

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 . . .