

Whiskey On A Sunday

The Dubliners

He sits at the corner of Begger's Bush
Astride of an old packing crate
And the dolls at the end of the plank were dancing
As he crooned with a smile on his face:

"La da da...
Come day, go day
Wish in me heart it was Sunday
Drinking buttermilk all the week,
And a whiskey on a Sunday"

His tired old hands worked the wooden beam
As the puppets they danced up and down
A far better show than you ever will see
In the fanciest theatre in town

La da da...
Come day, go day
Wish in me heart it was Sunday
Drinking buttermilk all the week,
And a whiskey on a Sunday

In 1902 old Seth Davie died
His song it was heard no more
The three dancing dolls in the dustbin were thrown
And the plank went to mend a back door

On some stormy night if you're passing that way
With the wind blowing up from the sea
You can still hear the song of old Seth Davie
As he croons to his dancing dolls three

La da da...
Come day, go day
Wish in me heart it was Sunday
Drinking buttermilk all the week,
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Drinking buttermilk all the week,
And a whiskey on a Sunday