

# Christy Moore, Delirium Tremens

I dreamt a dream the other night I couldn't sleep a wink  
The rats were tryin' to count the sheep and I was off the drink  
There were footsteps in the parlour and voices on the stairs  
I was climbin' up the walls and movin' round the chairs.  
I looked out from under the blanket up at the fireplace.  
The Pope and John F. Kennedy were starin' in me face.\*  
Suddenly it dawned at me I was getting the old D.T.s  
When the Child o' Prague began to dance around the mantelpiece.

## CHORUS

Goodbye to the Port and Brandy, to the Vodka and the Stag,  
To the Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottled draught and keg.  
As I sat lookin' up the Guinness ad I could never figure out  
How your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of stout.

Well I swore upon the bible I'd never touch a drop.  
My heart was palpitatin' I was sure 'twas going to stop,  
Thinkin' I was dyin' I gave my soul to God to keep.  
A tenner to St. Anthony to help me get some sleep.  
I fell into an awful nightmare - got a dreadful shock.  
When I dreamt there was no Duty-free at the airport down in Knock.  
George Seawright was sayin' the rosary and SPUC were on the pill.\*\*  
Frank Patterson was gargled and he singin' Spancil Hill.

## CHORUS

I dreamt that Mr. Haughey had recaptured Crossmaglen  
Then Garret got re-elected and gave it back again.  
Dick Spring and Roger Casement were on board the Marita-Ann  
As she sailed into Fenit they were singin' Banna Strand.  
I dreamt Archbishop McNamara was on Spike Island for 3 nights  
Havin' been arrested for supportin' Traveller's rights.  
I dreamt that Ruairi Quinn was smokin' marijuana in the Dail  
Barry Desmond handin' Frenchies out to scuts in Fianna Fail.

## CHORUS

I dreamt of Nell McCafferty and Mary Kenny too  
The things that we got up to, but I'm not tellin' you.  
I dreamt I was in a jacuzzi along with Alice Glenn  
'twas then I knew I'd never ever, ever drink again.

## CHORUS