

Irish Song Lyrics

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CONTINENTAL CEILIDH
(Christy Moore)

Over in McCann's there's a grand type of dance band a'playin'
And they're spinning out the continental ceilidh
They're comin' in their cars from the bars
Over in Leister and Killane
Just to hear the famous Gunter Reynolds playing
Out the star of Munster with Hans O'Donahue
Neatly rappin' out a tango on the spoons
Such commotion will act like a lotion on the struttin'
At the continental ceilidh tonight.

Wolfgang's playin' on the comb someone shouts at him: "go home!"
Klaus is playin' a slow air on the bodran
Quinn from Corofin his fiddle tucked beneath his chin S-s-h-h
He's goin' to play the "Bogs of Oranmore" now
An old fashioned lady begins to sing a song
Ah, lads, a bit of order over there
Clarinbridge for the chowder keep your powder dry
At the continental ceilidh tonight.

Ciaran closes his eye's pretends he's in disguise
When he sees an old flame comin over
He's singing for the Swedes in their tweeds
Doin' all he can to please
The night's at such a delicate stage
Later on he'll give an audience to one of them or two
He'll sing the Dyin' Swan to touch their feelin's
Tonight's his night and tomorrow night will be just the same.

Ada let me out to the bar where the boys are goin' far
And they're spinnin' out the continental ceili
Never mind the liquor the music's in my soul
So long as I can hear the band a'playin'
The pipes and the flutes and the fiddles are in tune
Whoo, I'd love to meet a European girl
Ada now me head is goin' light and the band is playin' tight
At the continental ceilidh tonight.

All the publicans are there it's like a hirin' fair
Tryin' to figure out how much McCann is makin'
To keep their pubs outta stubs, they're lashin' out big subs
In a burst of fierce anticipation
Moguls from Mukhill are starin' at the till
Tryin' to get a low down on the line up
They'll be buyin' free porter for members of the band
At the continental ceilidh tonight.