

Mountain Dew

Hai didl ai yum, Ai didl ai yum, Ai doai didl ai yey
Hai didl ai yum, Ai didl ai yum, Ai doai didl ai yey

Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and easy way
Just give me enough of the fine old stuff that's made near Galway Bay
The policemen from old Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip of the real old Mountain Dew

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still where the smoke curls up to the sky
By the smoke and the smell you can clearly tell there's poitin brewin' nearby
It fills the air with a perfume rare but betwixt both me and you
When home we go we can take a bowl or a bucket of the Mountain Dew

Now learned men who use a pen have wrote your praises high
That sweet poitin from Ireland green distilled from wheat and rye
Put away your pills, it'll cure all ills, be Christian, Pagan or Jew
Take off your coat and grease your throat with a bucket of the Mountain Dew

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