

## Christy Moore "Grannies Dustbin Lid"

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As I was climbing into bed at my Granny's side  
I looked out the window the Brits they had arrived  
The house was surrounded they smashed in the front  
door

In  
They'd come to take away the lid of me Granny's bin

She opened up the window she clambered down the  
spout  
Soon her bin was rattling to call the neighbours out  
She took out her whistle and blew away like hell  
And soon we heard an echo as her neighbours blew as  
Well

Scream bang shout  
Rattle up a din  
Let the soldiers know me girls  
The Brits are coming in  
Rattle up your bin lid  
Beat the message out  
Get up your rhythm going  
Whistle bang shout

A soldier came up the stairs, a rifle in his hand  
She kicked him with her button boots as down the hall  
She ran  
Up came another one his medal for to win  
But all he got upon his knob was the lid of me granny's  
Bin

The music rose like thunder as the bins and whistles  
Played  
The army soon retreated they knew they'd overstayed  
It wasn't made of silver it wasn't made of tin  
But once again it saved us all, the lid of me granny's  
Bin

The English have the radio, the telly and the press  
To all sorts of fancy gadgets they've always had  
access  
From Pettigo to Bellaghy from the Bone to Castlefin  
The only way to spread the news is the lid of me

Granny's bin

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