

## Hot Asphalt

Good evening all me jolly lads I'm glad to see you're well  
If you'll gather all around me now the story I will tell  
For I've got a situation and begorah and begob  
I can whisper I've the weekly wage of nineteen bob  
'Tis tvelwe months come October since I left me native home  
After helping in Killarney, boys, to bring the harvest down  
But now I wear a geansai and around me waist a belt  
I'm the gaffer of the squad that makes the hot asphalt

Well, we laid it in the 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 but 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 dacent man, you'd better go and find your bate"  
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

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We quickly dragged 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 groan  
"I'm thinkin'", says O'Reilly, "that he's lookin' like Ould Nick  
And burn me if I'm 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

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You may talk about yer sailorlads, ballad singers and the rest  
Your shoemakers and your tailors but we please the ladies best  
The only ones who know the way their flinty hearts to melt  
Are the lads around the boiler making hot asphalt  
With rubbing and with scrubbing sure I caught me death of cold  
And for scientific purposes me body it was sold  
In the Kelvingrove museum me boys, I'm hangin' in me pelt  
As a monument to the Irish making hot asphalt

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