

# The Knock Song

Christy Moore

At the early age of thirty-eight me mother said "Go west!"  
"Get up", says she, "and get a job", says I, "I'll do my best"  
I pulled on me Wellingtons to march to Kiltimagh  
But I took a wrong turn in Charlestown and ended up in Knock

Oh once this quiet crossroads was a place of gentle prayer  
Where Catholics got indulgent once or twice a year  
You could buy a pair of rosary beads or get your candles blessed  
If you had a guilty conscience you could get it off your chest

Then came the priest from Partry, Father Horan was his name  
And since he's been appointed Knock has never been the same  
"B'God" says Jem, "'tis eighty years since Mary was about"  
'Tis time for another miracle." and he blew the candle out

From Fatima to Bethlehem, from Lourdes to Kiltimagh  
There's never been a miracle like the airport up in Knock

To establish terra firma he drew up a ten year plan  
And started running dances around 1961  
He built a fantabulous church, Go h-álainn, on the holy ground  
And once he had a focal point he started to expand

Chip shops and Bed and Breakfasts sprung up over night  
Once a place for quiet retreats now a holy sight  
All sorts of fancy restaurants for every race and creed  
Where black and white and yellow pilgrims all could get a feed

The stalls once under canvas became religious supermarts  
With such a range o' godly goods, they had top twenty charts  
While the airport opposition was destroyed by James' trump card  
For centenary celebrations he got John Paul the twenty-third

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'We had the Blessed virgin here,' Bold Jamesie did declare  
'And Pope John Paul the twenty-third appeared just over there'  
'Now do you mean to tell me', he said in total shock  
'That I am not entitled to an airport here in Knock'

TD's were lobbied and harassed with talk of promised votes  
And people who'd been loyal for years now spoke of changing coats  
Eternal damnation was threatened on the flock  
Who said it was abortive building airports up in Knock

Now everyone is happy the miracle is complete  
Father Horan's got his runway, it's eighteen thousand feet  
All sorts of planes could land there, of that there's little doubt  
Handy for the George Bush to keep knock Gadaffi out

Did NATO donate, me boys, did NATO donate the dough?  
Did NATO donate, me Girls, did NATO donate the dough?  
Did NATO donate the dough, the dough, did NATO donate the dough?  
Eighteen thousand feet of runway is an awful long way to go