

Hot Asphalt

Ah, it's lately gone six months ago I came to Dublin Town
Where I joined a gang of lab'ring men who laid the asphalt down
Sure, now I wear a Guernsey and around me waist a belt
I'm the gaffer of the boys that make the hot asphalt

You may talk about the soldiers, the singers and the rest
Your tailors and your shoemakers who please the ladies best
But the only ones who know the way their flinty hearts to melt
Are the lads around the boiler making hot asphalt

INST.

Well, one day a chop comes up to me and he says to me, "McGuire,
Will you kindly let me warm myself around your boiling fire"
Then he turned around to the boiler and upon the edge he knelt
And he topped right into the boiler of hot asphalt

CHORUS + INST.

Well we quickly pulled him out of it and we put him in a tub
And with soap and heated water we did rub and scrub
But the devil a bit of tar came off it was stuck on just like stone
And every time we gave a rub you could hear the poor man groan

CHORUS

INST BREAK: over Verse and Chorus

With the boilin' and the wettin' he caught a blooming cold
And for scientific purposes his body has been sold
Inside the National Museum now he's hanging by the belt
An example of the dire effects of the hot asphalt

CHORUS + 2x INST.