

# Hot Asphalt

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Em G D Em D

Em G D Em Bm G D Em

G Em D

Em G D Em Bm G D Em

Ah, it's likely gone six months ago  
 I came to Dublin town,  
 Where I joined a gang of lab'ring men  
 Who laid the asphalt down;  
 Sure, now I wear a gernsey  
 And around me waist a belt  
 I'm the gaffer of the boys that  
 Make the hot asphalt.

Chorus:  
 Well we laid it in the hollow  
 and we laid it on the flat  
 And if it doesn't last forever  
 Well, I'll shurely eat me hat  
 Ah, but now I wear a gernsey  
 And around me waist a belt  
 I'm the gaffer of the lads

Well one day a copper comes up to me  
And he says to me,"McGuire,  
Will you kindly let me warm myself,  
Around your boilin' fire?"  
Then he turned around to the boiler,  
And upon the edge he knelt,  
And he toppled right into the boiler  
Full of hot ashpalt.

Well we quickly pulled him out of it  
And we put him in a tub,  
And with soap and lots of heated water  
We did rub and scrub.  
But the divil a bit of tar came off,  
It was stuck on just like stone,  
And every time we gave a rub  
You could hear the poor man groan.

With the boilin' and the wettin',  
He caught a bloomin' cold,  
And for scientific purposes  
His body has been sold.  
Inside the National Museum now  
He's a-hanging by the belt,  
As an example of the dire effects  
Of the hot ashpalt.