

# Whiskey In the Jar

## Metallica

As I was goin' over  
The Cook and Kerry mountains  
I saw the Captain Farrell  
His money he was countin'  
I first produced my pistol  
And then produced my rapier  
I said, "stand and deliver"  
Or the devil he may take ya I took all of his money  
And it was a pretty penny  
I took all of his money  
And I brought it home to Molly  
She swore that she'd love me  
No never would she leave me  
But devil take that woman!  
Yeah!  
For you know, she tricked me easy  
Mush a ring, dum-a-do dum-a-da  
Whack for my daddy-o  
Whack for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar-o Being drunk and weary  
I went to Molly's chamber  
Taking Molly with me  
But I never knew the danger  
For about six or maybe seven  
Yeah, I watched Captain Farrell  
I jumped up, with my pistols  
And I shot him with both barrells Mush a ring, dum-a-do dum-a-da  
Whack for my daddy-o  
Whack for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar-o  
Yeah, yeah, whiskey!  
Yeah, oh Now some men like the fishing  
And some men like the fowling  
And some men like the hear  
The hear cannon ball a roaring  
Me, I like sleeping  
Specially in my Molly's chamber  
But here I am in prison  
Here I am with a ball and chain, yeah Mush a ring, dum-a-do dum-a-da  
Whack for my daddy-o  
Whack for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar-o

Yeah!

Whiskey in the jar-oMush a ring, dum-a-do dum-a-da

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>