

## **Christy Moore**

# **"Delerium Tremens"**

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Goodbye to the port and brandy, to the vodka and the  
Stag,  
To the Smithwicks and the Harp and the bottle, draught  
and keg.  
As I sat lookin' up at the Guinness and I could never  
figure out  
How your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14  
pints of stout.

I dreamt a dream the other night, jaysus I couldn't  
sleep a wink,  
The rats were tryin' to count the sheep and I was tryin'  
to get off the drink.  
There was footsteps in the parlour and voices on the  
stairs,  
And I was climbin' up the walls and I was movin' round  
the chairs.  
I looked out from under the blanket, and up at the  
fireplace,  
There was the Pope and John F. Kennedy and Jack  
Charlton and the three of them were starin' in me face.  
And suddenly it dawned at me, hey by God I think I'm  
getting the D.T.s,  
When the Child o' Prague began to dance around the  
mantlepiece.

I went, goodbye to the port and brandy, to the vodka  
and the Stag,  
To the Smithwicks and the Harp and the bottle, draught  
and keg.  
As I sat lookin' up at the Guinness and I could never  
figure out  
How your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14  
pints of stout.

Well I swore upon the bible that I'd never again touch a  
drop,  
I tell ya my heart was palpitatin', I was sure it was going  
to stop.  
And thinkin' I was dyin' I gave my soul to God to keep,  
And ten pounds to St. Anthony to help me find some  
sleep.

I fell into an awful nightmare, and got a dreadful  
shock.  
When I dreamt there was no duty-free in the airport  
down in Knock.  
Il dreamt an Paisley was sayin' the rosary and Mother  
Theresa was taking the pill.  
And Frank Patterson was out of his head be God and he  
was singin' Spencil Hill.

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I dreamt I was in ecstasy in Heaven and agony in Hell, I  
was bored in limbo,  
And then I was in purgatory as well.  
And there was original sins and venial sins,  
And mortal by the score.  
So I tied barbed wired around my underpants and I  
flagilated myself on the floor.  
Then I dreamt I was in the confessional box and the  
auld Bishop said to me, he said,  
"Any impure thoughts my child?" - the fuckin' barbed  
wire was killing me!  
And then I dreamt I was in the jacuzzi with that auld  
whore in number 10,  
And then I knew that I'd never ever, ever drink again.

I went, goodbye to the port and brandy, to the vodka  
and the Stag,  
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