

## The Dirty Glass

Dropkick Murphys

Murphy, Murphy, darling dear  
I long for you now night and day  
Your pain was my pleasure, your sorrow my joy  
I feel now I've lost you to health and good cheer

Darcy, when I met you I was five years too young  
A boy beyond his age, or so I'd tell someone  
Anyone who'd listen and a few who couldn't care  
Still I welcomed you with open arms, my love I did share

Darcy, Darcy darling dear,  
You left me dying, crying there  
In whiskey, gin, and pints of beer  
I fell for you my darling dear

You shut me off and you showed me the door  
But you always came crawling back begging me for more  
I showed you kindness, a stool, and a tab  
Then you poured me my pain in a dirty glass  
(Yeah, you left him bloody, battered, penniless, and poor)  
You know, I often stopped and wondered how you made it through  
my door  
With my brother's new non-duplicate registry ID  
Well you bit off more than you could chew the first day you met  
me.

You weren't the first to court me mister you won't be the last  
Oh, I'm sure I wasn't honey, I know all about your past  
Listen to the big shot with his pager on call  
You spent most of those nights in my bathroom stall  
(Yeah, you got him high, but you left him low)  
Mind your own business, boy, how was I to know  
That he was just a fiend and a no-good cheat  
Well it's all in the past bitch 'cause now I've got it beat.

My dear, my dear  
Darcy, Darcy my darling dear.