

Joxer Goes to Stuttgart

Christy Moore

It was in the year of eighty-eight in the lovely month of June
When the gadflies were swarmin', dogs howlin' at the moon
With rosary beads and sandwiches for Stuttgart we began
Joxer packed his German phrase-book and jump leads for the van
Well, some of the lads had never been away from home before
'Twas the first time Whacker set his foot outside of Inchicore
Before we left for Europe we knew we'd need a plan
So we all agreed that Joxer was the man to drive the van
In Germany the Autobahn 'twas like the long mile road
There was every kind of car and van all carryin' the full load
Ford Transits and Hiace's and a ould Bedford from Tralee
With engine over heatin' from long haulin' duty-free
There were fans from Ballyfermont, Ballybough and Ballymun
On the journey of the lifetime and the crack was ninety-one
Joxer met a German's daughter on the banks of the river Rhine
And he told her she'd be welcome in Ballyfermont anytime
As soon as we got to Stuttgart we put the wagons in a ring
Sean og got out the banjo, Peter played the mandolin
There was fans there from everywhere attracted by the sound
At the first Fleagh Ceoil in Europe, Joxer passed the flagon round
But the session it ended when we finished all the stout
The air mattresses inflated and the sleepin' bags rolled
As one by one we fell asleep poor Joxer had a dream
He dreamt himself and Jack Charlton sat down to pick the team
Joxer dreamt they agreed on Packy Bonner straight away
And Morn, Whelan and McGrath were certainly to play
But tempers they began to rise, patience wearing thin
Jack wanted Cascarino, but Joxer wanted Quinn
Then the dream turned into a nightmare, Joxer stuck the head in Jack
Who wanted to bring Johnny Giles and Eamon Dunphy back
When the cock crew in the morning, it crew both loud and shrill

Joxer woke up in his sleepin' bag many miles from Arbour Hill
The next morning none of the experts gave us the slightest chance
They said the English team would lead us on a merry dance
With Union Jacks all them English fans for victory were set
Until Ray Houghton got the ball and stuck it in the net
What happened next was history, brought tears to many eyes
That day will be the highlight in many people's lives
Well Joxer climbed right over the top and the next time he was seen
Was arm and arm with Jack Charlton, singin' revenge for Skibberreen
Now Whacker's back in Inchicore, he's livin' with his mam
And Jack Charlton has been proclaimed an honorary Irish man

Do you remember the German's daughter on the banks of the river
Rhine

Well didn't he show up in Ballyfermont last week and...