

# The Pogues, Poor Paddy

(Traditional)

In eighteen hundred and forty-one  
Me corduroy breeches I put on  
Me corduroy breeches I put on  
To work upon the railway, the railway  
I'm weary of the railway  
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-two  
From Hartlepool I moved to Crewe  
Found meself a job to do  
Working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches  
Digging ditches, pulling stitches,  
Dancing on the line  
Still working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-three  
I broke me shovel across me knee  
And went to work for the company  
On the Leeds to Selby railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-four  
I landed on the Liverpool shore  
Me belly was empty, me hands were raw  
With working on the railway, the railway  
I'm sick to my guts of the railway  
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-five  
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive  
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive  
And working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-six  
I changed me trade to carrying bricks  
Changed me trade to carrying bricks  
Still working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven  
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to Heaven  
The old bugger was thinking of going to Heaven  
To work upon the railway, the railway  
I'm sick to my death of the railway  
Poor Paddy works on the railway