

Johnny McGory

The Dubliners

Hey, Johnny McGory
Tell me where's your glory gone
I saw you up in the Monto
With your old leg gone
A dirty Flanders bullet
Sure it left you half a man
Hey, Johnny McGory
Where's your old leg gone

Up the Sally Gardens
Around the back of the pipes
Messing with the liberty bells
A man could lose his stripes
Trading on your troubles
And grabbing every chance
To show the randy old ones
All the things you learned in France

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Up the Gloucester Diamond
Red Biddy on your mind
Not a tosser in your pocket
Nor a soul you could remind
The lord knows you're a darling

You never did give in
Your neck's as hard as concrete
And your laugh's a mortal sin

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Monday in the Iveagh
Tuesday in the dregs
Wednesday's walking wounded
Thursday's soldier begs
Friday's heroes on the touch
And Saturday's lost again
How if Sunday's good intentions
Sure we start the week again

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