

Pogues, Gartloney Rats

The boys from the village were festering sore
For a day on the rant with some music and more
They'd drink porter in Maura's way over in Fore
And never get drunk but stay sober

There was Harry the banjo and Dunne of the swan
With whose bone from the wing he'd beat the bodhran
And the song that he'd sing was of ganders and all
He'd never get drunk but stay sober

There was Woods on the Guitar and auld squeeze box too
Who came from a time before aeroplanes flew
He'd sit in a corner and mule quite a few
And he'd never get drunk but stay sober

There was Mahon the singer who knew all the songs
And never was known to put a foot wrong
He'd sing through the night till the break o' the morn
And he'd never get drunk but stay sober

Then Harry the banjo now there was a man
A bottomless pit if ever there was one
More porter he'd lower than there was in the land
And he'd Never get drunk but stay sober

Well the Gartloney Rats would play away
They'd play for the pints and not for the pay
And the pints they'd go down in the usual way
And they'd never get drunk but stay sober