

Mountain Dew

The Pogues

All of the grasses grow and the waters flow
In a free and easy way.
But give me enough of the rare aul' stuff
That's made near Galway Bay.
Come gougers all, from Donegal,
Sligo and Leitrim too,
And we'll give them the slip,
And we'll take a sip
Of the real old mountain dew.
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-um-uh-die diddle dum-day
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-um-uh-die diddle dum-day

There's a neat little still
At the foot of the hill
Where the smoke curls up at the sky.
By a whiff of the smell,
You can plainly tell
That there's poitin, boys, close by.
For it fills the air with a perfume rare,
That befits both me and you.
As home we roll, we'll drink a bowl
Or a bucket full of the mountain dew.
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-um-uh die-diddle dum-day
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-um-uh die-diddle dum-day

There's learned men who used the pen
Have written your praises high
Of the sweet poitin from Ireland green,
That's made from wheat and rye.
Go away with your pills,
It will cure all ills,

Be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew.
Take off your coat and grease your throat
With a bucket full o' mountain dew.
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-um-uh-die diddle dum-day
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-idle diddle dum
Skiddley-um-uh-die diddle dum-day

Let the grasses grow and the waters flow
In a free and easy way.
Give me enough of the rare aul' stuff
That's made near Galway Bay.
Come gaugers all, from Donegal,
Sligo and Leitrim too,
And we'll give them the slip
And we'll take a sip
Of the real old mountain dew.
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