's got no place to go
But she's half of Mother Ireland and all of twenty stone Our good friends Pat and Andy Capp bring whiskey for
what ails ya
And Mr. Simo, Mr. Fish are drinkin' in Australia
You played it well but what the hell, she's shotgun shy she don't wanna stay
So tip your hat and slap her ass and send her on her way We'll raise our glasses, drink till dawn
No one wears a frown
Line 'em up shout bottoms up
And fall around the town I drank to your health on round-up
I drank to your health at home
I drank to your health so many damn times
I almost ruined my own We'll pass the whiskey 'till the bottle's at an end
Then well turn the table over and we'll do it all again
A jig and a dance a new romance, a drink to the the living we toast the dead t'day
So one more round and tip 'em well and drink the night away
Yeah, one more round and tip 'em well and drink the night away We'll raise our glasses, drink till dawn
No one wears a frown
Line 'em up shout bottoms up
And fall around the town Line 'em up shout bottoms up
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