

The Banks of the Royal Canal
 By: Brendan Behan
 Bob Dylan and The Band during
 The Basement Tapesessions (1967)

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D G D G D
 A hungry feeling, came o'er me stealing
 G A D Em' G A
 As the mice were squealing in my prison cell
 D A G D D A G D
 And that old triangle, went jingle jangle
 G D A D
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

To begin the morning, with the water boiling
 Get out of bed, clean up your cell
 And the old triangle, went jingle jangle
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

On a fine spring evening the lag lay dreamin'
 The sea-gulls beamin' high above the wall
 And that old triangle, goes jingle jangle
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

The screw was peepin' and the lag lay sleapin'
 As he lay there weeping for his good gal Sal.
 And the old triangle, went jingle jangle
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

In the female prison there are seventy women
 and it's with all of them where I'd like to dwell
 And the old triangle, would go jingle jangle
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

Ah, the day was dying and the lag was sighing
 As I lay cryin' in my prison cell
 And that old triangle, went jingle jangle
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal.