

Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?

Mrs. Murphy gave a party
Just about a week ago.
Everything was plentiful,
The Murphys, they're not slow.
They treated us like gentlemen;
We tried to act the same,
If it weren't for what happened...
Well, it was a doggone shame.
When Mrs. Murphy dished the chowder out,
She fainted on the spot;
She found a pair of overalls
At the bottom of the pot.
McGinty, he got roaring mad,
His eyes were bulging out,
He jumped onto the piano
And loudly he did shout:

"Who threw the overalls
In Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"
Nobody spoke, so he
Shouted all the louder.
"It's a rotten trick that's true,
I can lick the drip that threw
The overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder."

They dragged the pants from out the soup
And laid them on the floor;
Each man swore upon his life,
He'd ne'er seen them before.
They were plastered up with mortar
And had patches on the knee,
They'd had their many ups and downs
As we could plainly see.
And when Mrs. Murphy, she came to,
She b'gan to cry and pout,
She'd put them in the wash that day
And forgot to pull them out.
McGinty, he excused himself
For what he said that night,
So we put music to the words
And sang with all our might:

"Who threw the overalls
In Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"
Nobody spoke, so we
Shouted all the louder.
"It's a rotten trick that's true,
And we'll lick the drip that threw
The overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder."

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.