

# 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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a too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da  
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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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