

# The Hot Asphalt

The Wolfe Tones

Oh good evening, all my jolly lads, I'm glad to find  
you well  
And when you'll gather round me a story I will tell  
For I've got a situation and begorrah and begob  
I can whisper all the weekly wage of nineteen bob  
'Tis twelve months come October since I left me native  
home  
After helping them Killarney boys to bring the harvest  
down  
But now I wear the gansey and around me waist a belt  
I'm the gaffer of the squad that makes the hot asphalt  
Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the  
flat  
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat  
me hat  
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I  
never felt  
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt  
The other night a copper comes and he says to me,  
McGuire  
Would you kindly let me light me pipe down at your  
boiler fire?  
And he planks himself right down in front, with  
hobnails up, till late  
And says I, me decent man, you'd better go and find  
your bait  
He ups and yells, I'm down on you, I'm up to all yer  
pranks  
Don't I know you for a traitor from the Tipperary  
ranks?  
Boys, I hit straight from the shoulder and I gave him  
such a belt  
That I knocked him into the boiler full of hot asphalt  
Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the  
flat  
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat  
me hat  
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I  
never felt  
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt  
Oh we quickly pulled him out again and we threw him in  
the tub  
And with soap and warm water we began to rub and scrub  
But devil the thing, it hardened and it turned him hard  
as stone  
And with every other rub, sure you could hear the  
copper moan  
I'm thinking, says O'Reilly, that he's lookin' like old  
Nick  
And burn me if I am not inclined to claim him with me  
pick  
Now, says I, it would be easier to boil him till he  
melts  
And to stir him nice and easy in the hot asphalt  
Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the  
flat  
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat

me hat  
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I  
never felt  
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt  
[Missing verse]  
With rubbing and with scrubbing, sure I caught me death  
of cold  
For scientific purposes, me body it was sold  
In the Kelvin grove museum, me boys, I'm hangin' in me  
pelt  
As a monument to the Irish, making hot asphalt  
Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the  
flat  
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat  
me hat  
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I  
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