

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Delirium Tremens

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(Christy Moore?)

I dreamt a dream the other night. I couldn't sleep a wink.
The rats were trying to count the sheep and I was off the drink.
There were footsteps in the parlor and voices on the stairs.
And I was climbing up the walls and moving round the chairs.

I look out from under me blanket and up at the fireplace.
The Pope and John F. Kennedy were staring in me face.
Suddenly it dawned on me: I was getting the old D.T.'s,
When the child of Prague began to dance around the mantelpiece.

CHO: Goodbye to the port and brandy, to the vodka and the Stag,
To the Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottle draught and keg.
As I sat lookin' up at the Guinness ad,

I could never figure out how
Your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of stout.

Well, I swore upon the Bible I'd never touch a drop.
My heart was palpitatin'. I was sure 'twas goin' to stop.
Thinkin' I was dyin', I gave my soul to God to keep,
And a tenner to St. Anthony to help me get to sleep.

I fell into an awful nightmare and got a dreadful shock.
When I dreamt where was no duty-free at the airport down in Knock.
George Seawright was sayin' the rosary and SPUC were on the pill.
Frank Patterson was gargled and singin' Spancil Hill.

I dreamt that Mr. Haughey had recaptured Crossmaglen.
Then Garret got re-elected and gave it back again.
Dick Spring and Roger Casement were on board the Marita-Ann.
As she sailed into Fenit, they were singin' "Banna Strand."

I dreamt Archbishop McNamara was on Spike Island for 3 nights,
Havin' been arrested for supportin' travelers' rights.
I dreamt that Ruari Quinn was smokin' marijuana in the Dail,
And Barry Desmond handin' Frenchies out to the scuts in Fianna Fail.

I dreamt of Nell McCafferty, and Mary Kenny too.
The things that we got up to! But I'm not tellin' you.
I dreamt I was in a Jacuzzi along with Alice Glenn.
'Twas then I knew I'd never ever ever drink again. (Chorus)

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