

Thursday "Goodmornin' Da"

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Goodmornin' Da, oh I'm in gaol.
I don't need you to try for bail.
If I know Ma, she'll scream and wail,
so just lock me up and throw away the keys.

Well goodbye to my own Dublin dear,
and goodbye to old St. Brigid's there.
Well I wasn't born with this, but now I got it like the flu.
I'm fuckin' useless, so what's the point of impressing
you?

Goodmornin' Da, oh I'm in gaol.
I don't need you to try for bail.
If I know Ma, she'll scream and wail,
so just lock me up and throw away the keys.

Well, I'd only fifteen pints but I could not see,
when them damn skites got a hold of me.
Well, I could say it was the whiskey, oh, but that it may
not be.
Or just the prospect here of something else to do.

Goodmornin' Da, oh I'm in gaol.
I don't need you to try for bail.
If I know Ma, she'll scream and wail,
so just lock me up and throw away the keys.

Well I've always been a problem child,
and I know that I have been too wild.
I wasn't born with this, but now I got it like the flu.
I'm fuckin' useless, so what's the point of impressing
you?

Goodmornin' Da, oh I'm in gaol.
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