

## Musha God Help Her

Christy Moore

Ah sure, musha, God help her  
She's in an awful state  
She's got that husband fellow's run away  
A teenage daughter in the family way  
And she can't pay her bills to nobody

Poor Mrs. Donoghue  
Out there by Ballynew  
She used to be a King from Davitt Street  
All of them were spotless in their parent's home  
Till she got married to that animal

According to all accounts  
They never go to Mass  
He's with that young one out in Ballyhack  
She don't have a stitch across her back  
But she can well afford to drink

I really don't know  
What's to become of them?  
All the street is up in arms at them  
They make more noise than an army  
When she starts throwing all the cups at him

I really wouldn't mind  
If they were friendly  
But they don't say hello to nobody  
You'd really think that they were somebody  
It makes me laugh you know  
At the back of it all

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