

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