

Matty

Christy Moore

Matty went out on a frozen night
Making heading for the pub his shoulders hunched up tight
His head down on the railroad track
And his old cow Delia sad lowin' him back

He met with a dark and troubled man
As he passed him by called back at him
Hey Matty can't you see what's become of me
In this country of the blind

The house I've left is dead to me
To me rhyming and my poetry
All I've got is the beat of the stagger
Heading down the Curragh Line

But Matty passed on as quick as he could
He couldn't stand such a crooked man sober
All he wanted was the lights of the bar
The Nightingale and the Wild Rover

When he came in
They were sayin' he was back
OH did Delia drive you out
With your spoutin' and your swearin'?
We don't want to hear about Bunker Hayden
Maybe you'll sing us the Girls of Kinkane

The fear an ti eyed him steadily
As he handed him a pint of porter
You must have seen the bishop's ghost tonight
To put the dry look back in your eye

But Matty would not be taken in
By their jibin' and their regalin'
He found himself a fresh blown crew
And fell in with their sportin' and their bailin'

As he was going home, in that very same spot
He met his dark familiar
He seen him comin' back down the line
And he was bright and strange and fine

As he passed him by Matty threw out his arms
Trying to grab hold of his likeness
In the morning they found his frozen corpse
And the butt of Curragh Line

And at the wake
They were lashin' down
The drops of brandy
The old fashioned habit
In the church they were lashin' down pounds and fivers
So Matty would be fine in the old by and by