

Lyrics – Tricky Tongue Twisters with chords

I've Been Everywhere (Geoff Mack/Hank Snow)

E
I was totin' my pack along a dusty Winnemucca road,
When along came a semi with a high and canvas-covered load,
A
"If you're going to Winnemucca, Mack, with me you can ride."
E
So I climbed into the cab and then I settled down inside,
B7
He asked me if I'd seen a road with so much dust and sand,
E
I said, "Listen, Bud I've traveled every road in this here land."

Chorus: E I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere, man,
A Crossed the deserts bare, man, I've **E** breathed the mountain air, man,
Of **B7** travel, I've had my share, man, I've been every **E** where.

E
Been to Reno, Chicago, Fargo, Minnesota,
Buffalo, Toronto, Winslow, Sarasota,
A
Wichita, Tulsa, Ottawa, Oklahoma,
E
Tampa, Panama, Yakima, La Paloma,
B7
Bangor, Baltimore, Salvador, Amarillo,
E
Pottsville, Woodville, Waterville. What a thrill!

Chorus: E I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere, man,
A Crossed the deserts bare, man, I've **E** breathed the mountain air, man,
Of **B7** travel, I've had my share, man, I've been every **E** where.

E
Boston, Scranton, Houston, Louisiana,
Washington, Wilmington, Burlington, Texarkana,
A
Monterey, Green Bay, Santa Fe, Tuscaloosa
E
Glen Rock, Black Rock, Little Rock, Oskaloosa,
B7
Tennessee, Genesee, Chicopee, Spirit Lake,
E
Grand Lake, Crater Lake, Devil's Lake, for heaven's sake!



Chorus: E I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere, man,
A Crossed the deserts bare, man, I've E breathed the mountain air, man,
Of B7 travel, I've had my share, man, I've been every E where.

F
Nashville, Knoxville, Louisville, Puerto Rico,
Danville, Huntsville, Gainesville, Costa Rica,
Bb
Pittsfield, Springfield, Bakersfield, Shreveport,

F
Hackensack, Cadillac, Fond Du Lac, Davenport,

C7
Idaho, Jellicoe, Fresno, Diamantina,

F
Pasadena, Catalina, even been to Ballymena!

Chorus: F I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere, man,
Bb Crossed the deserts bare, man, I've F breathed the mountain air, man,
Of C7 travel, I've had my share, man, I've been every F where.

G
Pittsburgh, Rexburg, Vicksburg, Colorado,
Freeburg, Grantsburg, Hamburg, Eldorado,

C
Saginaw, Omaha, Haverstraw, Omapacka,

G
Chaska, Nebraska, Alaska, Opelacka,

D7
Baraboo, Waterloo, Kalamazoo, Kansas City,

G
Sioux City, Cedar City, Dodge City, what a pity!

Chorus: G I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere, man,
C Crossed the deserts bare, man, I've G breathed the mountain air, man,
Of D7 travel, I've had my share, man, I've been every G where.

The Rocky Road to Dublin (D.K. Gavan, "The Galway Poet" ca. 1841)

^{Am}
 1. In the merry month of June from my home I started,
^G
 Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken-hearted.
^{Am}
 Saluted my father dear, kissed my darling mother,
^G
 Drank a pint of beer my grief and tears to smother;
^{Am} ^G ^{Am} ^G
 Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,
^{Am} ^G
 Cut a stout black-thorn, to banish ghost and goblin,
^{Am} ^G ^{Am} ^G
 Brand new pair of brogues, rattlin' o'er the bogs,
^{Am} ^G
 Fright'nin' all the dogs, on the Rocky Road to Dublin.

^{Am} ^G ^{Am}
Chorus: One, two three, four, five,
^{Am}
 Hunt the hare and turn her down the Rocky Road,
^G ^{Am} ^G ^{Am}
 And all the way to Dublin, whack fal-al-de-rah.

