

Sick Bed Of Cuchulainn

Crash Test Dummies

Mccormack and richard tauber are sitting by the bed
There's a glass of punch below your feet and an angel at your head

There's devils on each side of you with bottles in their hands
Gimme one more drop of poison and you'll dream of foreign lands

When you pissed yourself in frankfurt and got syph down in cologne

And you heard the rattling death trains as you lay there all alone

Frank ryan brought you whiskey in a brothel in madrid

And you decked some fucking blackshirt who was screaming at all the yids

At the sick bed of cuchulainn we'll kneel and say a prayer

And the ghosts are rattling at the door and the devil's in his chair

And in the euston tavern you said it was your show

But they wouldn't give you service so you kicked the windows out

They took you out into the street and kicked you in the brains
So you walked back in through the revolving door and did it all

again

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And the ghosts are rattling at the door and the devil's in his chair

Do you remember that foul evening when you heard the banshees howl?

There were lazy drunken bastards singing billy and the bowl

They took you up to midnight mass and left you in the lurch

So you dropped a button in the pledge and spewed up in the church

Now you'll sing a song of liberty with blacks and paks and jocks

And they'll take you from this dump you're in and stick you in a box

Then they'll take you to cloughprior and shove you in the ground

But you'll stick your head back out and shout "we'll have another round"

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And the ghosts are rattling at the door and the devil's in his chair