

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 Poulaphouca
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 saighdiuiri 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 leeb?