

The Pool Song

The Dubliners

May the Lord upon high who rules the sky
Look down on our pubs and bars
And the women and men all seated within
Neglecting their pints and their jars
The crack it is bad, the atmosphere sad
Every man has a face like a mule
For all he can do is to grab an old cue
And start playing that game of pool

Well, when I was a boy it was always me joy
To go to the pub each night
There were arguments scraps and killings perhaps
And everyone thought he was right
There were badgers and dogs
And men from the bogs
And young fellows acting the tool
But now there's no crack
For everyman Jack
Has his arse in the air playing pool

To the local ale house after milking the cows
Every customer made his way
And there he would dwell and drink till he fell
While the fiddles and pipes they did play
The jigs and the reels, the rattling of heels
Polkas and slides were the rule
But now there's no chance of a tune or a dance
For everyone's playing the ould pool

Well, this pool you will find is a game designed
For foolish illiterate louts
You push in four bob and you pull an old knob
And a big shower of balls they come out
They're placed on a table and then if you're able
To knock them all into a hole
More money goes in, you start over again
And you lose every bob of your dole

Now in the Irish Free State
All the people are bate
From watching and playing this game
In their necks they have cricks
That no doctor could fix
And their backs and their shoulders are maimed
Their arses protrude in a manner most lewd
From being hoisted aloft in the air
And their eyeballs are sore
And dripping in gore
And they act in a manner most quare

So if you meet a young man
Who's face it is wan
And his eyes have a vacant stare
His jawbone is slack
And his head is thrown back
And he can't tell a cob from a mare
His nostrils dilated, his brow corrugated

His manners like those of a fool
On your shirt you can bet
That you have just met
A man that's gone plain mad from pool