

Traditional Irish Music
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Boys From The County Hell

Em
On the first day of March it was raining
It was raining worse than anything that I have ever seen **Am**
I drank ten pints of beer and I cursed all the people there **G**
And I wish that all this raining would stop falling down on me **Em**
And it's lend me ten pounds and I'll buy you a drink **G D**
And mother wake me early in the morning **G D Em**

At the time I was working for a landlord
And he was the meanest bastard that you have ever seen
And to lose a single penny would grieve him awful sore
And he was a miserable bollocks and a bitch's bastard's whore

I recall we took care of him one Sunday
We got him out the back and we broke his fucking balls
And maybe that was dreaming and maybe that was real
But all I know is I left that place without a penny or ***k all

And now I've the most charming of verandas
I sit and watch the junkies, the drunks and pimps and whores
Five green bottles sitting on the floor
And I wish to Christ, I wish to Christ That I had fifteen more

The boys and me are drunk and looking for you
We'll eat your frigging entrails and we won't give a damn
Me daddy was a blue shirt and my mother a madam
And my brother earned his medals raping gooks in Vietnam

On the first day of March it was raining
It was raining worse than anything that I have ever seen
Stay on the other side of the road 'Cause you can never tell
We've a thirst like a gang of devils
We're the boys of the county hell