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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