2. In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary,
 Started by daylight, next morning light and airy;
 Took a drop o' the pure, to keep my heart from sinkin',
 That's a Paddy's cure, whenever he's on for drinkin';
 To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while,
 At my curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'
 Asked if I was hired, the wages I required,
 Till I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

3. In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,
 To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city;
 Then I took a stroll all among the quality,
 And my bundle was stolen in a neat locality;
 Somethin' crossed my mind, chanced to look behind,
 No bundle could I find on my stick a-wobble,
 Inquirin' for the rogue, said my Connaught brogue
 Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

4. From there I got away, my spirits never failin',
 Landed at the quay, just as the ship was sailin';
 Captain at me roared, said that no room had he,
 When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy,
 Down among the pigs; I played some merry rigs,
 Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin',
 When off Holyhead, wish'd myself was dead,
 Or better far instead, on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

5. The boys of Liverpool, when we'd safely landed,
 Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it;
 Blood began to boil, temper I was losin',
 Poor ould Erin's Isle they began abusin'.
 "Hurrah, my soul!" says I, my shillelagh I let fly;
 Galway boys were by, and saw I was a hobble in,
 With a loud hurray, joined in the affray.
 Faugh-a-ballagh! Clear the way, for the rocky road to Dublin.

The Cowld (*S. Kennedy © 2012*) *Tune: Merrily Kiss The Quaker*

We all get a dose of the cowld now and then,
 With the coughin' and hackin' and wheezin';
 Or a touch of the flu which between me and you,
 Is worse with the sniffles and sneezin'.

And when the bronchitis will sneak up and bite us,
 You wish you could just catch a breath,
 With the heavin' and huffin' and pantin' and puffin',
 You think that you're ready for death.

Chorus:

It's not the cough that carries you off,
 But the coffin they carry you off in;
 Don't worry your head if you're coughin' in bed,
 Just as long as you're not in the coffin.

And when you're alone ya might think you've pneumonia,
 It hurts to breathe in and breathe out.
 And your lungs are on fire, you're feeling quite dire,
 You'd rather have shingles or gout.

And nothing you're takin' will help with the achin',
 Not even a lovely hot toddy,
 With quakin' and quiverin', and shakin' and shiverin'
 You've jelly instead of a body.

Chorus:

And the bloody oul' pleurisy hasn't a cure I see,
 Feelin' your ribs are all cracked,
 Your bedclothes are soakin', you just feel like bokin',
 While flat on the broad of your back.

So you lie countin' sheep as you're tryin' to sleep,
 And the next thing you know it's the dawn;
 You feel fit as a fiddle while havin' your piddle,
 And Jaysus the cowl'd is all gone!

Chorus:

Iditarod *(Mike Campbell, © 2003)*

G
 There's a race across the frozen snow,
Em
 And it's run from Anchorage into Nome;
C
 Across a land that was built by God,
D
 It's a race they call Iditarod.
Em
 I've run that race myself three times,
G
 When I'd lose I'd start to cryin',
C
 Figured I'd never race again,
D
 Until I found me a way to win.
G **Em** **C** **D** **G**

Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod.

G
 So I got me a mail-order PhD,
Em
 In bio-medical genealogy,
C

I needed dogs that were fast and mean,

D

I started into splicing genes.

Em

I got chromosomes from a thoroughbred mare,

G

Pitbull, cheetah and a grizzly bear,

C

Added some wolverine and gazelle,

D

A little bit of road-runner – what the hell –

G

Em

C

D

G

Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod.

G

I spliced them all to some husky genes,

Em

There was just enough to make me a team,

C

I crossed my fingers and I made a wish,

D

And tossed each one in a Petri dish,

Em

Well, three months later them pups were born,

G

They had spotted hair and hooves and horns,

C

They were big and mean and awful strong,

D

And each one thought I was his Mom...

G

Em

C

D

G

Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod.

G

Well, finally race day came around,

Em

And I brought my team to Anchortown,

C

We went running off down the street,

D

With a growl and a whinny and a “Beep-beep!”

Em

Out of Wasilla into Knik,

G

Running so fast it was making me sick,

C

Through Yentna, Skwentna, mountains high,

D

We were third into Nikolai,

G

Em

C

D

G

Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod.

G
We rested for twenty-four in McGrath,
Em
Out of Ophir moving fast,
C
Underneath the sky so blue,
D
Out of Kaltag, number two,
Em
Against the wind, 'cross ice so thick,
G
First place into Shaktoolik,
C
But while we were running along,
D
I could tell there was something going wrong
G Em C D G
Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod.

G
So I set up my electron microscope,
Em
Gave one of my dogs a needle poke;
C
Put some blood into that machine,
D
But I couldn't believe what I was seein',
Em
The gazelle genes were starting to shake,
G
The bear genes wanted to hibernate,
C
The thoroughbred genes still wanted to run,
D
But each of them wolverine genes was done...
G Em C D G
Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod.

