

Oh, Mr Flannigan - song lyrics

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OH, MR FLANNIGAN.

Sung by James O'Neill

I'm a poor married man, for about seven years
I've been leading a tormented life,
The reason and cause of the same, do you see?-
I've married a talkative wife;
No matter wherever I chance for to go,
No matter wherever I stray,
There's some one to know me, and at me they wink,
And immediately turn round and say:

Chorus.

Oh, Mr. Flannigan, there's going to be a row!
Oh, Mr. Flannigan, you're going to catch it now!
Oh, Mr. Flannigan, Avhatever will you do?
For your wife has got the poker and she's looking out for you.

It was only last Thursday I went on a spree,
And returned home about twelve that night,
The policeman he saw me as far as the door,
And left me there, paralyzed tight;
The old woman was looking from the window above
As the policeman walked away,
When he got to the end of his beat
I heard him turn around And say:-Chorus.

Last night I came home with a trundle of wood
And she called me a crazy old elf,
And if I should want a clean shirt to put on
She tells me go wash it myself;
I'm sure I don't deserve it all,
From this world I'll soon pass away,
So if any of you should meet me on the street
I hope you will not turn and say:- Chorus.