Pogues, The Rare Old Mountain Dew

Let grasses grow and waters flow In a free and easy way, But give me enough of the rare old stuff That's made near Galway Bay, Come gangers all from Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too, Oh, we'll give the slip and we'll take a sip Of the rare old Mountain Dew Hi the dithery all the dal, dal the dal the dithery al, all the dal, dal dithery all dee Hi the dithery al the dal, dal the dal the dithery al, dal the dal, dal dithery al dee There's a neat little still at the foot of the hill, Where the smoke curls up to the sky, By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell That there's poitin, boys, close by. For it fills the air with a perfume rare, And betwixt both me and you, As home we roll, we can drink a bowl, Or a bucketful of Mountain Dew Now learned men as use the pen, Have writ the praises high Of the rare poitin from Ireland green, Distilled from wheat and rye. Away with yer pills, it'll cure all ills, Be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew, So take off your coat and grease your throat With a bucketful of Mountain Dew.