G
They were flopping around like a bunch of bats,
Em
Their insides fighting like dogs and cats,
C
With facial tics, and burps and farts,
D
Their double-helix was falling apart.
Em
At Safety, they gave a mighty roar,
G
Broke their lines and away they tore,
C
Out across the tundra gray,

D
 In each of sixteen different ways...
G Em C D G
Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod.

G
 Now I pulled that sled all on my own,
Em
 I was sixty-third 'neath the arch in Nome,
C
 And not one single dog was left,
D
 Of the team I thought would win that test.
Em
 But I know that they are out there still,
G
 They'd be too difficult to kill,
C
 You'd need fourteen tags and permits too,
D
 Like getting permission to shoot a zoo,
Em
 So if you ever run into my hybrid beasts,

G
 Take a photograph at least,
C
 Give them my best as they run by,
D
 And let them know that their Mom says "Hi!"
G Em C D G
Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod.
G Em C D G
 Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod.

The Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me

(Morgan/Swanson/McCarron)

Am
 Now there are blues that you get from loneliness,
Dm E7
 And there are blues that you get from pain;
Am
 And the blues when you're lonely for your one and only,
B7 E7
 And blues that are hard to explain.
Am
 And there are blues that you get from sleepless nights,
Dm E7
 But the meanest, the meanest blues that be...

A A7
 The blues that I've got on my mind,
 D D7
 The blues that are the very meanest kind,
 C G7 C/E7
 They're the blues my naughty sweetie gives to me

Am
 There are blues you get from women when you see 'em goin' swimmin'
 And you haven't got a bathin' suit yourself;
 Dm
 There are blues that start to flicker when you hide a lot of liquor
 And someone goes and takes it off the shelf,
 E7
 The blues you get from waitin' on the dock, (when everything's in hock)
 Am
 And wonderin' if the boat's a-gonna rock, (And your lady doesn't answer when you knock)
 B7
 And the blues you keep a-gettin' in a taxicab and frettin'
 E7
 Every time you hear the meter jump the clock.

Am
 And there are blues you get from cryin' when your uncle Ben is dyin',
 And he afterwards forgets you in his will;
 Dm
 There are blues you get from hisses when you're walkin' with the missus
 And another baby shouts, "Hey, Bill!"
 Am
 But the blues that make you hot and make you really shake and shiver,
 Dm
 The blues that make you want to end it all in the river,
 C G7 C
 They're the blues my naughty sweetie gives to me.

A Proper Cup of Coffee *(R.P. Weston/Bert Lee © 1926 Francis Day & Hunter)*

Am
 A Sultan sat on his Oriental mat
 E7
 In his harem in Baghdad, Persia.
 Am G F E7
 He took one sip of his coffee, just a drip,
 C G C
 And he said to his servant "Curse ya,
 G C
 "Aw, curse ya, curse ya, curse ya,
 G / C G7
 That's the worst cup of coffee in Persia! 'Cause..

Chorus:

C
 All I want is a proper cup of coffee
 Made in a proper copper coffee-pot. **G C**
G C
 I may be off my dot,
G C
 But I want a cup o' coffee from a proper copper pot.
C
 Iron coffee-pots, and tin coffee-pots,
C F
 They're no use to me;
C G C
 If I can't have a proper cup o' coffee
F C
 From a proper copper coffee-pot,
G C
 I'll have a cup of tea."

In days of old, when knights were bold,
 And whiskey was much cheaper,
 Dick Turpin rode to a coffee-shop and showed,
 His pistols to the keeper.
 He said, "Stand and deliver!
 Can't you see I'm all a – quiver? 'Cause..."

Chorus:

When Bonaparte found that he was in the cart,
 And he'd lost that Waterloo fight,
 He gave his sword up to Wellington, the lord,
 And he said, "You British do fight.

Now you've won Waterloo, sir,
 What shall I drink with you, sir? 'Cause...

Chorus:

Now King Solomon with his queen would carry on,
 So we read in the ancient scandals;
 He gave her lots of silver coffee-pots
 With diamond spouts and hand - les.
 But said the Queen of Sheba...
 "I'd rather have any old tea-bag! 'Cause..."

