

Whiskey In the Jar

Metallica

As I was goin' over
The Cook and Kerry mountains
I saw the Captain Farrell
His money he was countin'
I first produced my pistol
And then produced my rapier
I said, "stand and deliver"
Or the devil he may take ya 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
No never would she leave me
But devil take that woman!
Yeah!
For you know, she tricked me easy
Mush a ring, dum-a-do dum-a-da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o Being drunk and weary
I went to Molly's chamber
Taking Molly with me
But I never knew the danger
For about six or maybe seven
Yeah, I watched Captain Farrell
I jumped up, with my pistols
And I shot him with both barrells Mush a ring, dum-a-do dum-a-da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o
Yeah, yeah, whiskey!
Yeah, oh Now some men like the fishing
And some men like the fowling
And some men like the hear
The hear cannon ball a roaring
Me, I like sleeping
Specially in my Molly's chamber
But here I am in prison
Here I am with a ball and chain, yeah Mush a ring, dum-a-do dum-a-da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o

Yeah!

Whiskey in the jar-oMush a ring, dum-a-do dum-a-da
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