

Casey - Christy Moore

Intro - C

F C G F G C

If it's drink you want and plenty of feeding and you like the bed as well

F C G F G C

Grab the wife, throw the kids in the Datsun - make for Inch and the Strand hotel

F C F G

If talk of turf - drives you crazy - And you can't face a bale of hay

C F C G F G C

Make for Foley's work the topshelf - talk puck, pints and the GAA

F C G F G C

Oh the low road goes from Killorglin all the way down to Annascaul

F C G F G C

When Eamonn Casey came to guide us - he never used his brakes at all

F C F G

A trail of sheepdogs - littered Kerry - from Killorglin to Macroom

C F C G F G

Well he might have been all soul's salvation but he also was the sheep dog's

C

doom

F C F G

Casey, Casey you're the devil - When you get behind the wheel

C F C G F G C

It was a sad day for the Kerry sheepdogs - when your Firestones they did feel

F C G F G C

From the holy dioceses of Galway - Eamonn went to London town

F C G F G C

Where the traffic cops out on their duty - they overtook - and flagged him down

F C F G

As he was tearing - after luncheon - around the city like a loon

C F C G F G C

Regardless to his rank and station they forced him to blow up their auld balloon

F C G F G C

Geographically he was in limbo - faced with justice true and true

F C G F G C

No obligations were accepted - he was rightly up the flue

F C F G

No bolt of lightning - from the heavens - could remove the boys in blue

C F C G F

Well he wished the force that had worked at Cannan - would turn his wine into

G C

water too

F C F G

Casey, Casey you're the devil - When you get behind the wheel

C F C G F G C

It was a sad day for the Kerry sheepdogs - when your Firestones they did feel

F C G F G C

When the poor old Pope he came to Ireland - way back in that holy time

F C G F G C

Eamonn Casey and Michael Cleary - served the mass and poured the wine

F C F G

Two jockey boys ... stood right for Ireland - while preaching us morality

C F C G F G C

Sure God loved them their only human - Annie Murphy might not agree

F C F G

Casey, Casey you're the devil - When you get behind the wheel

C F C G F G C

It was a sad day for the Kerry sheepdogs - when your Firestones they did feel