

Julius Isidro

"Ram"

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Set 'em up, drink 'em down
And pass the cup around
It's the last we will share for quite some time
I've shaved my head, wear a dress
I've left my bonny wife
I've got Krishna riding shotgun
On the stagecoach of my life

My sweet Lord Rama Rama
Got my ticket to Nirvana
It's a commune just left of county Cork!
Share a pint with me Lord Shiva
As we read the Bhagavad Gita
I'll have Krishna riding shotgun
On the stagecoach of my life

Well, I used to be a cattle prod for Jesus
And L. Ron Hubbard took me in some, too
I was a moonie, loved Charles Manson,
But they are not as handsome,
As the godhead whose skin is shining blue

My sweet Lord Rama Rama
Got my ticket to Nirvana
It's a commune just left of county Cork!
Share a pint with me Lord Shiva
As we read the Bhagavad Gita
I'll have Krishna riding shotgun
On the stagecoach of my life

Hari, Hari, Ha, Hooray!
I chanted every day
With my virtue tucked proudly in my lap
And I pray all night to Krishna
'Cos he's a damn good listener
And he never ever ever answers back

My sweet Lord Rama Rama
Got my ticket to Nirvana
It's a commune just left of county Cork!
Share a pint with me Lord Shiva
As we read the Bhagavad Gita

I'll have Krishna riding shotgun
On the stagecoach of my life

And when Irish eyes are trying
To make the Pommies pay
We'll get Krishna and his shotgun
To join the IRA, the IRA, the IRA
Hari, Ha, Hooray!

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