

The Mero

Blood or Whiskey

Somebody`s under the bed
Whoever can it be?
I feel so very nervous
I call for Joanee
Joanee lights the candle
But there's nobody there
Hey! Hi! Diddleleedai
And out goes she
Skipping rope still turning
Children at their play
In and out of Clarendon Street
In and out to pray
I haven't prayed for twenty years
Or sung a happy song
Since praying went with innocence
And the devil played along
And we all went up to the Mero
Hey there! Who's your man?
It's only Johnny '40 coats'
Sure he's a desperate man
Bang, bang shoots the buses
With his golden key
Hey! Hi! Diddleleedai
And out goes she
Me father was a stater
And me mother loved a tan
She loved her Hafner's sausages
And her soldier fancy man
Noel's up in Jacob's
And Mary's on the town
And I joined the transport union
When they said my nose was brown
And we all went up to the Mero
Hey there! Who's your man
It's Alfie Byrne out walking
Sure he's a decent man
Bang, bang shoots the buses
With his golden key
Hey! Hi! Diddleleedai
And out goes she
I've a tanner for the Mero
And me confo money's hid
If Mary's in the family way
She can blame the Cisco kid
I'll be langers in the morning
Me longers need a patch
Ah, Jesus! There's lone' Martin
I hope he's won the match
Me uncle had a wolfhound
That never had to pee
But Hairy Lemon snatched it
Down on Eden quay
Now I have me primo
And me scapulars are blue
For helping the black babies
And Dolly Fossett too
And we all went up to the Mero

Hey there! Who's your man?
It's Brendan Behan out walking
Sure he's a ginger man
Bang, bang shoots the buses
With his golden key
Hey! Hi! Diddleleedai
And out goes she
It's true that Dublin's changing
Since the pillar was blown down
By the winds of violence
That are bugging up the town
We used to solve a difference
With a digging match and a jar
But now they're all playing bang-bang
That's going too bleeding far
And we all go up to the Mero
Hey there! Who's your man?
It's only me guardian angel
Get a large one for your man
There's no use bleedin` Russia
Sure now it's the holy hour
A plenary indulgence
And another baby power