

The Crack Was Ninety in the Isle of Man

Oh the crack was ninety in the Isle of Man
 Well weren't we the rare owl stock
 Spent the evenin' gettin' locked
 In the Ace O' Hearts where the high stools were engaging
 Over the Butte Bridge, down by the dock,
 The boat she sailed at five o'clock.
 'Ah hurry on', said Whack,
 'Or before we're there we'll all be back
 Carry him if you can'
 Oh the crack was ninety in the Isle of Man.

Before we reached the Alexander Base
 The ding dong we did surely raise
 In the bar of the ship, had great sport
 As the boat she sailed out of the port
 Landed up in the Douglas Head
 Enquiring for a vacant bed
 The dining room we soon got shown
 By a decent looking woman
 Saying 'Lads ate up if you can.'
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Next morning we went for a ramble round
 Viewed the sights of Douglas Town
 Ended up in a mighty session
 In a pub they call Dick Darby's.
 We all got drunk by half past three
 To sober up we went swimmin' in the sea
 Back to the digs for the spruce up
 While waitin' for the Rosie, we all drew up our plan.
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That night we went to the Texas Bar,
 Came back down by horse and car
 Met Big Jim and all went in
 To drink some wine in Yates'
 The Liverpool girls it was said
 Were all to be found in the Douglas Head.
 McShane was there in tie and shirt.
 The foreign queer was tryin' to flirt.
 Sayin', 'Hey, girls, I'm your man.'
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Whacker fancied his good looks
 On the Isle of Man woman he was struck
 The Liverpool lad was by her side and,
 And he threw the jars into her.
 Whacker thought he'd take a chance
 He asked the quare one out to dance
 Around the floor they rocked and rolled
 To Whack it was no bother
 Everythin' was goin' to plan.
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The Isle of Man woman fancied Whack
 Your man stood there till his mates came back
 Whack! They all whacked into Whack
 Whack was landed on his back.
 The police force arrived as well,
 Banjoed a couple of them as well
 Landed up in the Douglas gaol
 'Til the Dublin boat did sail,
 Deported every man.
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