

# 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 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