

Tom Lehrer, The Irish Ballad

About a maid I'll sing a song
Sing rickety-tickety-tin
About a maid I'll sing a song
Who didn't have her family long
Not only did she do them wrong
She did every one of them in,
them in,
She did every one of them in.
One morning in a fit of pique
Sing rickety-tickety-tin
One morning in a fit of pique
She drowned her father in the creek
The water tasted bad for a week
And we had to make do with gin,
with gin,
And we had to make do with gin.
Her mother she could never stand
Sing rickety-tickety-tin
Her mother she could never stand
And so a cyanide soup she planned
Her mother died with a spoon in her hand
And her face in a hideous grin,
a grin,
Her face in a hideous grin.
She set her sister's hair on fire
Rickety-tickety-tin
She set her sister's hair on fire
And as the smoke and flame rose higher
Danced around the funeral pyre
Playin' a violin,
'olin,
Playin' a violin.
She weighted her brother down with stones
Rickety-tickety-tin
She weighted her brother down with stones
And sent him off to Davy Jones
All they ever found were some bones
And the occasional pieces of skin,
of skin,
Occasional pieces of skin.
One day when she had nothing to do
Rickety-tickety-tin
One day when she had nothing to do
She cut her baby brother in two
And served him up as an Irish stew
And invited the neighbors in,
'bors in,
Invited the neighbors in.
And when at last the police came by
Rickety-tickety-tin
And when at last the police came by
Her little pranks she did not deny
To do so she would have had to lie
And lying she knew was a sin,
a sin,
Lying she knew was a sin.
My tragic tale I won't prolong
Rickety-tickety-tin
My tragic tale I won't prolong
And if you do not enjoy my song
You've yourselves to blame if it's too long
You should never have let me begin,
begin,
You should never have let me begin.

