

Whiskey You're The Devil

The Pogues

Now brave boys, we're on the march
off to Portugal and Spain
Drums are beating, banners flying
the Devil at home will come tonight
so it's go, fare thee well
with a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
a too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
me rikes fall too ra laddie-o
there's whisky in the jar

Oh, whisky you're the devil
you're leading me astray
over hills and mountains
and to Amerikay
you're sweetness from the Bleachner
and spunkier than tea
oh whisky you're my darling drunk or sober

The French are fighting boldly
men are dying hot and coldly
give every man his flask of powder
his firelock on his shoulder
so its go, fare thee well
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Says the old wan do not wrong me
don't take me daughter from me
for if you do I will torment you
when I'm dead my ghost will haunt you
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