

## **Dubaldo Marie Claire**

### **"I Knew Danny Farrell"**

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I knew Danny Farrell when his football was a can  
With his hand-me-downs and Welliers and his  
sandwiches  
Of bran  
But now that pavement peasant is a full grown bitter  
Man  
With all the trials and troubles of his travelling  
People's clan

He's a loser, a boozier, a me and you user  
A raider, a trader, a people police hater  
So lonely and only, what you'd call a gurrier  
Still now, Danny Farrell, he's a man

I knew Danny Farrell when he joined the National School  
He was lousy at the Gaelic, they'd call him amad?n - a  
Fool  
He was brilliant in the toss school by trading objects  
In the pawn  
By the time he was an adult all his charming ways had  
Gone

I knew Danny Farrell when we queued up for the dole  
And he tried to hide the loss of pride that eats away

The soul  
But mending pots and kettles is a trade lost in the  
Past  
"There's no hand-out here for tinkers" was the answer  
When he asked

He's a loser, a boozier, a me and you user  
A raider, a trader, a people police hater  
So lonely and only, what you'd call a gurrier  
Still now, Danny Farrell, he's a man

I still know Danny Farrell, saw him just there  
Yesterday  
Taking methylated spirits with some wino's on the quay  
Oh, he's forty going on eighty, with his eyes of hope  
Bereft

And he told me this for certain, there's not many of us  
Left

He's a loser, a boozier, a me and you user  
A raider, a trader, a people police hater  
So lonely and only, what you'd call a gurrier  
Still now, Danny Farrell, he's a man

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