The Pogues, Gartloney Rats

(Terry Woods)

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 that 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