

# Lisdoonvarna

Christy Moore

How's it goin' there everybody  
From Cork, New York, Dundalk, Gortahork and Glenamaddy  
Here we are in the County Clare  
It's a long, long way from here to there  
There's the Burren and the Cliffs of Moher  
The Tulla and the Kilfenora  
Miko Russell, Doctor Bill  
Willy Clancy, Noel Hill  
Flutes and fiddles everywhere  
If it's music you want  
You should go to Clare

Oh, Lisdoonvarna  
Lisdoon, Lisdoon, Lisdoon, Lisdoonvarna

Everybody needs a break  
Climb a mountain or jump in a lake  
Some head off to exotic places  
Others go to the Galway Races  
Mattie goes to the South of France  
Jim to the dogs, Peter to the dance  
A cousin of mine goes potholing  
A cousin of hers loves Joe Dolan  
Summer comes around each year  
We go there and they come here  
Some jet off to... Frijiliana  
But I always go to Lisdoonvarna

I always leave on a Thursday night  
With me tent and me groundsheet rolled up tight  
I like to hit Lisdoon  
In around Friday afternoon  
This gives me time to get me tent up and my gear together  
I don't need to worry about the weather  
Ramble in for a pint of stout  
You'd never know who'd be hangin' about  
There's a Dutchman playing a mandolin  
And a German looking for Liam Óg O'Floinn  
And there's Adam, Bono and Garrett Fitzgerald  
Gettin' their photos taken for the Sunday World  
Finbarr, Charlie and Jim Hand  
And they drinkin' pints to bate the band  
(Why would'nt they for Jasus sake are'nt they getting it for nothing)

The multitudes, they flocked in throngs  
To hear the music and the songs  
Motorbikes and Hi-ace vans  
With bottles - barrels - flagons - cans  
Mighty craic. Loads of frolics  
Pioneers and alcoholics  
PLAC, SPUC and the FCA  
Free Nicky Kelly and the IRA  
Hairy chests and milk-white thighs  
Mickey dodgers in disguise  
MC Graths, O'Briens, Pippins, Coxs  
Massage parlours in horse boxes  
There's amhráns, bodhráns, amadáns

Arab sheiks, Hindu Sikhs, Jesus freaks  
RTE are makin' tapes, takin' breaks and throwin' shapes  
This is heaven, this is hell  
Who cares? Who can tell?  
(Anyone for the last few Choc Ices, now?)

A 747 for Jackson Browne  
They had to build a special runway just to get him down  
Before the Chieftains could start to play  
Seven creamy pints came out on a tray  
Shergar was ridden by Lord Lucan  
Seán Cannon did the backstage cookin'  
Clannad were playin' "Harry's Game"  
Christy was singin' "Nancy Spain"  
Mary O'Hara and Brush Shields  
Together singin' "The Four Green Fields"  
Van the Man and Emmy Lou  
Moving Hearts and Planxty too

Everybody needs a break  
Climb a mountain or jump in a lake  
Sean Doherty goes to the Rose of Tralee  
Oliver J. Flanagan goes swimming in the Holy Sea  
But I like the music and the open air  
So every Summer I go to Clare  
'Cause Woodstock, Knock nor the Feast of Cana  
Can hold a match to Lisdoonvarna