

# Margaret Reed O'Shaughnessy

Kevin Devine

Margaret Reed O' Shaughnessy  
Thank Christ I'm not your enemy  
There's no struggler loves ya more than me  
Oh, Margaret Reed O' Shaughnessy

Margaret ground against her knuckles  
To hold her temper at her teeth  
Funerals are triggers in an Irish family  
And daddy was a lion  
But he also was a louse  
She swallowed twice to  
Clear the bile from her mouth

The house, awash with sycophants  
Instantly enshrined  
The parish priest, the butcher's boy  
The football player's wife  
All busy painting angel wings  
Complicit in the lie  
That's the way we Irish do it when we die

Riddles wrapped in rosary  
Clover grenades  
Fools who suffer mightily  
As our high Saint Sinead  
We celebrate our loneliness  
Our combustible rage  
"He made us this way"

Not that Margaret wasn't her own complicated layer cake  
Educator/activist -  
Republican gone straight  
Traded Weather Underground  
For some peacetime in the shade  
But in her heart of hearts  
She is as she was made

When she shaved her head  
At Trinity and toured BDSM  
Clinical, athletic sex -  
Detached, competitive  
The discipline appealed to her  
The flogging and the rules  
But the emptiness roared back when she was through

A missile wrapped in rosary  
A clover grenade  
Fools were suffered mightily  
She shot sharp like Sinead  
And bristled at her loneliness  
Her combustible rage  
"They made me this way"

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Margaret learned to make her fate  
When Uncle James lisped with a wink  
"If you're not tall enough to touch the bar  
You're not tall enough to drink!"  
She jumped and smacked it with her palm  
The day that she turned six;  
She's wrestled Jameson's and Guinness ever since  
(And tonight she's losing  
Tonight she's getting her ass kicked)

My missile wrapped in rosary  
My clover grenade  
Fools picked apart her sanity  
She collapsed like Sinead  
Encircled in her loneliness  
Her combustible rage  
"Who made me this way?"

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