

## 47 Black

### "Funky Ce?!?"

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Bridie was teachin' out in Carysfort  
I was workin' in the bank  
2 paycheques every Friday  
And a Morris Minor out the back  
But I was mad for jigs and reels  
Drinkin' dirty big pints of stout  
When the Bank of Ireland gave me the boot  
They said "Don't let the door hit your arse on the way  
out."

Fiddlee diddlee deidely dee  
I was born to play the funky ce?!?  
Over the seas and far away, off to Ameri-kay  
Fiddlee diddlee deidely dee  
Where the wild, wild women were waitin' for me  
Think of me Bridie whenever you see me there on your  
MTV  
I love you, a cushla, but how could I be  
Without me punky funky ce?!?

Bridie broke down and started to bawl  
When I told her about me divorce from the bank  
She said "I've got news of me own, a stor,  
I'm 2 months late, it's not with the rent"  
She said I'd have to be tellin' her Da  
So we drove the Morris Minor to Cork  
The ould fella said "You've got two choices,  
Castration, or a one way ticket to New York!"

So here I am up on Bainbridge Avenue  
Still in one piece but glad I'm alive  
Drinkin' dirty big glasses of porter  
Playin' me jigs and me reels and me slides  
Think of you, Bridie, whenever I'm sober  
Which isn't too often, I have to confess  
Take good care of the Morris Minor  
Bad luck to your Da  
And give the baby a great big kiss....  
From his Daddy in the Bronx

Oh Bridie, I'm still crazy about you, girl

Does the baby look like me, Bridie?  
Has he got red hair and glasses?  
Oh, Bridie, sell the Morris Minor  
Come on out to America, girl  
The pubs never close over here  
I've got a palace up on Bainbridge Avenue  
I've got the biggest bed in the world, girl,  
We can stay in it and make babies forever....

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