

Well what will we put down on paper paddy,  
About this young Irish lassie and laddie;  
It's the Irish in Paddy that gives him his fame,  
Old Paddy McGee from Dublin by name.

And what of the world and a beer and all that,  
About Paddy McGee and his tough rugged top hat;  
And really was he and would he ever amount,  
Would he ever be anyone on which you could count.

Or what about the Scott's and their clan and those who are welsh,  
Paddy still brawling because his neighbours wear kilts;  
And McSporan and McFadden go on to do their best,  
But still Paddy McGee is the one they put to the test.

And it's the love in his head that gives him his strength,  
That a man might reach God t his full length;  
And his head and fist as tough as you can get,  
He knows what he wants and there's not much he'll let.

So his accent is broad and his voice a wee lad,  
Down deep in his throat that makes people feel glad;  
And if you as Paddy to give you the time of the day,  
You'd better be prepared to hear just what he'll say.

And when the days done and he crawls into bed,  
As if he could not have worked harder and nearly is dead;  
The wee lassie that cooked him a meal for his full,  
Climbs into bed with him just to give him a thrill.

Signed,

Did you ever see a paddy go this way and that