Chorus:

Wakko's America (*Turkey in the Straw/Lyrics: Randy Rogel*)

D
1. Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Indianapolis, Indiana,
And Columbus is the capital of Ohio, **A**
There's Montgomery, Alabama, south of Helena, Montana, **A/D**
Then there's Denver, Colorado, and Boise, Idaho.
D
Texas has Austin, then we go north
G
To Boston, Massachusetts, and Albany, New York,
D **A**
Tallahassee, Florida and Washington, D.C.,
D **A/D**
Santa Fe, New Mexico and Nashville Tennessee.

2. Trenton's in New Jersey, north of Jefferson, Missouri,
You've got Richmond in Virginia, South Dakota has Pierre,
Harrisburg's in Pennsylvania, and Augusta's off in Maine, ya
See Providence, Rhode Island and Dover, Delaware.

Concord New Hampshire, just a jaunt
To Montpelier, which is up in Vermont,
Hartford in Connecticut so pretty in the fall,
Kansas has Topeka, Minnesota has St. Paul.

3. Juneau's in Alaska and there's Lincoln in Nebraska,
And it's Raleigh out in North Carolina and then,
There's Madison, Wisconsin and Olympia in Washington,
Phoenix, Arizona and Lansing, Michigan.

Then Honolulu, Hawaii' s a joy,
Jackson, Mississippi and Springfield, Illinois,
South Carolina with Columbia down the way,
And Annapolis in Maryland, on Chesapeake Bay.

4. Cheyenne is in Wyomin' and perhaps you make your home in
Salt Lake City out in Utah where the buffalo roam,
Atlanta's down in Georgia and here's Bismarck, North Dakota,
And you can live at Frankfort in your old Kentucky home.

Salem in Oregon ----from there we join,
Little Rock in Arkansas, Iowa's got Des Moines,
Sacramento, California, Oklahoma and its city,
Charleston, West Virginia, and Nevada, Carson City. That's all the capitals there are.

The Double Inn *(D. MacLean/S. Kennedy)*

There's a little pub in Dublin that is called the "Double Inn",
 And it's kept by Mr. Singleton who has a double chin.
 You will find him in the parlour full of jollity and fun
 With a smile upon his double chin to welcome every one.

Chorus: In the Double Inn in Dublin,
 You can soon find trouble in the Double Inn,
 If it's trouble you desire, you can get what you require,
 Drink somebody's beer you'll throw the fat upon the fire;
 In the Double Inn in Dublin, the pub that pours the perfect pint of stout,
 You'll see Mister Single ton when you go in the Double Inn
 But you'll be seeing double coming out.

The Double Inn is famous, everybody knows the place,
 Each Dublin man has "Double Inn" engraved upon his face;
 To spend an hour each evening there is everyone's delight,
 You can have a joke, go out and smoke, then end up in a fight.

Chorus: In the Double Inn in Dublin,
 You can soon find trouble in the Double Inn,
 If it's trouble you desire, just call a man a liar,
 That's the sort of thing to throw the fat upon the fire
 In the Double Inn in Dublin, the pub that pours the perfect pint of stout,
 You'll see Mister Single ton when you go in the Double Inn,
 But you'll be seeing double coming out.

The Double Inn is friendly, there's a welcome on the mat,
 So fill your mug, go in the snug, and have a little chat,
 There really are no strangers here, just friends you haven't met,
 If you just sit back, enjoy the craic, your troubles you'll forget.

Chorus: In the Double Inn in Dublin, You can soon find trouble in the Double Inn,
 If it's trouble you desire, you can get what you require,
 Flirt with someone's girl you'll throw the fat upon the fire
 In the Double Inn in Dublin, the pub that pours the perfect pint of stout
 You'll see Mister Single ton when you go in the Double Inn
 But you'll be seeing double coming out.

The Auctioneer *(LeRoy VanDyke, Buddy Black/Sony/ATV Music)*

There was a boy in Arkansas who wouldn't listen to his ma,
When she told him that he should go to school.
He'd sneak away in the afternoon, take a little walk then pretty soon,
You'd find him at the local auction barn.
He'd stand and listen carefully, then pretty soon he began to see
How the auctioneer could talk so rapidly.
He said, "Oh my, it's do or die. I've got to learn that auction cry.
Gotta make my mark and be an auctioneer."

