

Poor Paddy

The Pogues

In eighteen hundred and forty-one
The corduroy breeches I put on
Me corduroy breeches I put on
To work upon the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-two
From Hartlepool I moved to Crewe
Found myself a job to do
A working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches, pulling switches
Dodging pitches, as I was
Working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-three
I broke the shovel across me knee
I went to work for the company
On the Leeds to Selby railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches, pulling switches
Dodging pitches, as I was
Working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-four
I landed on the Liverpool shore
My belly was empty me hands were raw
With working on the railway, the railway
I'm sick to my guts of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-five
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive
And working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches, pulling switches
Dodging pitches, as I was
Working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
I changed my trade to carrying bricks
I changed my trade to carrying bricks
To work upon the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches, pulling switches
Dodging pitches, as I was
Working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to Heaven
The old bugger was thinking of going to Heaven

To work upon the railway, the railway
I'm sick to my death of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches, pulling switches
Dodging pitches, as I was
Working on the Railway