

Christy Moore

"Joxer goes to Stuttgart"

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It was in the year of eighty-eight in the lovely month of
June
When the gadflies were swarmin', dogs howlin' at the
moon
With rosary beads and sandwiches for Stuttgart we
began
Joxer packed his German phrase-book and jump leads
for the van
Well, some of the lads had never been away from
home before
'Twas the first time Whacker set his foot outside of
Inchicore
Before we left for Europe we knew we'd need a plan
So we all agreed that Joxer was the man to drive the
van

In Germany the Autobahn 'twas like the long mile road
There was every kind or car and van all carryin' the full
load
Ford Transits and Hiace's and a ould Bedford from
Tralee
With engine over heatin' from long haulin' duty-free
There were fans from Ballyfermont, Ballybough and
Ballymun
On the journey of the lifetime and the crack was ninety-
one
Joxer met a German's daughter on the banks of the
river Rhine
And he told her she'd be welcome in Ballyfermont
anytime

As soon as we got to Stuttgart we put the wagons in a
ring
Sean og got out the banjo, Peter played the mandolin
There was fans there from everywhere attracted by the
sound
At the first Fleagh Ceoil in Europe, Joxer passed the
flagon round
But the session it ended when we finished all the stout
The air mattresses inflated and the sleepin' bags rolled
As one by one we fell asleep poor Joxer had a dream
He dreamt himself and Jack Charlton sat down to pick

the team

Joxer dreamt they agreed on Packy Bonner straight
away
And Morn, Whelan and McGrath were certainly to play
But tempers they began to rise, patience wearing thin
Jack wanted Cascarino, but Joxer wanted Quinn
Then the dream turned into a nightmare, Joxer stuck
the head in Jack
Who wanted to bring Johnny Giles and Eamon Dunphy
back
When the cock crew in the morning, it crew both loud
and shrill
Joxer woke up in his sleepin' bag many miles from
Arbour Hill

The next morning none of the experts gave us the
slightest chance
They said the English team would lead us on a merry
dance
With Union Jacks all them English fans for victory were
set
Until Ray Houghton got the ball and stuck it in the net
What happened next was history, brought tears to
many eyes
That day will be the highlight in many people's lives
Well Joxer climbed right over the top and the next time
he was seen
Was arm and arm with Jack Charlton, singin' revenge
for Skibbereen

Now Whacker's back in Inchicore, he's livin' with his
mam
And Jack Charlton has been proclaimed an honorary
Irish man
Do you remember the German's daughter on the banks
of the river Rhine
Well didn't he show up in Ballyfermont last week and...

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