

There was an old man from Dublin.

The beer he drank was bubblin'.

He was jolly and fat,

And wore a big hat.

Oh, that funny old man from Dublin.

There was an old woman from cork.

She always ate with a spork.

She was tiny and frail.

Her voice like a wail.

Oh, that silly old woman from cork.

The two of them met at a bar.

He caught a glance of her from afar.

She waked over to him.

With beers full to the brim.

Oh, the night they met in the bar

The next day they got married in fife.

He looked down at his newfound wife.

Her smile was grand.

As he held her hand.

Oh, the day they got married in fife.

The marriage was very short lived.

For the man kept his feeling well hid.

So they got a divorce.

She rode off on a horse,

And took the cat they named Sid.

So my friends I'm telling you now,

Please don't take your vows.

Forever is not,

When you tie the knot.

Because love isn't made it is found.