

# Whiskey In The Jar

Pulp

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 ya Must ya ring dum a doo dum a da  
What for my daddy-o  
What for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar-o I 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 easy Must ya ring dum a doo dum a da  
What for my daddy-o  
What for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar-o Being 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 barrels Must ya ring dum a doo dum a da  
What for my daddy-o  
What for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar-o Now some men like the fishin' and some men like the fowlin'  
And some men like ta 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 yeah Must ya ring dum a doo dum a da  
What for my daddy-o  
What for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar-o And i got drunk on whiskey-o  
And I love, i love, i love, i love, i love, i love my molly-o

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