

# Welcome to the Cabaret

Christy Moore

How's it going there everybody?  
You're very welcome to this evening's cabaret  
I want to thank you for the trouble you're after taking to come  
and hear me play  
I know the effort that you make and all the trouble that you have to take  
When you decide you're gonna go and see a show  
Your wife says, oh not Christy Moore, we've seen him loads of times before  
And we're going to miss Gay Byrne on the Late Late Show  
Well there's people here upon my word from every corner of the world  
From Portarlinton, Portlaoise and Tullamore  
From Two Mile House and Poulaphuca  
From Blacktrench Cutbush and Boolea  
Such a crowd I've never seen before  
Well you are welcome welcome everyone  
Special branch you're on the run  
Fine Gael, Fianna Fail or Sinn Fein  
When the elections are all over  
We'll all be pushing up clover  
And everyone in the graveyard votes the same

My belly thought my throat was cut  
And all the restaurants were shut as I was driving out through Kinnegad  
So I drove on to Mother Hubbard's where I saw a swarm of trucks  
And I said to myself this place doesn't look too bad  
In came a 40ft lorry leaking lines of slurry  
And the king of the road jumped down and he said to me  
Hey John, don't I know your face  
Are you Paddy Reilly or Brendan Grace?  
Are you Mary Black or Freddy White says he

Wait till I tell you what happened to me today  
I was coming up the dual carriageway  
Half a mile the far side on Naas  
The Irish Army, they were all over the place  
So I pulled in and rolled my window down  
The saighdiuirí they surrounded my car I thought it was the third world war  
Some of the boys were throwin' Shi'ite shapes  
I said brigadier general what appears to be the trouble  
He said "Don't forget your shovel"  
Have you any auld autographs or tapes?  
I do... what about the leb?