

John Spillane

"Orca orca killer whale"

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Well I woke up this morning
And you would not believe what I saw
Three whales outside my window
Swimming in the river Lee
Orca Orca Killer Whale

You never saw such excitement
People came from far and near to see the whales
They lined up on the banks of the river
Nobody had ever heard of such a thing before
Orca Orca Killer Whale

I met an old woman in the super market
She said John you have to write a song about the
whales
Who else is going to do it?
I went ORCA ORCA Killer Whale

I met a busker on Paul Street
He said they've come with a message to the human
race
We've got to clean up the seas
I said I thought they came up after the salmon and the
mullet
Orca Orca Killer Whale

Well they swam up to the city hall
They were singing to the city fathers
In a language nobody could understand
They were singing Orca Orca Killer Whale

There was lads coming out of Charlies
At one O' clock in the morning
They were out of their heads on E's
They thought they were after taking one too many
When they saw the three whales on Union Quay
Orca Orca Killer Whale

Well they swam right up the the south channel
Where there wasn't that much water
People were getting worried

They came up as far as the School of Music
They came to hear the human children playing the
violin
Orca Orca Killer Whale

The place was full of stories
All the talk was of the whales
The salmon were jumping into the nets
Down by Blackrock Castle
To get away from the mammals
Orca Orca Killer Whale

A fella saw a duck swimming
On the pleasant waters of the Lee
Next thing a mighty jaw rises from the depths
Swallows the duck
I didn't believe that one
Till I saw on the television
What they do with the penguins
Down by the south pole
Orca Orca Killer Whale

Old fellas were saying
When I was a young fella
You could walk across the river Lee
On the backs of the mullet
That's how plentiful they were
I heard that three or four times
Orca Orca Killer Whale

The crowd from the university
Seemed fairly on the ball
They said there was one mother
One young son and an older male
Maybe an older son
They were expert at catching fish
Orca Orca Killer Whale

Well they hung around for about a week
Certainly they got plenty of fish
Plenty salmon and mullet
The Irish won't eat the mullet
We think we're too good
They say they eat the shit off the bottom
I'd say they're grand
The French love them
Also the Orca Orca Killer Whale

They went back out the harbour
Then the word came through
Mama Orca had passed away

It turns out she was old
She came up the River to die
With her two sons around her
And to have one last lash off the mullet
And to hear the children play the violin
She had nothing to lose
Orca Orca Killer Whale

The two lads headed off to the ocean
Out past Roche's Point
There was a pod outside of thirty whales
Waiting for the boys
Sorry to hear about your mother
Pod that was the word for a load of whales
You had to have the word, pod
Orca Orca Killer Whale

That was the summer of the whales
Now they're just a vague memory
The strange people of Cork
We have the memory of a goldfish
I met an old woman in the super market
She said John you have to write a song about the
whales
Only for her there'd be no song
I went ORCA ORCA KILLER WHALE
ORCA ORCA KILLER WHALE

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