

Mcconnvilles
James Keelaghan

McConnville s
James Keelaghan
Album: House of Cards (2009)

Capo 4 or 5

Chords:
G/B x20003
C/B x20010
D/F# 200232

G **G/B** **C** **G**
I work down at McConnville s, it s the pub behind the square
D/F# **G** **G/B** **C** **D/F#**
If ever you re in Portadown, anyone can point you there
G **G/B** **C** **G**
We have lagers ales and porters, but the thing that brings them in
D/F# **G** **G/B** **C** **D/F#** **G** **G/B**
Is the whiskey that McConnville brews, that where this all begins

C **G** **Am** **C/B** **C** **D/F#**
In all the years I ve worked there, and for fifty years before
G **G/B** **Am** **C/B** **C** **D/F#**
Not a bottle of the sweet stuff, ever walked outside the door
C **G** **Am** **C/B** **C** **D/F#**
Cause McConnville laid the rule down, and it was honoured till today
G **G/B** **C** **D/F#** **G**
You can drink your fill while at the bar, but the bottle has to stay

inst: **G/B** **C** **G** **D/F#** **C** (**D/F#**)

Six or seven years ago, when young Jimmy first came by
He was looking for a local, we were the third place that he d tried
He looked around, no ferns, no telly blaring from the bar
And once he tried the whiskey, Jimmy never strayed too far

He d come in after dinner, for an hour maybe more
He d play some cards and talk and joke, cause that s what a local s for
Before he d leave most nights, because the bottles had to stay
He d ask me for a whiskey, just to see him on his way

Three days ago his mate come in, he said Jimmy took a fall
From a roof that he was working on, he had no chance at all
And today after the funeral, after burying young Jim
They came here to his second home, the mourners crowded in

Then I did a thing I never thought I'd do 'til it was done
I took a bottle from the shelf, I held it up for everyone
Rules are made for breaking, tonight the whisky leaves the bar
An auction for the family, who'll give me 50 pounds to start

At 500 pounds the bidding stopped, yeah you couldn't hear a sound
But for the roar as Jimmy's friends stepped up, and laid their pay packs down
And I can't believe I did it, I never thought I'd see the day
That I'd hand someone the bottle, and then watch it walk away

As I was heading home tonight, I passed the graveyard by
I sure that I heard singing, and silhouetted on the sky
Were Jimmy's friends and they were pouring something on his grave
A little offering for young Jim, to help him on his way

I work down at McConnville's, that's the pub behind the square

D/F# G G/B C D/F# G

If ever you're in Portadown, anyone can point you there