

# Hot Asphalt

Traditional, Ireland



Ah, it's like-ly gone six months a-go since I came to Dub-lin town,  
where I joined a gang of lab'r-ing men who laid the as-phalt down.  
Sure now I wear a guer-sey and a-round me waist a belt;  
I'm the gaf-fer of the boys who make the hot as-phalt.

*Chorus*  
So you may talk a-bout your sol-diers, your sai-lors and the rest,  
your tai-lors and your shoe-ma-kers to please the la-dies best,  
but the di-vil a one of them has got the grai-sy hearts to melt,  
like the boys a-round the boil-er mak-ing the hot as-phalt.

2. Well one day a copper comes to me, and he said to me: McGuire,  
will you kindly let me warm myself around your boiling fire?"  
Then he turned around the boiler, and upon the edge he knelt,  
and he toppled right into the boiler full of hot asphalt.

3. We quickly pulled him out of it, and we put him in a tub,  
and with soap and lots of water hot we did him rub and scrub.  
But the divil a bit of tare came off, t'was stuck on just a stone,  
and every time we gave a rub you could hear the poor man groan.

4. 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 a-hanging by his belt  
as an example of the dire effects of the hot asphalt!