

The Freak of Enniskillen

Fiddler's Green

I was born at noontime with a bottle in my hand
The midwife screamed and dropped me coz she couldn't understand
Why a new-born would be wearing ragged clothes right from the start
And instead of letting out a cry let rip a stinkin' fart

I headed for the front desk, on the way I kissed a nurse
Stumbled out the door and hijacked what appeared to be a hearse
I kicked it into gear and put the pedal to the floor
At the pub I hit the brakes, the casket slid out of the door

Go! Go! Go! Rolling down the hill
Go! Go! Go! Come and get your fill

The kindergarten playground was a bore when I arrived
But the kiddies started laughing when I taught them how to drive
The teacher came a runnin', shook her walking stick at me
I crashed the gate, we all made off, I set the kiddies free

Go! Go! Go! Running down the hill
Go! Go! Go! Come and get your fill

Not a winner, I'm a sinner
I let everybody down
And they spit into my face
I'm a king without a crown
Call me "loser", call me "boozier"
Call me anything you want
Find me creepin', find me sleepin'
In the bars I used to haunt

The freak of Enniskillen was a liar and a cheat
Always drinkin', up to trouble, wreakin' havoc in the street
But he never bowed his head, he never held his cap in hand

What it was that made him laugh so hard we'll never understand

Go! Go! Go! Running down the hill
Go! Go! Go! Come and get your fill
Go! Go! Go! Running down the hill

Not a winner, I'm a sinner
I let everybody down
And they spit into my face
I'm a king without a crown
Call me "loser", call me "boozier"
Call me anything you want
Find me creepin', find me sleepin'
In the bars I used to haunt

He's no winner, he's a sinner
And nobody drags him down
When they spit into his face
He's a king without a crown
Call him "loser", call him "boozier"
Call him anything you want
Find him creeping, find him sleeping
In the bars he used to haunt

Not a winner, I'm a sinner
I let everybody down
And they spit into my face
I'm a king without a crown
Call me "loser", call me "boozier"
Call me anything you want
Find me creepin', find me sleepin'
In the bars I used to haunt

He's no winner, he's a sinner
And nobody drags him down
When they spit into his face
He's a king without a crown
Call him "loser", call him "boozier"
Call him anything you want
Find him creeping, find him sleeping
In the bars he used to haunt