

Down To The Old Pub Instead
Stephen Lynch

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by Stephen Lynch  
from "Superhero" (2002)

Got this from another site, but the words were incomplete so i filled in the gaps...really good song! another irish classic lol! sorry the formatings a bit screwed but thats how i found it. Credit to: Jon Cutright

not me!

[Intro]

**G** ^- **D** - **C** ^- **D**

[Verse 1]

**G** **D**  
Lad it s your duty to find you a lass  
**C** **D**  
with child-bearing hips and a pink supple ass  
**G** **D** **C** **D**  
And make her you wife and love her with love so true  
**G** **D**  
Now, some rivers run high some rivers run low  
**C** **D**  
When her river runs red then she starting her flow  
**G** **D** **C** **D**  
And it s called menstruation and heres what I means to you  
**Em** **C**  
You will notice her bloomers are spartie? At first  
**G** **D**  
Stand back, her ovarian dams gonna burst  
**Em** **C**  
So don t be afraid itâ€™s a natural thing  
**G** **D**  
Just wind up some cotton and give her some string  
**C**  
Put the old linens on top of the bed  
**C** **D**  
get out of the house and go down to the old pub  
  
**G** **D** **C** **D**  
instead.

[Verse 2]

She ll retain her water her breasts will be tender  
And every third word that you say will offend her  
Get out of the house and go down to the old pub instead  
And she ll want to make love if you do youâ€™re a fool  
Cause you ll only end up with a bloody olâ€™ tool  
Get out of the house, down to the old pub instead  
And she ll want you to sample the fruit of her loins  
But son it ll taste like some old rusty coins  
So turn off the lights boy and take off your hat  
And drop to your knees say a prayer to st pat

Then he ll give you the strength to get out of the bed  
And for Ireland s sake go down to the old pub

instead.

[Verse 3]

Now the pub is the place where the lads are a meeting  
When the moon s full and the girls are a bleatin  
The catholic, the protestant even the pagan  
The pub is the place when lady is raggin  
So drink of your pint boys and thank your shamrocks  
That as men folk we don t have to bleed from our cocks  
And that we can escape from the lady in red  
And get out of the house and go down to the old pub

e|-----3---|  
B|-----3-----|

|   |  |             |  |
|---|--|-------------|--|
| G |  | -----0----- |  |
| D |  | -----0----- |  |
| A |  | ----2-----  |  |
| E |  | --3-----    |  |

instead.