

# Whiskey in the jar – Metallica

As I was going over  
The Cork and Kerry Mountains  
I saw Captain Farrell  
And 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  
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 ring dum a doo 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  
Takin' my money with me  
And I never knew the danger  
For about six or maybe seven  
In walked Captain Farrell  
I jumped up, fired my pistols  
And I shot him with both barrels

Musha rain dum a doo dum a da, ha, ya  
Whack for my daddy-o  
Whack for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar-o

Now some men like a fishin'  
But some men like the fowlin'  
Some men like to hear  
To hear the cannonball a-roarin'  
But 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, ha, ya  
Whack for my daddy-o  
Whack for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar-o  
Whiskey in the jar-o

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, ya



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych