

Good Friday

David Keenan

The cock cried crow fetch your sleeping bag let's go
We are off to happy valley where the people are all sad
Embrace the cold the angelus will call us home
To the virgin Mary flats, there ain't no virgins around here
Corrupt their game, it is true they call us flakes
We bribed the fabian society with our stone baked cakes
And our hot crossed buns we had laced with oxycontin
George Bernard Shaw lies on his back chewing his jaw, man, he l
ooks rotten

Your voice is like wine won't you speak and let me drink
I'll consume all of your woes and spew them in the Belfast sink
I get withdrawal I cannot sing, somebody else speaks with my to
ngue
Your ghostly hands that rings adorn are monkey bars from which
I swing

The crow cried cock on the boarding house floor
Tell me of homeric epics and the toss pit wars
Ah the flipping of the shilling the switching of the coins
Man was baptised against his will in that river full of secrets
You kicked the can, bring out your myriad-minded man
For the dissipate the crowd with his painter's apron
His jar of sand, butcher's block and shovel like hands
Now let us walk to Tara naked and take back what's rightfully o
urs

Your voice is like wine won't you speak and let me drink
I'll consume all of your woes and spew them in your Belfast sin
k
I get withdrawal I cannot sing, somebody else speaks with my to
ngue
Your ghostly hands that rings adorn are monkey bars from which
I swing

Let's skip with a smile into a game of La Marelle
Through a cloud of yellow chalk
We'll leap from heaven straight through hell
And in the morning before you know it you're back at the carniv
al again
It's Good Friday and some young mother is dressing her favourit
e child