

Whiskey on a Sunday

The Irish Rovers

Come day, go day
Wish in me heart it were Sunday
Drinking buttermilk through the week
Whiskey on a Sunday

He sits in the corner of old beggar's bush
On top of an old packing crate
He has three wooden dolls
That can dance and can sing
And he croons with a smile on his face

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His tired old hands tug away at the strings
And the puppets dance up and down
A far better show than you ever would see
In the fanciest theatre in town

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And sad to relate that old Seth Davy died in 1904
The three wooden dolls in the dustbin were laid
His song will be heard nevermore

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But some stormy night when you're passing that way
And the wind's blowing up from the sea
You'll still hear the song of old Seth Davy
As he croons to his dancing dolls three

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