

## Casey

Christy Moore

If it's drink you want and plenty of feeding  
And you like the bed as well  
Grab the wife, throw the kids in the Datsun  
Make for Inch and the Strand hotel  
If talk of turf drives you crazy  
And you can't face a bale of hay  
Make for Foley's work the topshelf talk puck, pints and the GAA

Casey, Casey you're the devil  
When you get behind the wheel  
It was a sad day for the Kerry sheepdogs  
When your Firestones they did feel

Oh the low road goes from Killorglin all the way down to Annasc  
aul  
When Casey came to guide us he never used his brakes at all  
A trail of sheepdogs littered Kerry from Killorglin to Macroom  
He might have been all soul's salvation but he also was the she  
ep dog's doom

From the holy dioceses of Galway Eamonn went to London town  
Where the traffic cops out on their duty they overtook and flag  
ged him down  
As he was tearing after luncheon around the city like a loon  
Regardless to his rank and station they forced him to blow up t  
heir auld balloon

Geographically he was in limbo faced with justice true and true  
No obligations were accepted he was rightly up the flue  
No bolt of lightning from the heaven could remove the boys in b  
lue  
Well he wished the force that had worked at Cana would turn his  
wine into water too

When Ronnie Reagan came to Ireland all the wankers made a great  
furore  
But Eamonn remembered bishop Romero said he'd even up the score  
Casey Casey said "God willin' I'll meet Reagan on the road  
Niall O'Brien will hear his confessions when I've taught him th  
e Green Cross Code"

Casey Casey you're the right man to teach them Yankees right fr  
om wrong  
If it wasn't for yourself and Reagan there wouldn't be much to  
Martin Egan's song