

# Christy Moore, Go Move Shift

Born in the middle of the afternoon  
In a horsedrawn carriage on the old A5  
The big twelve wheeler shook my bed,  
"You can't stay here" the policeman said.

You'd better get born in some place else.  
So move along, get along, Move along, get along,  
Go! Move! Shift!

Born in the common by a building site  
Where the ground was rutted by the trail of wheels  
The local Christian said to me,  
"You'll lower the price of property."

You'd better get born in some place else.  
So move along, get along, Move along, get along,  
Go! Move! Shift!

Born at potato picking time  
In a noble tent in a tatie field.  
The farmer said, "The work's all done  
It's time that you was moving on."

You'd better get born in some place else.  
So move along, get along, Move along, get along,  
Go! Move! Shift!

Born at the back of a hawthorn hedge  
Where the black hole frost lay on the ground.  
No eastern kings came bearing gifts.  
Instead the order came to shift.

You'd better get born in some place else.  
So move along, get along, Move along, get along,  
Go! Move! Shift!

The eastern sky was full of stars  
And one shone brighter than the rest  
The wise men came so stern and strict  
And brought the orders to evict

You'd better get born in some place else.  
So move along, get along, Move along, get along,  
Go! Move! Shift!

Wagon, tent or trailer born,  
Last month, last year or in far off days.  
Born here or a thousand miles away  
Theres always men nearby who'll say

You'd better get born in some place else.  
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Go! Move! Shift!

"The sleeve notes from 'Live at the Point'  
has two extra verses (added by Christy)"

Six in the morning out in Inchicore  
The guards came through the wagon door.  
John Maughan was arrested in the cold  
A travelling boy just ten years old.

You'd better get born in some place else.  
So move along, get along, Move along, get along,

Go! Move! Shift!

Mary Joyce was living at the side of the road  
No halting place and no fixed abode.  
The vigilantes came to the Darndale site  
And they shot her son in the middle of the night.

You'd better get born in some place else.  
So move along, get along, Move along, get along,  
Go! Move! Shift!