

Down to the Old Pub Instead

Stephen Lynch

Lad, it's your duty to find ye a lass
With child-bearing hips and a pink, supple ass
And make her your wife and love her with love so true
Now some rivers run high, some rivers run low
When her river runs red, then she's starting her flow
And it's called menstr'ation, and here's what it means to you

You will notice her bloomers are spotty at first
Stand back □ her ovarian dam's gonna burst
Son, don't be afraid, it's a natural t'ing
Just wad up some cotton and hand her some string
Put the old linens on top of the bed
Get out of the house and go down to the old pub instead

She'll retain her water, her breasts will be tender
And every third word that you say will offend her
Get out of the house and go down to the old pub instead
And she'll want to make love □ if you do, you're a fool
'Cause you'll only end up with a bloody O'Toole
Get out of the house □ down to the old pub instead

And she'll want you to sample the fruit of her loins
But son, it'll taste like some old rusty coins
So turn off the light, boy, and take off your hat
And drop to your knees, say a prayer to Saint Pat
Then he'll give you the strength to get out of the bed
And for Ireland's sake, go down to the old pub instead

Now the pub is the place where the lads are a-meetin'
When the moon's full and the gals are a-bleedin'
The Catholic, the Protestant, even the pagan
The pub is the place when your lady is raggin'
So drink of your pint, boys, and thank your shamrocks
That as menfolk we don't have to bleed from our cocks
And that we can escape from the lady in red
And get out of the house and go down to the old pub instead