

Whiskey You're the Devil

The Pogues

Now brave boys, we're on the march
Off to Portugal and Spain
Drums are beating, banners flying
The Devil at home will come tonight So it's go, fare thee well
With a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
A too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
Me rikes fall too ra laddie-o, there's whiskey in the jar Oh, whiskey you're the devil, you're leading me astray
Over hills and mountains and to Amerikay
You're sweetness from the Bleachner and spunkier than tea
Oh, whiskey you're my darling drunk or sober The French are fighting boldly
Men are dying hot and coldly
Give every man his flask of powder
His firelock on his shoulder So it's go, fare thee well
With a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
A too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
Me rikes fall too ra laddie-o, there's whiskey in the jar Oh, whiskey you're the devil, you're leading me astray
Over hills and mountains and to Amerikay
You're sweetness from the Bleachner and spunkier than tea
Oh, whiskey you're my darling drunk or sober Says the old man, do not wrong me
Don't take me daughter from me
For if you do I will torment you
When I'm dead my ghost will haunt you So it's go, fare thee well
With a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
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