

Christy Moore "Hard Cases"

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You're in the pub at half past ten, the money for the
Cure all spent again,
Trying to figure out who's carrying and where they'll
Be that day
Forget about the night before when you were flying for
An hour or more
And move across to the Central Bar hoping that you'll
See

Chorus:

One of them hard cases, soft faces, who grip you with
Their deadly smile,
The grip it slowly tightens and the grin gets slowly
Deeper
And beads of perspiration stand out upon your
Cadgilation
Someone takes the pressure off and calls out more
Porter

Soon enough the tap runs dry and the afternoon goes

Slowly by

The Barman looks on warily as your mates come
drifting
In
Someone says there's a session on, a tarnished bard
has
Just hit town
Move across to the Widows; see if you can rustle up the
Entrance fee from

Chorus:

A woman you know buys you your last and the evening
Goes flashing past
Bridie's screaming as your eyeing the slops behind the
Bar
The party crowd is gathering, the banjo, fiddle and
Mandolin
The cider flagon hunt is on, if you haven't got a
Tosser
Won't you bring along a dozen of...

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