

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