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## Morrison Van "Drumshanbo Hustle"

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Transcribed by ear by David Chance

Notes from David Chance:

I transcribed these lyrics from the version performed on the Irish TV show Talk About Pop October 11, 1973 (sometimes dated September 11, 1973)...different from the P. Stone lyrics, but perhaps enough to help... For the guitarists here, the generic chord progression is G-Bm-C-D7... See also the version released on The Philosopher's

See also the version released on The Philosopher's Stone

I was talkin' to the judge just before we left the countryside, paper in his hand, tryin' to find a way. Goin' by the book, Man, you oughtta make a serial. Ripped the pages out 'fore they pull the final curtain down. I remember the day iust like the Drumshanbo hustle. We couldn't hear no birds, they were makin' not a sound. They were tryin' to muscle in, an easy way to bring the money in. You were pukin' up your guts when you read the contract had been signed.

Prostitution on the run, 'ceptin what it was last night. Tryin' to drain you dry, couldn't get too much rope. Tryin' to take 'em down just to see how far it all would go. Wasn't goin' very far and she didn't let it bring you down.

Just remember the day, just like the Drumshanbo hustle. I couldn't hear no birds, they were makin' not a sound. They were drivin' motionless on the recording and the publishing. You were pukin' up your guts when you read the contract had been signed.

New York hooker style, and the tarot and astronomy. Tell you every star, didn't even get your sign. Well they were lookin' for a scam, a little paperback novel or a little magazine, but you left it all behind when you pulled the rug from underneath her feet.

Just rememberin' the day, Drumshanbo hustle. Well you couldn't hear no birds, they were makin' not a sound. They were tryin' to muscle in, an easy way to bring the money in. You were pukin' up your guts when you read the actual contract had been signed. You were pukin' up your guts when you heard the contract had you signed. You were pukin' up your guts when you heard the contract, the contract, had you signed.

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