

## On the Mainland

Christy Moore

I was over on the Mainland  
Doing me act in some old civic hall  
It was the night before we stormed the hackney empire  
My adrenaline got pumpin' when the crowd demanded more  
I couldn't sleep a wink  
So I turned on to the BBC World Service  
Comin' at me from New Delhi  
Or some other long lost Colonial shore  
When a lovely English man came on the wireless  
With a gorgeous, sweet dulcet Portland placed clipped tone  
He announced that the winner  
Of the 1995 Nobel Prize for Literature  
Was a British poet  
"Séamus Heaney from Londonderry", sez he  
As cool as cool could be  
So I roared out for tea and toasted muffins  
And a pair of hard-boiled eggs to calm my nerves  
You never claimed George Best nor Alex Higgins  
Nor you never claimed Bellaghy's other boys  
But that's the way things are upon the Mainland  
Where the Quarehawks are still sucking  
The wee small birds' eggs dry

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