25-dollar bid it now, a 30-dollar-30,
Will you gimme 30, make it a 30, biddin' it on a 30-dollar,
Who'll-a bid a 30, who'll-a bid a 30-dollar bid?
30-dollar bid it now, 35 will you gimme 35
Make it a 35, bid it a 35,
Who's a-gonna bid it at a 35-dollar bid?

As time went on, he did his best, we all could see he didn't jest.
He practiced calling bids both night and day.
His pa would find him behind the barn, just working up an awful storm
As he tried to imitate the auctioneer.
Then his pa said, "Son, we just can't stand to have a mediocre man
Sellin' things at auction using our good name.
I'll send you off to auction school, then you'll be nobody's fool.
You can take your place among the best."

35-dollar bid it now, a 40 dollar 40,
Will you gimme 40 make it a 40, biddin' it on a 40-dollar,
Who'll-a bid a 40, who'll-a bid a 40-dollar bid?
40 dollar bid it now, 45 will you gimme a 45
Make it a 45, bid it a 45,
Who's a-gonna bid it at a 45 dollar bid?

So from that boy who went to school, there grew a man who played it cool,
 He came back home a full-fledged auctioneer.
 Then the people came from miles around just to hear him make that rhythmic sound
 That filled their hearts with such a happy cheer.
 His fame spread out from shore to shore, he had all he could do and more.
 Had to buy a plane to get around.
 Now he's the tops in all the land, let's stop and give that man a hand.
 He's the best of all the auctioneers.

45-dollar bid it now, a 50 dollar 50,
 Will you gimme 50 make it a 50, biddin' it on a 50-dollar,
 Who'll-a bid a 50, who'll-a bid a 50 dollar bid?
 50-dollar bid it now, 55 will you gimme 55
 To make it a 55, to bid it a 55,
 Sold that disc for a 50 dollar bill!

Nell's Bells (*Seamus Kennedy* © 2008 *Verse Tune: The Teetotallers' Reel*)

G
 Little Nell McCafferty's the lass I love the best,
Em **D7**
 Her darlin' personality shines out above the rest.
G
 In our Sunday finest we go walkin' with the swells,
Em **D** **G**
 And she always loves to dander where she'll hear the sound of bells.

Chorus 1.

G
 Like: Sleigh bells, play bells, silver bells and golden bells,
Am **D7**
 Church bells, work bells, Christmas bells and all;
G
 Door bells, more bells, modern bells and olden bells,
C **Am** **D7** **G**
 But Little Nell McCafferty's the belle of them all.

G
 Tomorrow when we're walkin' down the breen side by side.
Em **D7**
 I'll ask her if she'll marry me and be my bonny bride,
G
 I've a ring for her finger, aye, and bells for her toes,
Em **D7** **G**
 So Nell can have her bells with her no matter where she goes.

Chorus 2.

G
 There's: Cow bells, plough bells, evening bells and morning bells,
Am **D7**
 Bike bells, trike bells, jingle bells and all;

G
 Grand bells, hand bells, alarm bells and warning bells,
C **Am** **D7** **G**
 But Little Nell McCafferty's the belle of them all.

G
 And when she says "Aye surely", that she'd be my lovin' wife,
Em **D7**
 That'll be the very proudest moment of my life;
G
 And the sweetest bells I know of for to make her laugh and smile,
Em **D7** **G**
 Are the chapel bells a-ringin' when I walk her down the aisle.

Chorus 3.

G
 There's: Plain bells, train bells, ships' bells and diving bells,
Am **D7**
 Pretty bells, city bells, village bells and all;
G
 Chime bells, time bells, departing bells, arriving bells.
C **Am** **D7** **G**
 But Little Nell McCafferty's the belle of them all.

Methodist Pie *(Bradley Kincaid/Peer Int'l Music)*

C
 I went down to camp meetin' just the other afternoon,
G
 For to hear 'em all preach and sing,
G
 Tellin' each other how they love one another,
C
 And to make the hallelujahs ring.
C
 There was old Uncle Dan'l and Brother Ebenezer,
G
 Uncle Rufus and the singin' gal Sue,
G
 Aunt Polly, Aunt Melinda and old Brother Bender,
C
 Well, you never saw a happier crew.

Chorus:

C **G**
 Oh, little children, I believe,
C
 Oh, little children, I believe,
C7 **F**
 Oh, little children, I believe,

C G C
 I'm a Methodist until I die.
C
 I'm a Methodist, a Methodist it is my belief,
G
 I'm a Methodist until I die.
G
 When old grim Death comes a-knockin' at my door,
C
 I'm a Methodist until I die.

