

Green Ginger Wine

The Rumjacks

Oh kiss me Maggie & take me home,
For I sure dinnae feel like dyin' alone,
Gawn geez a shot, chuck a doggie a bone,
Or a penny for me rattlin' can,
As sure as Christ it's a bitter pill,
But if you won't have me, yer sister will,
I'll cart me arse doon Surry Hills & call her out this evenin',
Go on, go well, ye're no catch o' mine,
Yer clothes in rags, ye reek o' fags & old green ginger wine,
My sisters aye a leezie into the drinkin', dogs & cards,
My poor departed Father couldn't flog her at the yards,
I'm a man o' some renown 'Jack the Lad' about the town,
We'll share a plate of oysters, crack the neck o' Billy Brown,
Sly grog & salty treats, I'll not grant yer wish,
I'm promised to the toll collector boy upon the bridge.
Like good whisky in bad wounds,
Like honey on a toothache, you'll never be mine,
Tho' we can dance, b'Jesus, we'll swing like the razors,
Of Kate Leigh & Tilly Devine.
Why wait until yer dancin' shoes are scuffed and in the bin?
I'll stitch my holey duds, scrape the whiskers from me chin,
We'll get ye down yer scarlet gown, I'll steal you somethin' blue,
I'd waltz off Millers point before I walk the aisle with you!
Oh I'll sing you 'six ribbons'!
Aye when your 'three sheets'!
Yer drunken, brawlin' caterwaulin' echoes through the streets,
Y'know I'm not yet very old,
Sure it's poison when its cold,
And a dear old southerly belters sure to blow!