

An Irishman's Shanty

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Did you ever go into an Irishman's shanty
Where fleas and bedbugs and mice were a-plenty,
A three-legged stool and a table to match,
And a hole on the floor for the chickens to scratch.

Go into the house with the dirt to your knees,
On the corner of the bed you see the fleas,
The fleas are as big as kernels of corn,
And this is the house where the Irishman's born.