

Casey

Christy Moore

If it's drink you want and plenty of feeding
And you like the bed as well
Grab the wife, throw the kids in the Datsun
Make for Inch and the Strand hotel
If talk of turf drives you crazy
And you can't face a bale of hay
Make for Foley's work the topshelf talk puck, pints and the GAA

Casey, Casey you're the devil
When you get behind the wheel
It was a sad day for the Kerry sheepdogs
When your Firestones they did feel

Oh the low road goes from Killorglin all the way down to Annascaul
When Casey came to guide us he never used his brakes at all
A trail of sheepdogs littered Kerry from Killorglin to Macroom
He might have been all soul's salvation but he also was the sheep dog's doom

From the holy dioceses of Galway Eamonn went to London town
Where the traffic cops out on their duty they overtook and flagged him down
As he was tearing after luncheon around the city like a loon
Regardless to his rank and station they forced him to blow up their auld balloon

Geographically he was in limbo faced with justice true and true
No obligations were accepted he was rightly up the flue
No bolt of lightning from the heaven could remove the boys in blue
Well he wished the force that had worked at Cana would turn his wine into water too

When Ronnie Reagan came to Ireland all the wankers made a great furore
But Eamonn remembered bishop Romero said he'd even up the score
Casey Casey said "God willin' I'll meet Reagan on the road
Niall O'Brien will hear his confessions when I've taught him the Green Cross Code"

Casey Casey you're the right man to teach them Yankees right from wrong
If it wasn't for yourself and Reagan there wouldn't be much to Martin Egan's song