

Delirium Tremens
Christy Moore

D **G**
Goodbye to the Port and Brandy, to the Vodka and the Stag,
A **A7** **D**
to the Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottled draught and keg.
D **G**
As I sat lookin up the Guinness and I could never figure out,
A **A7** **G** **A D**
how your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of stout.

D **G**
I dreamt a dream the other night, I couldn t sleep a wink,
A **A7**
the rats were tryin to count the sheep and I was off the drink.
D **G**
There were footsteps in the parlour and voices on the stairs,
A **A7**
and I was climbin up the walls and movin round the chairs.

D **G**
I looked out from under the blanket and up at the fireplace,
A **A7**
there was the Pope and John F. Kennedy were starin in me face.
D **G**
And Suddenly it dawned at me I was getting the old D.T.s,
A **A7**
when the Child o Prague began to dance around the mantelpiece.

D **G**
Goodbye to the Port and Brandy, to the Vodka and the Stag,
A **A7** **D**
to the Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottled draught and keg.
D **G**
As I sat lookin up the Guinness and I could never figure out,
A **A7** **G** **A D**
how your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of stout.

D **G**
Well, I swore upon the Bible I d never touch a drop,
A **A7**
my heart was palpitatin , I was sure twas going to stop,
D **G**
Thinkin I was dyin I gave my soul to God to keep,
A **A7**
a tenner to St. Anthony to help me get some sleep.

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

A when I dreamt there was no Duty-free at the airport down in Knock.

D
And Ian Paisley was sayin the rosary,

G
and Mother Theresa was taking the the pill,

A and Frank Patterson was out of his head, he was singin Spencil Hill. **A7**

D Goodbye to the Port and Brandy, to the Vodka and the Stag, **G**
A to the Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottled draught and keg. **A7** **D**

D As I sat lookin up the Guinness and I could never figure out, **G**
A how your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of stout. **A7** **G** **A** **D**

D I dreamt I was in ecstasy in Heaven, and in agony in Hell, **G**
A I was bored in Limbo and then I was in Purgatory as well. **A7**

D And there was original sins and venial sins,

G
and mortal sins by the score,

A
so I tied barbed wire around my underpants,

A7
and I flagellated myself on the floor.

D Then I dreamt I was in the confessional box,

G
and the auld Bishop said to me,

A
Any impure thoughts, my child?

A7
Sure the f**king barbed wire was killin me !

D And then I dreamt I was in the jacuzzi with that auld hoor from No. 10, **G**

A and then I knew I d never ever, ever drink again. **A7**

D Goodbye to the Port and Brandy, to the Vodka and the Stag, **G**
A to the Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottled draught and keg. **A7** **D**

D As I sat lookin up the Guinness and I could never figure out, **G**
A how your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of stout. **A7** **G** **A** **D**