

# Van Morrison, Drumshanbo Hustle (Another Vers

I was talkin' to the judge  
just before we left the countryside,  
paper in his hand,  
tryin' to find a way.  
Goin' by the book,  
"Man, you oughtta make a serial."  
Ripped the pages out  
'fore they pull the final curtain down.  
I remember the day  
just like the Drumshanbo hustle.  
We couldn't hear no birds,  
they were makin' not a sound.  
They were tryin' to muscle in,  
an easy way to bring the money in.  
You were pukin' up your guts  
when you read the contract had been signed.

Prostitution on the run,  
'ceptin what it was last night.  
Tryin' to drain you dry,  
couldn't get too much rope.  
Tryin' to take 'em down  
just to see how far it all would go.  
Wasn't goin' very far  
and she didn't let it bring you down.

Just remember the day,  
just like the Drumshanbo hustle.  
I couldn't hear no birds,  
they were makin' not a sound.  
They were drivin' motionless  
on the recording and the publishing.  
You were pukin' up your guts  
when you read the contract had been signed.

New York hooker style,  
and the tarot and astronomy.  
Tell you every star,  
didn't even get your sign.  
Well they were lookin' for a scam,  
a little paperback novel or a little magazine,  
but you left it all behind  
when you pulled the rug from underneath her feet.

Just rememberin' the day,  
Drumshanbo hustle.  
Well you couldn't hear no birds,  
they were makin' not a sound.  
They were tryin' to muscle in,  
an easy way to bring the money in.  
You were pukin' up your guts  
when you read the actual contract had been signed.  
You were pukin' up your guts  
when you heard the contract had you signed.  
You were pukin' up your guts  
when you heard the contract, the contract, had you signed.