

# The Blarney Stone

Ween

Get off my ass, you wee bitty fuck  
If I pull out the Claymore you're shit outta luck  
Who's that girl, that pretty young thing?  
After I fuck her she'll get up and sing  
Aye aye aye, sharpen your boots and bludgeon your eye  
Aye aye aye, the blarney stone brings a tear to me eye  
Down to the pub for a two shilling Ale  
The bread on the counter is going stale  
If I don't get some fresh bread soon  
Gonna punch you in your face and bark at the moon  
Aye aye aye, sharpen your boots and bludgeon your eye  
Aye aye aye, the blarney stone brings a tear to me eye

Ain't got no girl 'cuz I haven't the time  
Got too many other things on me mind  
Patty was nice, she was pale and cute  
But I threw her away like an old piece of fruit  
Aye aye aye, sharpen your boots and bludgeon your eye  
Aye aye aye, the blarney stone that brings a tear to me eye  
Got ooze in my pores, my feet are all wet  
Got mold in my ears but I ain't dead yet  
Got stones in me bladder, got a crack in me head  
When Patty starts cryin' this is what I said  
Aye aye aye, sharpen your boots and bludgeon your eye  
Aye aye aye, the blarney stone brings a tear to me eye

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