

Ode to mná na hÉireann by the ghost of Matt Talbot

whine o'clock is not good ye
know mná na hÉireann yer
merry-makin a holy show
of the irish nation instead of
bakin scones and bread and
tarts ye've taken seventh place
for global drinkin mother mary achin
head must be rollin in her grave thinkin of
how ye took the pledge and look at ye now fully
fledged drunk as skunks off yer heads on fruity
reds and cheeky whites and sometimes just for fun
blue nun leisure time is measure time and mother of
the divine would ya look at the size of the glass it's
in yes i know you don't like to keep things bottled
up but ye've gone to another extreme it seems a
study was done by the university of washington
that shows yizzer doomed unless ye abstain
pour it down the drain there is no safe
level the booze is the devil are ye
listenin wimmin of ireland

i love you
i love you
too
no i
really
love
you
feckit i
might as
well talk
to my arse