

Mrs O'Conner

Into a Belfast pub comes Paddy Murphy,
Looking like he'd just been run over by a train.

His arm is in a sling, his nose is broken,
His face is cut and bruised and he's walking with a limp.

"What *happened* to you?" asks Sean, the bartender.

" Jamie O'Conner and me had a fight," says Paddy.

"That *little shite*, O'Conner," says Sean,
"He couldn't do that to you, he must have had something in his hand."

"That he did," says Paddy, "a shovel is what he had,
And a terrible lickin' he gave me with it."

" Well," says Sean, "you should have defended yourself; didn't you have
something in your hand?"

"That I did," said Paddy, "Mrs. O'Conner's breast, and a thing of beauty it
was, but useless in a fight."