

Van Morrison, The Story Of Them

When friends were friends
And company was right
We'd talk and talk and sing
All through the night.
Morning came leisurely and bright
Downtown we'd walk
And passers by
Would shudder with delight
Mmmmmm!
Good times...
All the cats were there
Just dirty enough to say
"we don't care."
But the management had had complaints
About some cats with long long hair
"look look look"
And the people'd stare
"why, you won't be allowed in
Anywhere"
Barred from pubs and clubs and
Dancehalls
Made the scene at the spanish rooms
At the falls
And man, four pints of that scrumpy was
Enough to have you
Out of your mind.
Climbing up the walls
Out of your mind
But it was a gas, all the same
Now just around about this time with
The help of the three j's
Started playin' at the maritime.
That's jerry, jerry and jimmy
You know they were always fine
They helped us run the maritime.
And don't forget kit
Hitting people on the head and
Knockin' them out
You know he did his best and all

Was something else...

Now people say, who are
Or what are them
That little one sings and that big
One plays the guitar with
A thumble on his finger runs it up
And down the strings
The bass player don't shave much
I think they're all a little bit
Touched
But the people came
And that's how we made our name
Too much it was
Yeah, good times
Wild, sweaty, crude, ugly
And mad.
And sometimes just a little bit sad
Yeah, they sneered and all
But up there, we just havin' a ball
It was a gas, you know
Some good times...
We are the them take it or leave it

You know they took it
It kept coming
And we worked for the people
Sweet sweat
And the misty misty atmosphere
Gimme another drink of beer baby
Gotta get goin' here...
Blues come rollin'
Down all your avenue
Won't stop at the city hall
Just a few steps away
You can look up at
Maritime hotel
Just a little bit sad
Gotta walk away
Wish it well...