They all went there for to have a good time,
 And eat the grub so sly,
 Applesauce-butter, and sugar in the gourd,
 And a great big Methodist pie.
 You ought to hear the ringin' when they all got to singin'
 That good old Bye and Bye,
 Brother Jimmy Magee in the top of a tree
 Sayin' "Lordy, I'm a-getting' high!

Chorus:

They all held hands and marched around the ring,
 Kept a-singin' all the while,
 You'd have thought it was a cyclone a-comin' through the air,
 You could hear them shout half a mile.

Then the bell rings loud and the great big crowd
 Breaks ranks and up they fly,
 While I took ahold of the sugar in the gourd
 And cleaned up the Methodist pie.

Chorus:

Johnny McEldoo *(Trad.)*

1. There was Johnny McEldoo and McGee and me	G	Em	G	Em
And a couple two or three went on a spree one day.	G	Em	Am	D7 G
We had a bob or two, which we knew how to blew,	G	Em	G	Em
And the beer and whiskey flew and we all felt gay.	G	Em	Am	D7 G
We visited McCann's, McLemann's, Humpty Dan's	G	Em	G	D7
We then went into Swann's our stomachs for to pack.	G	Em	Am	D7
	G	Em	G	Em

We ordered up a feed, which indeed we did need,
 And we finished it with speed but we still felt slack.

2. Johnny McEldoo turned red, white, and blue,
 And a plate of Irish stew he soon put out of sight.
 He shouted out "Encore" with a roar for some more
 That he never felt before such a keen appetite.
 He ordered eggs and ham, legs o' lamb, bread and jam,
 But him we couldn't cram though we tried our level best
 For everything we brought, cold or hot, mattered not
 Went down him like a shot, and he still stood the test.

3. He swallowed tripe and lard by the yard, we got scared,
 We thought it would go hard when the waiter brought the bill.
 We told him to give o'er but he swore he could lower
 Twice as much again and more before he had his fill.
 He nearly supped a trough full of broth. Says McGrath,
 "He'll devour the table cloth, if you don't hold him in."
 He ate a dozen fowl, half a cow, made a vow
 He was just as hungry now as when he did begin.

4. When the waiter brought the charge McEldoo felt so large,
 He began to scowl and barge and his blood went on fire.
 He began to curse and swear, tear his hair in despair,
 And to finish the affair, called the shopman a liar.
 The shopman he drew out and no doubt he did clout,
 McEldoo he kicked about like an old football.

G Em G Em
 He tattered all his clothes, broke his nose, I suppose
 G Em Am D7 G
 He'd have killed him with a few blows in no time at all.

G Em G Em
 5. McEldoo began to howl and to growl by my soul,
 G Em Am D7 G
 He threw an empty bowl at the shopkeeper's head.
 G Em G Em
 It struck poor Mickey Finn, peeled the skin off his chin,
 G Em Am D7 G
 And the ructions did begin and we all fought and bled.
 G Em G D7
 The Peelers did arrive, man alive, four or five,
 G Em Am D7
 At us they made a drive, for to march us all away.
 G Em G Em
 We paid for all the meat that we ate, stood a treat,
 G Em Am D7 G
 And went home to ruminate on the spree that day.

The Irish Pub Song *(Seamus Kennedy © 2008 Air: Donnybrook Fair)*

G C G
 It doesn't seem that long ago I landed in New York
 C G A7 D
 With my guitar and suitcase, I set off to look for work,
 G C G
 With a sign around my neck that said "Will sing for beer and grub."
 C G D G
 So it wasn't long before I wound up in an Irish pub. Like...

G (Tune: Donnybrook Fair, Part A)
 The Banshee, the Seanachie, Penns Peak and Bennigan's,
 Em
 Dick O'Kane's, Matt Kane's, O'Donahue's, Flynn's,
 G
 The Blarney Stone, Ireland's Own, Black Rose, and Finnegan's,
 Em D G
 Kelly's, O'Lacey's, Mullaney's, McGinn's.

Em (Tune: Donnybrook Fair, Part B)
 Killarney's, McGeary's and Mrs. O'Leary's,
 Em
 And Morley's, McSorley's, O'Friel's and Muldoon's,
 G Em G Em
 And Murphy's and Mooney's and Catherine Rooney's,
 G Em D G
 And Brittingham's, Callahan's - great old saloons.

