

## The Folker

## The Corries

Well, my name is "Fingers Murphy" but my story's seldom  
told,  
I massacre folk music with a yard of German plywood and  
a plectrum,  
I do requests--just the ones that have two chords in,  
And I disregard the rest,  
Na na nya na na na na na nya etc . . .

Well, I stand on stage the hero a martyr to me trade,  
And carry the reminders of all the gigs I've played in  
like the Irish Club-in Luton,  
Where I fled in mortal fear--with the imprint of a  
Guinness bottle stamped across my ear  
Na na nya na na na na na nya etc . . .

Seeking twenty with expenses I went looking for a gig  
Got no offers--just a come on from a groupie up in  
Neasden,  
I do declare--I was feeling rather randy so I had her  
then and there,  
Na na nya na na na na na nya etc . . .

Na na na-ya Na na na na na na na-ya  
Na na na-ya Na na na na na na na-ya  
Na na na-ya Na na na na na na na-ya

Well, I've sung the full tradition with my finger in my  
ear,  
Cause half the stuff I'm singin'--I just can't bear to  
hear--it's a load of cobblers,  
Bar after bar--to the rhythm of an out of tune Japanese  
guitar  
Na na nya na na na na na nya etc . . .

Well, I met this great guitarist--I asked him for  
advice,  
But the message that he gave me--wasn't very nice or  
even civil,  
Stick it where--and if I did how could I tune it with  
it stuck way up there,  
Na na nya na na na na na nya etc . . .