

Lock Up Your Daughters

The Dubliners

Hold on to your women and lock'em away
Or we'll chase'em and catch'em and love'em
From friday to sunday.

Where girls are goodlookin', were lookin' forfun
Oh, we'll chase'em and catch'em and love'em
So lock up the last one.

They'll sigh and they'll shiver, they'll stand and deliver
Then cry when its over
No mistress or madam complained when we had'em
From Derry to Dover.

So cling to your daughters hold on to your wives
Or well chase'em and catch'em and love'em
We'll show'em the good life.

Sometimes when were loaded with nothing to lose
Oh, we'll bore them with ravish and love'em
So give'em the good news.

They'll scream to be with us, they'll scheme to be with us
They'll give us a good run.
They'll hide and we'll seek'em, we'll find and we'll keep em
So lock up the last one.