

Paddy's Night Out

The Wolfe Tones

Was a wet day in London me fortunes were crumbling,
I was on me way back from the building job,
And the for man that day he say nothing my way,
And the lorry ran over sandals be gob
I was hungry and thirsty and felt a bit down
I went in for a little libation,
I'd five pins of porter three Jemie's for starters,
Two pork pies and what, some cabbage and bacon.
Though the day it was dreary now I felt a bit chery,
In no time I was ready for action be gob
And I played the old jukebox pulled up the old blue
socks,
And winked at this young one beside me be gob,
Wouldn't it be it happened to me she winked back and
sat down beside me.

I told her me name she told me the same,
Say's I to her what, then what are you drinking.

Chorus

Come here me old flower I said then to her,
It's the truth I'm known as a liar
Come here me old flower I've seen you before,
Give the woman in the bed there more porter
She'd a gin and a tonic and I felt supersonic,
For her figure was made by the devil be gob,
With curves in right places through satin and laces,
That would tempt an old bishop though selibit be gob,
Me luck might be in and tonight I might sin,
Though last week I was just at confession,
But who gives a dam sure would do me no harm,
To have me a bit, a bit of diversion.
Well I was playing it cool as I do as a rule,
When the barman was calling for time no be gob,
And she said with her sweet face, you'll come back to
my place,
Was then I now she was mine now be gob,
Her place it was lush with carpets so plush,
She took of me old cap then the wellies,
Without any delay she wore a sweet negligee,
Like the girls were on what, on page three or telly.

Chorus

Come here me old flower I said then to her,
It's the truth I'm known as a liar
Come here me old flower I've seen you before,
Give the woman in the bed there more porter
I don't mean to be crude, but I stood in the nude,
With this Goddess this beautiful Venus be gob,
She ruffled me duffel we kissed and we shuffled,
Was a sight if me ma only seen us be gob,
I was feeling quiet grand at the business at hand,
When this photo I say on the dresser,
Was herself and this man oh a dirty big hand,
For her husband was who, was who, was wild Bill the
wrestler.

Although she was charming I felt dis alarming,
He was mean as a hairy gorilla be gob
If he caught me in bed with his woman I said
He'd kill me for sure I can tell you be gob,

She said now don't worry for he'd never hurry,
Don't see him at all he's a messer,
The door opened that night and I got such a fright,
In the doorway was who, was who, was wild Bill the
wrestler.

Chorus

Come here me old flower I said then to her,
It's the truth I'm known as a liar
Come here me old flower I've seen you before,
Give the woman in the bed there more porter
With rage he was steaming, his eyes they were gleaming,
Like a wild bull he charged over to me be gob,
For I ducked his wild pass, kicked him in the arse,
And ran like a hare for the doorway be gob,
I'd have gotten away without any delay,
But I tripped and fell over the carpet,
When I tried to get up, well this dirty big pup,
Grabbed me by the leg and he what, he what, he pulled
it,

Chorus

Come here me old flower I said then to her,
It's the truth I'm known as a liar
Don't believe this old yarn, don't believe this old
line,
For I'm pulling your leg like he's pulling mine