

I Had 15 In My Inside Pocket - song lyrics

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I Had \$15 In My Inside Pocket
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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

I'm an Irishman, now don't mind that.
For you can't play tag with Paddy Flynn,
In the Fourteenth Ward I claim my how'd,
But the gang they play'd me for a skin;
They said that they'd make me Alderman,
Then they took me 'round to see Red Bill,
We were drinking rye-and-rock, till four o'clock,
And they made me pony up for all the swill.

Chorus.
I had fifteen dollars in my inside pocket,
Don't you see, to me it is a warning;
Saturday night I made a call oh a friend of Tarn'ny Hall
And the devil a cent I had on Sunday morning.

Oh, the gang they hung around the bar,
Like a swarm of educated mice;
Oh, they made me drink a "clarinette "punch
And a whiskey "Sangaree "on ice;
They stood me on my head, when my wealth gave out,
Then they hung me on a fence to dry,
In the early morning light, for'ninst Judge White,
These words to him I plaintively did cry:-Chorus.