

Jerusalem Rap

Seven Nations

I'm a stranger here from Ireland's shore
I've been on the road six months or me
Hikin', workin', travelin' in style
I'm a vagabond from Ireland's isle.
Me sunburned thumb stuck up in the air
Many's the lift from here to there
Cars, buses, vans and trains
In the punishin' heat, the snow and the rain

Whack fol the diddle fol the dire ro day
Whack fol the diddle fol the der oh
Mrs. Dolan
Yer son he isn't workin

I came from Dublin to Jerusalem town
Had a drink or two on the journey down
At a railway station called Gare du Nord
Missed my train through gargling hard
Three days later in Napoli on a Turkish boat
I sailed to see, kept in a hot hole down below
Travelin' tourist class you know

When the Promised Land came into sight
The customs man gave me a fright
"How much money have you got with you Joe?"
I bluffed and said "50 pounds or so"
He said "Shalom!" I said "Good day!"
Grabbed my 'pipes and got fast away
Down to the desert then I went
Diggin' up history and livin' in a tent

It was in the gulf of Acaba
I met some paddies and we had a fleadh
Danced through the streets of Eilat town
Sang Sean South of Garryowen
I been travelin' I don't know
Pack your gear, ya ruck & go
Ya leave the craic for another bout
Could damn well do with a pint of stout