

PADDY KELLY'S BREW

Paddy [G]Kelly is my name, making [C]poteen is my [G]game

And I live away up there behind the [D7]hill

I can [G]make a drop that's pure and [C]there's nothing it won't [G]cure

It surpasses any [D7]medicine or [G]pill

Chorus:

For it [C]tastes as sweet as honey as it [G]trickles down your throat

It looks as clear and pure as morning [D7]dew

It can [G]make a fellow sing though he [C]didn't have a [G]note

Won't you try a drop of [D7]Paddy Kelly's [G]Brew

It can cure your rheumatism, it can cure a wheezy chest

It can cure you of the gout and gallstones too

It cures toothache, headache, backache, falling hair and all the rest

Fallen arches, corns and bunions and the flu

Any summer day you'll find me poaching salmon in the glen

Or setting snares for rabbits on the hill

But the nicest thing of all is when evening shadows fall

Just to watch those bottles filling from my still

I've a pound or two to spend, I've a bottle for a friend

I've got customers galore who buy my brew

At a wedding or a wake, I supply the stuff they take

And I keep a good supply the whole year through

Now, I know you will confess that the world is in a mess

And the politicians don't know what to do

I'll supply them with a plan that will cure the ills of man

Throw away the guns and hand out Kelly's Brew