

Dubliners

"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 amadÃn - 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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