

Black 47

"Long Lost Tapes of Hendrix"

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One evening while out strollin' a friend
I chanced to see
He was begging behind a bottle
On Spring and Bowery

He said, "I got some news for you
Only cost a couple of bob
About a buried treasure
Back home in Ballydehob

Well, I gave him all the bucks I had
And he took me by the hand
I know you love musicians
I've got news to beat the band

For back there in me native town
In the Allied Irish Bank
The long lost tapes of Hendrix
Are hidden in the vault

You can talk about your pyramids
And your pints of Guinness stout
But the long lost tapes of Hendrix
Will leave them in the dirt

So I stole me boss's credit card
To the airport I did jog
Very soon thereafter
I arrived in Ballydehob

When I hit the Allied Irish me
Fatigue turned to desire
I beheld two hundred pounds
Of sweet Maggie McGuire

She cast her eyes upon me
"what are you doin' in me bank?"
I'm here on a secret mission, doll
Oh no, not another Yank

I hate the very sight of yez
Apart from your president

That man can stimulate me
Any way he wants

What are you doin' later?
Yera, I'm not up to much
Would you care for a pint of Guinness?
I never touch the stuff

But one pint led to two or three
Six to seven or eight
Until I was shakin' hands with meself
And that girl was feelin' no pain

She was startin' to look beautiful
Though there was three of her in sight
Six hundred pounds of lovin'
What do you have in mind?

Oh, sweet Maggie Magurie
There's one thing I'd adore

To go down to the vault of your bank
And do it on the floor

No bother, a stÃ³r
That's easily arranged
So we stole into the bank
And down the creaky stairs

Soon we were inside
The vault and dentin' the very floor
I could see the tapes of Hendrix
And they hidden behind the door

I never had such a night of love
She knew every trick in the book

Over, under, sideways
By the mornin' I was shook
When she finally keeled over
I gently moved her weight

With her snores wakin' the very dead
I headed for the tapes
Then all at once
A big white flash took me by surprise

An apparition in tie-dye
Arose before me eyes
A curly headed black man
Exploded in the light

T'was the ghost of Jimi Hendrix
And him playin' the Uilleann pipes
I woke up in the hospital
A weddin' ring on me hand

Two hundred pounds of Maggie McGuire
Smilin' to beat the band
Oh, you're so romantic
No engagement did I need

Just one mad night of blisterin' sex
Brought me to my knees
So now I live in Ballydehob
Where the rain pours down all week

I'm nearly faded away from tendin'
To Maggie McGuire's needs
The moral of this story is
Don't ever find your dreams

And keep away from Hendrix
And his goddamn bloody tapes
You can talk about your pyramids
And your pints of Guinness stout

But the long lost tapes of Hendrix
Will leave them in the dirt

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