

The Craic Was Ninety in the Isle of Man

Weren't we the rare oul' stock?
Spent the evenin' gettin' locked
In the Ace of Hearts where
The high stools were engaging,
Over the Butt Bridge, down by the dock
The boat she sailed at five o'clock
"Hurry, now lads," said Whack, or
Before we're there sure we'll all be back
Carry him if you can,
The Craic was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

Before we reached the Alexander Base;
The ding dong we did surely raise
In the bar of the boat we had great sport,
Aas the ship she sailed out of the port
Landed up in the Douglas Head;
Enquired for a vacant bed.
The dining room we soon got shown
By a decent woman from up the road.
'Lads, ate it if you can,
The Craic was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

Next morning we went for a ramble round;
Ssee the sights of Douglas Town
Then we went for a mighty session
In a pub they call Dick Darbies.
All but drunk by half-past three;
To sober up we went swimmin' in the sea
Back to the digs for the spruce up,
And while waitin' for the Rosie
We all drew up our plan;
The Craic was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

That night we went to the Texas Bar;
We came back down by horse and car.
Met Big Jim and all went in
Tto drink some wine in Yates'.
The Liverpool gurls, it was said,
Wwere all to be found in the Douglas Head
McShane was there in his tie and shirt
Aand them foreign girls he was tryin' to flirt
Sayin' "Here girls, I'm your man,"
The Craic was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

Whacker fancied his good looks;
On an Isle of Man woman he was struck.
But a Liverpool lad was by her side.
And he was bangin' the jar into her.
Whacker thought he'd take a chance;
He asked the quare one out to dance.
Around the floor they stepped it out,
And to Whack it was no bother.
Everythin' was goin' to plan;
The Craic was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

The Isle of Man woman fancied Whack;
Your man stood there till his mates came back
Whack! They all whacked into Whack, and
Whack was whacked out on his back.
The Douglas force arrived as well,
Bbanjoed a couple of belts as well,
Landed up in the Douglas jail,
Until the Dublin boat did sail,
Deported every man,
The Craic was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

