

# Gaelic Storm, Johnny Tarr

Lemme tell you a little story about a man named Johnny Tarr  
He was a hard drinking son of a preacher, always at the bar  
Lager from the tap or shots of Paddy from the shelf  
He could open his throttle and throw back a bottle as quick as the devil himself.... Johnny Tarr

Word got around that Johnny Tarr was no pretender,  
From Claire to here they'd lock up the beer when Jonny went on a bender,  
Down at Dickey Mack's, the Rising Sun, or at the Swan  
He was drinking at seven by ten to eleven well all the booze would be gone! Johnny Tarr!

Chorus:  
Even if you saw it yourself, you wouldn't believe it,  
But I wouldn't trust a person like me, if i were you  
I wasn't there I swear i have an alibi  
I heard it from a man who knows a fella who says it's true!

It was nine in the morning, on a cold and rainy night,  
Johnny rolled into the Castle Bar, looking to get tight  
He had money in his pocket, he had whiskey in his eye,  
He said: Get up off your asses and set up the glasses, I'm drinking this place dry!

Now all the serious boozers, they were soon broken hearted  
When Johnny finished off six and he was only getting started  
Guzzling down the pints, knokin' em back like candy,  
He was lookin' alright to be drinkin' all night, then Nora brought out the brandy! Johnny Tarr!

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But I wouldn't trust a person like me, if i were you  
I wasn't therem I swear i have an alibi  
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Johnny drank the whole damn bottle, had another pint or two,  
When it made no impression he started a session with Murphy's Millenium Brew  
He was waiting for a pint when his face turned green;  
Jesus, J