

**Johnny McGory**

Hey, Johnny McGory, tell me, where's your glory gone  
I saw you up in the monto with your old leg gone  
A dirty Flanders bullets, sure it left you half a man  
Hey, Johnny McGory, where's your old leg gone

Up to Sally gardens, around the back of the pipes  
Messing with the liberty bells a man could loose his stripes  
Tradin' on your troubles and grabbin' every chance  
To show the randy old ones all the things you learned in France

Up to Gloucester diamonds, red Bidy on your mind  
Not a tosser in your pocket, not a soul you could remind  
The Lord knows you're a darlin', you never did give in  
Your neck's as hard as concrete and your laugh's a mortal sin

Monday in the Iveagh, Tuesday in the drags  
Wednesday's walking and wounded, Thursday soldier your bags  
Friday's heroes on the touch and Saturday's lost again  
But the Sunday's good intentions, sure you start the week again