

Black 47**"Funky Ceili Bridie's Song"**

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Bridie was teachin' out in Carysfort
I was workin' in the bank
2 pay checks every friday
And a Morris Minor out in 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."

Fiddleeee diddleeee deidelydee
I was born to play the funky ceili
Over the seas and far away - off to Amerikay
Fiddleeee diddleeee deidelydee
Where the wild, wild women are waitin' for me
Think of me Bridie whenever you see me there
on your MTV
I love you, a cushla, but how can I be
Without me punky funky ceili

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 two months late and 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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