Balls of O'Leary

Balls of O'Leary

The balls of O'Leary,
Are wrinkled and hairy,
They're stately and shapely,
Like the dome of Saint Paul's.
The women all muster,
To view that great cluster,
Oh, they stand and they stare,
At the bloody great pair,
Of O'Leary's balls.

Tune: Bells of Saint Marys
XX