

Danny Farrell

The Dubliners

I knew Danny Farrell when his football was a can.
In his hand me down's and wellers and sandwiches of grand,
But now this pavement present, is a full grown bitter man,
With all his trials and troubles, of his travelling people's clan

He's a looser a boozier, me and you user,
A rater a traitor, people's police hater,
So lonely and only, what you call a gurrrier,
Still now, Danny Farrell he's a man.

I knew Danny Farrell when he joined the national school,
He was lousy at the gaelic, called him amadan and fool
He was brilliant at the toss school
Or trading objects in the pown
By the time he was an adult all his charming ways were gone.

He's a looser a boozier, me and you user,
A rater a traitor, people's police hater,
So lonely and only, what you call a gurrrier,
Still now, Danny Farrell he's a man.

I knew Danny Farrell when he queued up for the dole,
And he tried to hide his loss of pride,
That eats away the soul,
Mending pots and kettles, is a trade lost in the past.
There's no hand out's here for tinkers was the answer when he asked.

He's a looser a boozier, me and you user,
A rater a traitor, people's police hater,
So lonely and only, what you call a gurrrier,
Still now, Danny Farrell he's a man.

I still know Danny Farrell, saw him just there yesterday,
Drinking methylated spirits, with some winos on the quay,
Now he's forty going on eighty, with his eyes of hope bereft,
And he told me this for certain, there's not many of us left,

He's a looser a boozier, me and you user,
A rater a traitor, people's police hater,
So lonely and only, what you call a gurrrier,
Still now, Danny Farrell he's a man.