And now I've been performing for over 40 years,
 I still remember some of them, with a smile and with a tear,
 And as I've gotten older, I've forgotten one or two.
 But I'll try if you'll permit me, to recall them all for you.

G (Tune: The Irish Washerwoman, Part A)
 The Dubliner, Harp & Bard, Liam's Irish Tavern,
Am
 The Four P's, and Coleman's, to name but a few.
G
 Harry Browne's, Mick O'Shea's, Nanny O'Brien's,
Am D G
 The Irish Connection, Ireland's 32.

G (Tune: The Irish Washerwoman, Part B)
 The Ale House, the Coach House, the Town House and Fitzie's,
D
 The Blackthorn, and Milestones and Patriot Game,
C G
 The Century Club and the Limerick Pub,

C D G
 Kevin Barry's and Carrigan's, pubs of great fame.

Well, I've traveled all across the land, and sung in every state;
 From New York to Chicago, out to the Golden Gate;
 And I know one thing for certain as I've wandered near and far,
 You can't go wrong for a beer and a song, when you're in an Irish bar.

G (Tune: St. Patrick's Day, Part A, twice)
 There's Loretta's in Philly, the Pub Piccadilly,
Em
 The Old Brogue, the Sheabeen, the Emerald Isle.
G
 And Reilly's Daughter where no-one drank water,
Em D G
 And Holohan's, Wooloughan's bring on a smile.

G
 Away out in Reno, Fitzgerald's Casino
Em
 And Great Basin Brew Pub stand out on their own;
G
 Colonial Tavern and wee Piece of Ireland,
Em D G
 The London Bridge Pub where you won't drink alone.

Em (Tune: St. Patrick's Day, Part B, once)
 The Bog Pub, and Cooper's, the Keg Room was super,
Em
 There's Duggan's, the Tide's Inn, the Chef's Inn and Kells,
G
 At Lena's and Godfrey's there's brownies and coffees,

The Pheasant Plucker (S. Kennedy) *Tune: The Little Beggarman*

G My dad's a pheasant-plucker, he's a very busy man, C
G So I help him plucking pheasants, and I do the best I can. F
G Sometimes he will go away and leave me on my own, C
G And so I'm left here here sitting plucking pheasants all alone F G

F I'm not the pheasant-plucker,
C I'm the pheasant-plucker's son,
G And I'm only plucking-pheasants
F G Till the pheasant-plucker comes.

My husband likes to pluck with me, we have a lot of fun
 He tickles me with pheasant feathers when the plucking's done;
 The laughing and the giggling helps to keep me fit and trim;
 There's nothing I would rather do than pheasant-pluck with him

I'm not the pheasant-plucker,
 I'm the pheasant-plucker's wife,
 And when we pluck together
 It's a pheasant-plucking life!

For the job of pheasant-plucking, my friend was born and bred,
 He likes to have a pheasant plucked before he goes to bed;
 I try and lend a helping hand, I gather up the feathers,
 It's really all this pheasant-plucking keeps us here together.

I'm not the pheasant-plucker,
 I'm the pheasant-plucker's friend,
 And if we weren't plucking pheasants
 He would drive me round the bend

I had a pal in Donegal, could pluck a frozen pheasant.
 But you have to pluck them fresh, or it's really quite unpleasant,
 I'm not good at plucking pheasants, at the plucking I've no luck
 Though some peasants find it pleasant, I would rather pluck a duck,

I'm not the pheasant-plucker,
 I'm the pheasant-plucker's mate,
 I'm only plucking pheasants
 'Cause the pheasant-plucker's late.

My son's a pheasant-plucker and he's very good to me,
 He frequently invites me round to have a cup of tea.

We have pheasant-plucking parties and play pheasant-plucking games,
Before we pluck the pheasants we will give them silly names.

I'm not the pheasant-plucker,
I'm the pheasant-plucker's mother,
And a mother plucking pheasants
Is a good as any other.

My cousin is a pheasant-plucker, he's the best I've seen;
I'm no good at plucking pheasants, I really am quite green;
He could pluck a buffalo or even do a moose
While I have trouble getting down off eider duck or goose.

I'm not the pheasant-plucker,
I'm the pheasant-plucker's cousin,
In the time it took to sing this song,
He plucked a half a dozen.