

Whiskey in the Jar – Metallica

As I was goin' over
The Cork and Kerry Mountains
I saw Captain Farrell
And his money, he was countin'
I first produced my pistol
I then produced my rapier
I said, "Stand and deliver oh,
Or the devil he may take ya"
Yeah
I took all of his money
And it was a pretty penny
I took all of his money
Yeah, and I brought it home to Molly
She swore that she loved me
No, never would she leave me
But the devil take that woman
Yeah, for you know she tricked me easy
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da
Whack for my daddy, oh
Whack for my daddy, oh
There's whiskey in the jar, oh
Being drunk and weary
I went to Molly's chamber
Takin' Molly with me
But I never knew the danger
For about six or maybe seven
Yeah, in walked Captain Farrell
I jumped up, fired my pistols
And I shot him with both barrels
Yeah, musha rain dum a doo,
Dum a da, ha, yeah
Whack for my daddy, oh
Whack for my daddy, oh
There's whiskey in the jar, oh
Yeah, whiskey, yo, whiskey
Oh, yeah, yeah, oh, go

Oh, oh, yeah
Now some men like a fishin'
And some men like the fowlin'
And some men like to hear
To hear the cannonball roarin'
Me, I like sleepin'
'Specially in my Molly's chamber
But here I am in prison
Here I am with a ball and chain, yeah
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da, heh, heh
Whack for my daddy, oh
Whack for my daddy, oh
There's whiskey in the jar, oh, yeah
Whiskey in the jar, oh, yeah
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da, hey
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da, yeah



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych