

Delirium Tremens

Christy Moore

I dreamt a dream the other night I couldn't sleep a wink
The rats were tryin' to count the sheep and I was off the drink
There were footsteps in the parlour and voices on the stairs
I was climbin' up the walls and movin' round the chairs
I looked out from under the blanket up at the fireplace
The Pope and John F. Kennedy were starin' in me face
Suddenly it dawned at me I was getting the old D.T.s
When the Child o' Prague began to dance around the mantelpiece

Goodbye to the Port and Brandy, to the Vodka and the Stag
To the Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottled draught and keg
As I sat lookin' up the Guinness ad I could never figure out
How your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of stout

Well I swore upon the bible I'd never touch a drop
My heart was palpitatin' I was sure 'twas going to stop
Thinkin' I was dyin' I gave my soul to God to keep
A tenner to St. Anthony to help me get some sleep
I fell into an awful nightmare, got a dreadful shock
When I dreamt there was no Duty-free at the airport down in Knock
George Seawright was sayin' the rosary and SPUC were on the pill
Frank Patterson was gargled and he singin' Spencil Hill

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I dreamt that Mr. Haughey had recaptured Crossmaglen
Then Garret got re-elected and gave it back again
Dick Spring and Roger Casement were on board the Marita-Ann
As she sailed into Fenit they were singin' Banna Strand
I dreamt Archbishop McNamara was on Spike Island for 3 nights
Havin' been arrested for supportin' Traveller's rights
I dreamt that Ruairi Quinn was smokin' marijuana in the Dail
Barry Desmond handin' Frenchies out to scuts in Fianna Fail

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I dreamt of Nell McCafferty and Mary Kenny too
The things that we got up to, but I'm not tellin' you
I dreamt I was in a jacuzzi along with Alice Glenn
Then I knew I'd never ever, ever drink again

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