

Van Morrison, Drumshanbo Hustle

Lord have mercy! Feel so good
I think I'm gonna work

I was talking to the judge, just before we left the countryside
Piece of paper in his hand, tryin' to find the way
Tryin' to rip it out, well now I've got it all around
Tore the pages up before they brought the curtain down

I remember the day, the 'Drumshanbo Hustle'
When you couldn't hear a bird, it was making not a sound
They were trying to muscle in, an easy way to bring the money in
You were puking up your guts
When you looked at the standard contract you just signed

Prostitution on the run, 'cepting when it was soliciting
Tryin' to drain them all dry, got hung up by the rope
Magazines and books, clearly undefinable
Wiped the clean slate, and pulled the rug from underneath her feet

I remember the day, the 'Drumshanbo Hustle'
When you couldn't hear no birds, 'cos they were making not a sound
They were trying to muscle in, the recording and the publishing
You were puking up your guts
When you read the standard contract you just signed, alright!

New York hooker by the neck, reads your Tarot cards and astronomy
Hey, I want to get your stars but don't know your sign
It was taking time to get the message through to it
But will hand down shake you one, and a letter five 'T' rhyme
No sign poker

Oh, remember the day, the 'Drumshanbo Hustle'
Couldn't hear a bird, Lord, you couldn't hear no sound
They were trying to muscle in
On the gigs and the recording and the publishing
You were puking up your guts
When you read the standard contract you just signed
You were puking up your guts
When you read the standard contract that you signed
You were puking up your guts
When you read the standard contract you just signed