

## Poor Paddy

The Pogues

In eighteen hundred and forty-one  
The corduroy breeches I put on  
Me corduroy breeches I put on  
To work upon the railway, the railway  
I'm weary of the railway  
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-two  
From Hartlepool I moved to Crewe  
Found myself a job to do  
A working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches  
Digging ditches, pulling switches  
Dodging pitches, as I was  
Working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-three  
I broke the shovel across me knee  
I went to work for the company  
On the Leeds to Selby railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches  
Digging ditches, pulling switches  
Dodging pitches, as I was  
Working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-four  
I landed on the Liverpool shore  
My belly was empty me hands were raw  
With working on the railway, the railway  
I'm sick to my guts of the railway  
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-five  
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive  
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive  
And working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches  
Digging ditches, pulling switches  
Dodging pitches, as I was  
Working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-six  
I changed my trade to carrying bricks  
I changed my trade to carrying bricks  
To work upon the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches  
Digging ditches, pulling switches  
Dodging pitches, as I was  
Working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven  
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to Heaven  
The old bugger was thinking of going to Heaven

To work upon the railway, the railway  
I'm sick to my death of the railway  
Poor Paddy works on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches  
Digging ditches, pulling switches  
Dodging pitches, as I was  
Working on the Railway