## Delirium Tremens Christy Moore

Goodbye to the Port and Brandy, to the Vodka and the Stag, to the Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottled draught and keg. As I sat lookin up the Guinness and I could never figure out, G A D how your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of stout. I dreamt a dream the other night, I couldn t sleep a wink, the rats were tryin to count the sheep and I was off the drink. There were footsteps in the parlour and voices on the stairs, **A7** and I was climbin up the walls and movin round the chairs. I looked out from under the blanket and up at the fireplace, there was the Pope and John F. Kennedy were starin in me face. And Suddenly it dawned at me I was getting the old D.T.s, when the Child o Prague began to dance around the mantlepiece. D Goodbye to the Port and Brandy, to the Vodka and the Stag, to the Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottled draught and keg. As I sat lookin up the Guinness and I could never figure out, A D how your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of stout. D Well, I swore upon the Bible I d never touch a drop, Α7 my heart was palpitatin , I was sure twas going to stop, Thinkin I was dyin I gave my soul to God to keep, Α7 a tenner to St. Anthony to help me get some sleep.

I fell into an awful nightmare - got a dreadful shock,

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when I dreamt there was no Duty-free at the airport down in Knock.
    And Ian Paisley was sayin the rosary,
    and Mother Theresa was taking the the pill,
    and Frank Patterson was out of his head, he was singin Spancil Hill.
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to the Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottled draught and keg.
As I sat lookin up the Guinness and I could never figure out,
                                              Α7
how your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of stout.
    I dreamt I was in ecstacy in Heaven, and in agony in Hell,
    I was bored in Limbo and then I was in Purgatory as well.
    And there was original sins and venial sins,
    and mortal sins by the score,
    so I tied barbed wire around my underpants,
    and I flagellated myself on the floor.
             D
    Then I dreamt I was in the confessional box,
    and the auld Bishop said to me,
    Any impure thoughts, my child?
    Sure the f**king barbed wire was killin me!
    And then I dreamt I was in the jacuzzi with that auld hoor from No. 10,
    and then I knew I d never ever, ever drink again.
     D
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