

The Craic Was Ninety In The Isle Of Man

Well the Craic was ninety in the Isle Of Man

Weren't we the rare auld stock, Spent the evenings getting locked
In the ace o' hearts, where the bar stools were engaging
Over the butt bridge and down by the dock, the boat she sails at five o'clock
Hurry on now said whack, or before we're there we're all be back
Ah carry him if you can
Oh the craic was ninety in the Isle Of Man

Before we reached the Alexander base, a hell of a ding dong we did raise
In the bar of the ship had great sport, As the boat she sailed out from the port
We landed up in Douglas head, enquiring for a vacant bed
The dining room we got show, by a decent woman saying
Ate lads if ye can
Oh the craic was ninety in the Isle Of Man

Next morning went for a ramble round, awe saw the sights of Douglas town
We ended up in a mighty seisiun, in a pub they call Dick Darby's
We all drunk by half past three, to sober up went swimming in the sea
Back to the digs for to spruce up, and while waiting for young Josey
We all drew up our plan
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Instrumental

That night we went to the Texas bar, came back home by horse and car
Met big Jim and all the boys were drinking wine in Yates's
The Liverpool girls it was said, were all to be found in the Douglas head
McShane was there with his tie and shirt, them foreign girls he was trying to flirt
Saying here girls, I'm your man
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Whacker fancied his good looks, on an isle of man woman he was struck
The Liverpool girl was by his side and he throwing the jar into her
Whacker thought he'd take a chance so he asked the quare one out to dance
And round the floor they stepped it out, to whack it was no bother
Everything was going to plan
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The isle of man woman fancied whack, Yer man stood there till his mates came back
Whack! they all whacked into whack, Whack was landed on his back
The police force arrived as well, banjoed a couple of them as well
Landed up in the Douglas jail, until the Dublin boat set sail
Deported every man
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Yeah the craic was ninety in the Isle Of Man