Johnny McGory

Johnny McGory
(Pete St. John)

cho: Hey, Johnny McGory, tell me, where's your glory gone?
I saw you up in the monto with your old leg gone
A (darky flen those) bullets, sure it left you half a man
Hey, Johnny McGory, where's your old leg gone?

Up to (Sally) gardens, around the back of the pipes
Messing with the liberty bells a man could loose his stripes
Tradin' on your troubles and grabbin' every chance
To show ('er) and the old ones all the things you learned in France

Up to (Glaster) diamonds, red pity on your mind
Not a tosser in your pocket, not a soul you could remind
The Lord knows you're a darlin', you never did give in
Your neck's as hard as concrete and your laugh's a mortal sin

Monday in the (Ivy), Tuesday in the drags
Wednesday's wharf and wounded, Thursday sold your bags
Friday's here (those on) the touch and Saturday's lost again
How at Sunday's got a (tensions), sure you start the week again

Remarks: Written by Pete St. John, this version as adapted by The Dubliners.
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