

Morrison Van

"The Story of Them"

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(Van Morrison)

When friends were friends
And company was right
We'd drink and talk and sing
All through the night

Morning came leisurely and bright
Downtown we'd walk
And passers by, would shudder with delight
Mmmmmm! Good times

And there was this man
All the cats were there
Just dirty enough to say, We don't care
But, the management have had complaints
About some cats with long, long hair
Look, look, look
And the people'd stare
Why, you won't be allowed in
anywhere!
Barred from pubs, clubs and
dancin' halls
Made the scene at the Spanish rooms
on the falls
And man, four pints of that scrumpy was
enough to have you, outta your mind
Climbin', climbin' up the walls
Out of your mind
But it was a gas, all the same
Ummm! Good time!

Now just 'round about this time
With the help of the three J's
Started playin' at the Maritime
That's, Jerry, Jerry and Jimmy

You know they were always fine
And they helped us run the Maritime
Don't forget Kit, hittin' people on the head
An' knockin' 'em out

You know he did his best and all
Was something else, then
Ummm, Lord, good times

And people say
Who are or what are, Them?
That little one sings
And that big one plays the guitar
With a thimble on his finger
Runs it up and down the strings

The bass player don't shave much
I think they're all a little bit, touched
But the people came
And that's how we made our name
Too much it was
Umm, yeah, our good times

Wild, sweaty, crude, ugly and, and mad
And sometimes just, a little bit sad
Yeah, they sneered an' all
But up there, we just havin' a ball
It was a gas, you know
Lord, some good times

It was kinda bad for, Them
We are, Them, take it or leave it
Do you know they took it, and it kept comin'
And we worked for the people
Sweet, sweat and the misty, misty atmosphere

Gimme another drink of beer, baby
Gotta get goin' here
Because, it was a gas
We all had good times

Blues come rollin'
Down to all your avenue
Won't stop at the city hall
Just a few steps away
You can look up at, Maritime Hotel
Just a little bit sad, gotta walk away Wish it well
(Transcribed by ear; corrections requested and welcomed!)

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