

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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A Churchy Ballad

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I went out to take a friggin' walk by the friggin' reservoir
A-wishin' for a friggin' quid to pay my friggin' score,
My head it was a-achin' and my throat was parched and dry
And so I sent a little prayer, a wingin' to the sky.

And then there came a friggin' falcon and he walked upon the waves
And I said, "A friggin' miracle! " and sang a couple staves
Of a friggin' churchy ballad I learned when I was young.
The friggin' bird took to the air, and spattered me with dung.

I fell upon my friggin' knees and bowed my friggin' head
And said three friggin' Aves for all my friggin' dead,
And then I got upon my feet and said another ten.
The friggin' bird burst into flame and spattered me again.

The burnin' bird hung in the sky just like a friggin' sun.
It seared my friggin' eyelids shut, and when the job was done.
The friggin' bird flashed cross the sky just like a shootin' star
I ran to tell the friggin' priest -- he bummed my last cigar.

I told him of the miracle, he told me of the Rose,
I showed him bird crap in my hair, the bastard held his nose.
I went to see the bishop but the friggin' bishop said,
"Go home and sleep it off, you sod --- and wash your friggin' head!"

Then I came upon a friggin' wake for a friggin' rotten swine
By the name of Jock O'Leary, and I touched his head with mine.
And old Jock sat up in his box and raised his friggin' head
His wife took out a .44, and shot the bastard dead.

Again I touched his head with mine and brought him back to life,
His smiling face rolled on the floor, this time she used a knife;
And then she fell upon her knees, and started in to pray,
"It's forty years, O Lord," she says, "I've waited for this day."

So I walked the friggin' city 'mongst the friggin' halt and lame
And every time I raised em up, they got knocked down again
'Cause the love of God comes down to man in a friggin' curious way
But when a man is marked for love, that love is here to stay.

And this I know because I've got a friggin' curious sign,
For every time I wash my head, the water turns to wine!

And I gives it free to workin' blokes to brighten up their lives
So they don't kick no dogs around, nor beat up on their wives.

Cause there ain't no use to miracles like walkin' on the sea
They crucified the Son of God, but they don't muck with me!
Cause I leave the friggin' blind alone, the dyin' and the dead
But every day at 4 o'clock, I wash my friggin' head.

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