

# Patrolmen Mulcahy And Flynn - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn.

Written by M. J. Cavanagh.

We're Irish police, preserving the peace,  
We belong to the Broadway patrol,  
And don't we look grand with the slicks in our hand  
When the daisies come out for a stroll;  
From the windys above, each darling And dove  
Says Charlie, why don't ye come in?  
They say yer my size, on us there's no flies.  
Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn.

Chorus.

Around on our post both day and by night-  
Wo never show up at a murder or fight  
But let us catch a bum that's loaded with rum,  
Or a cripple, faith we'll haul him in;  
We'll fracture their jaw to keep them in awe  
Of Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn.

When crossing the street aich darling we meet.  
Says Flynn, will ye plaze help me over;  
Get under me arm, we'll keep ye from harm.  
Be heavens! we're living in clover;  
When we're off for the day they roguishly say.  
Come around to Three Huudred And Tin;  
We part with a smile, they're "mashed " on the style  
Of Patrolmen Mulcahy and Flynn.-Chorus.

If we capture a " lush " that's anyway " flush,"  
His "super" we take for safe keeping;  
We drop him so nate on Hollahan's "bate,"  
And lave him there peacefully sleeping;  
If the gawk makes a kick, with a welt of the stick,  
A stopper we'll put on his chin,  
On bum or a ' vag " can work off a gag,  
On Patrolmen Mulcahy or Flynn. - Chorus.