

The Ballad of Pat Brady

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(Don Minifie)

Now me name is Pat Brady, I'm just twenty-eight.
A curious story to you I'll relate.
Just before I left Ireland, me mother did say,
Now remember, young Patrick, that crime does not pay.

I'm a strapping young fellow and not known to shirk,
And I found me a job at the building site work.
I saved up me money each week in a jar,
'til at last I'd enough for to buy an old car.

Well, now parking in London's not easy to do,
Though you might want to wait but a moment of two;
And wherever I went I was on yellow lines,
Which is how I began to accrue parking fines.

Well, I next lost me job and I had to sign on,
So the money to pay off the fines was all gone.
So I said to meself, just sit tight and don't pay,
And then if you ignore it, it might go away.

But now things didn't work out the way that I'd thought.
For non-payment of fines I was summonsed to court.
For non-payment of fines the old justice did say,
We will send you to prison for twenty-eight days.

Well, the thought of that prison, to me it was hell,
For they did not discern who they put in your cell,
And I shared with this fellow, a reprobate thief,
Who was doing three years there for robbing a safe.

Still, I learned everything about safes that he knew,
So that when I came out I knew just what to do.
I went straight to a bookies, and blew the safe wide,
And a thousand green smackers were waiting inside.

Now I'm living in style off me ill-gotten gains.
Scotland Yard have not caught me for all their fine brains.
Some people may tell you that crime does not pay,
But with me it worked out just the opposite way.

