

Black 47, Funky Ce

Bridie was teachin' out in Carysfort
I was workin' in the bank
2 paycheques every Friday
And a Morris Minor out the back
But I was mad for jigs and reels
Drinkin' dirty big pints of stout
When the Bank of Ireland gave me the boot
They said "Don't let the door hit your arse on the way out."

Fiddlee diddlee deidely dee
I was born to play the funky cel
Over the seas and far away, off to Ameri-kay
Fiddlee diddlee deidely dee
Where the wild, wild women were waitin' for me
Think of me Bridie whenever you see me there on your MTV
I love you, a cushla, but how could I be
Without me punky funky cel

Bridie broke down and started to bawl
When I told her about me divorce from the bank
She said "I've got news of me own, a stor,
I'm 2 months late, it's not with the rent"
She said I'd have to be tellin' her Da
So we drove the Morris Minor to Cork
The ould fella said "You've got two choices,
Castration, or a one way ticket to New York!"

So here I am up on Bainbridge Avenue
Still in one piece but glad I'm alive
Drinkin' dirty big glasses of porter
Playin' me jigs and me reels and me slides
Think of you, Bridie, whenever I'm sober
Which isn't too often, I have to confess
Take good care of the Morris Minor
Bad luck to your Da
And give the baby a great big kiss....
From his Daddy in the Bronx

Oh Bridie, I'm still crazy about you, girl
Does the baby look like me, Bridie?
Has he got red hair and glasses?
Oh, Bridie, sell the Morris Minor
Come on out to America, girl
The pubs never close over here
I've got a palace up on Bainbridge Avenue
I've got the biggest bed in the world, girl,
We can stay in it and make babies forever....