

Brannigan, I Think You're Stuck - song lyrics

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Brannigan, I Think You're Stuck.
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Words by Billy Dorney. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Me name is Jerry Brannigan, I came from County Cork,
An' the divil a bit do I care, now that's so
But there's a gang round here that fill themselves with beer,
And they laugh at me wherever I may go.
Now on last Saturday I got me full week pay,
And down the bay "I started, just for luck,
I bought a suit of clothes, then the gang cried: "There he- goes!
Oh, Brannigan, be gob, I think you're stuck"

Chorus
"Brannigan, Brannigan," now this is what they say,
You'd better go and lose yourself or put yourself away,
For every time we meet you, sure, you're always in hard luck
Good bye, Brannigan, be gob, I think you're Stuck!"

I got married t'other day to a Dutch woman across the way
They said she owned in Wall Street lots of stock,
But, it seems, she had to fail, and the gang at me does rail:
Misther Brannigan, be gob, I think you're stuck:"
But I think I'll move away from where I now do stay
As soon as I can hire a horse and truck:
I'll be glad to see the day when no one to me can say:
"Brannigan, be gob, I think you're stuck!"

Chorus.
Brannigan, Brannigan, you are an awful jay.
When you married that Dutch woman, sure, you fired yourself away
The marriage and the suit of clothes, wid nathur you had luck
Good-bye, Brannigan, be gob, I think you're stuck!

Now me old friend Tom Malone has a row-boat of his own.
And when he went last Sunday for a row,
Shure he took me wife and me, "for the boat would just hold three.
But up towards salt creek" we all did go
On the mud we all got fast, just then a crowd sailed past
More than all our strength to get us off it took
Just then the gang all cried: "Stay there until high tide -
Brannigan, be gob I think you're stuck!"

CHORUS.
Brannigan, Brannigan, don't stay there like a gawk,
If soon the tide don't come, for you'd better get out and walk
We'd like to have your picture now to send it off to "Puck,"
Good-bye, Brannigan be gob. I think you're stuck!