

Michael Finnegan

The was an old man called Michael Finnegan
He grew whiskers on his chinnigin
The wind came up and blew them in again
Poor old Michael Finnegan (begin again)

Finnegan begin again, Finnegan begin again
Finnegan begin again, Finnegan begin again
Finnegan begin again, Finnegan begin again
Poor old Michael Finnegan

Michael Finnegan drinking gin again
Filled his skin again drinking gin again
Hit his shinnigin, made a dinnigin
Poor old Michael Finnegan