Traditional Irish Music
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The First Tuesday

C F C
I'm sittin' at the bar, and shoutin for drink
G
Thinking that life's passed me out,
C F C
Drinkin' with dipso's , not having to think,
G C
Strong whiskey and pints of black stout

(Chorus)
F C
Of father is this the adventure you meant,
G
When I started on life's road to ruin
C F C
Just building up bricks and mixing cement
G
Strong whiskey and pints of black stout

It's St. Michael's day and they won't have to pay
Young lassies with mini skirts tight
The first Tuesday is here and they're in for the beer
For theBacardi and cheap splash of Coke

(Repeat Chorus)

Tommy's got the entrance fee, Paddy's flat broke
Deco's just won on the tote,
Johnny's dole didn't come, he's now on the bum
"Feckin liar he drank it last night"

There's fellas over there and they're stuck to the chair
It looks like they're in for the match
Giving grief to the telly , is it Liverpool or Kerry
More whiskey and pints of black stout

(Repeat Chorus)

The ballad group in the corner shouts for order
"Give the auld songs a bit of respect"
The whistler strikes up , a guitar gets a pluck
' The Lonesome Boatman' is drowning tonight.

(Repeat Chorus)

The auld barman calls time , and they make a bee-line
The first Tuesday has come to a close
And the clock strikes a gong , it's time to move on
As the band plays Red Is The Rose

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Repeat Chorus]

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