

Shannon's old dad was a pretty little lad
With a good head to his toes
Shannon's old dad never once got mad
Even when he chopped off her finger

A brave little man from off the coast of Wales
Shannon's dad oft sold his wage for a bitter pint of ale
Shannon's old dad was a pretty little lad
With a good head to his toes

And the bar flies cry:

**"Hi-De-Li, I'll drink my ale
And I'll take a drag from my light cigarette
Today's troubles will just have to wait
While I finish this pint 'fore I high-five me mates!"**