

Sodom & Begorra

Christy Moore

There's Bethlehem and Cheltenham, Lourdes and Limerick
Junction
Medjugorje or a rub of the extreme unction
Good people climb Croagh Patrick with serenity on their
faces
But I found my salvation, below at the Galway Races
Clergymen dressed up like men and models home from
London
Whallup and How's she cuttin' John? Begod sure only
middlin'
Gamblers with big wads of notes going mad to gamble
Na boys isteach as Inverin, there just to take a ramble
Helen Lucy smells the mattress and reviews the hairy
bacon
Says Mickey Finn to Galligan, hey Peter what are you
takin'?
Shish kebabs, Kinvara crabs as people stuff their faces
Others couldn't eat to save their lives below at the
Galway Races
It's there you'll see gentility and sheep dressed up
like mutton
Double barreled names with more airs than old melodeons
The talk is all of tillage and of silage and con acre
I tell you scraws and bottoms would be closer to the
mark sir
Sir John Muck Savidge-Smythe is there with Smurfits and
O'Reillys
Owners and trainers, stable boys and jockeys
With silk around their arses getting up on rich men's
horses
Not to mention wives and daughters and marriages and
divorces
There's pontoon, twenty five and there's savage games
of poker
There's them would lay their lives on two flies walking
up the wall sure
There's wise men from the east making eyes at go-go
dancers
And ministers of state accepting drink from terrible
chancers
Salthill after dark is like Sodom and Gomorra
There's people doing things tonight that they'll forget
tomorrow
There's folk and trad, they're disco mad, karaoke and
set dances
And people who've seen better days looking to take
their chances
They're under starters orders and Michael O'Hehir is
waiting
Lester's up on the favorite and she'll surely take some
beating
Necks are craned and eyes are strained there's fear
upon their faces
There's agony and ecstasy below at the Galway Races
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