

Christy Moore "Lisdoonvarna"

Visit "[Lisdoonvarna](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Lisdoonvarna

Lisdoonvarna is the name of a town in Co. Clare - a place famed for its festivals!

Tabs by Oliver St John & Pete Cassidy

G

How's it goin' there everybody,

D C

From Cork, New York, Dundalk, Gortahork and Glenamaddy.

D

Here we are in the County Clare

C

It's a long, long way from here to there.

D

There's the Burren and the Cliffs of Moher,

C

And the Tulla and the Kilfenora,

D

Miko Russell, Doctor Bill,

C

Willy Clancy and Noel Hill.

D

Flutes and fiddles everywhere.

C

If it's music you want,

You should go to Clare.

CHORUS

G C

Oh, Lisdoonvarna

G C

Lisdoon, Lisdoon, Lisdoon, Lisdoonvarna!

Everybody needs a break,

Climb a mountain or jump in a lake.

Some head off to exotic places,

Others go to the Galway Races.

Mattie goes to the South of France,

Jim to the dogs, Peter to the dance.

A cousin of mine goes potholing,

A cousin of hers loves Joe Dolan.

Summer comes around each year,

We go there and they come here.
Some jet off to ... Frijiliana,
But I always go to Lisdoonvarna.

CHORUS

I always leave on a Thursday night,
With me tent and me groundsheet rolled up tight.
I like to hit Lisdoon,
In around Friday afternoon.
This gives me time to get me gear together,
I don't need to worry about the weather.
Ramble in for a pint of stout,
And you'd never know who'd be hangin' about!
There's a Dutchman playing a mandolin,
And a German looking for Liam Ág O'Floinn.
And there's Adam, Bono and Garrett Fitzgerald,
Gettin' their photos taken for the Sunday World.
Finbarr, Charlie and Jim Hand,
And they drinkin' pints to bate the band.
.. Ain't it grand?

CHORUS

The multitudes, they flocked and thronged,
To hear the music and the songs.
Motorbikes and Hi-ace vans,
With bottles - barrels - flagons - cans.
Mighty craic. Loads of frolics,
Pioneers and alcoholics,
PLAC, SPUC and the FCA,
Free Nicky Kelly and the IRA.
Hairy chests and milk-white thighs,
And mickey dodgers in disguise.
Mc Graths, O'Briens, Pippins, Coxs,
Massage parlours in horse boxes.
There's amhrÁins, bodhrÁins, amadÁins,
Arab sheiks, Hindu Sikhs, Jesus freaks,
RTE are makin' tapes, takin' breaks and throwin'
shapes.
This is heaven, this is hell.
Who cares? Who can tell?
(Anyone for the last few Choc Ices, now?)

CHORUS

A 747 for Jackson Browne,
They had to build a special runway just to get him
down.
Before the Chieftains could start to play,
Seven creamy pints came out on a tray.

Shergar was ridden by Lord Lucan,
SeÃn Cannon did the backstage cookin'.
Clannad were playin' "Harry's Game",
Christy was singin' "Nancy Spain".
Mary O'Hara and Brush Shields,
Together singin' "The Four Green Fields".
Van the Man and Emmy Lou,
Moving Hearts and Planxty too!

CHORUS

Everybody needs a break,
Climb a mountain or jump in a lake.
Sean Doherty goes to the Rose of Tralee,
Oliver J. Flanagan goes swimming in the Holy Sea.
But I like the music and the open air,
So every Summer I go to Clare.
Coz Woodstock, Knock nor the Feast of Cana,
Can hold a match to Lisdoonvarna.

CHORUS

Christy Moore

Visit [Christy Moore](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.