

Paddy on the Turnpike

The Irish Rovers

He's Paddy on the Turnpike, the man with the muddy boots
The boy with the drum and the flute and the gun
That never learned to shoot
He's a poet and a character and he rings to freedom bell
To preach the gospel half possessed in a pushcart bound for hell
1

Paddy on the Turnpike and he's tearing through the land
A drink of rum and a Thompson gun
And a bible in his hand
Don't be talking to him for you'll never be the same
Before you know you'll go and join his patriotic game

He's Paddy out in Boston with the whiskey in his hand
He's a rover, he's a joker, and the son of a highway man
He's a sailor down in Melbourne, and a priest in Bethlehem
And he'll give you his all if you happen to fail
Then he'll knock you down again

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You'll find him in the jungle teaching boys the art of war
You'll hear him in Calcutta reading Kipling at the bar
He's your man for every season with boot feet in his gub
He'll read your stars and show you his scars
If you're buying in the pub

Forever 'til tomorrah good as gold that's made of brass
You can trust him with your life or your secrets 'til the last
But you better lock your women up or hide your whiskey neat
For he's the Paddy on the Turnpike that you'll never want to meet.