

Trip to Jerusalem

Christy Moore

I'm a stranger here from Ireland's shore; I've been on the road
six months or more
Hikin', workin', travel in style; I'm a vagabond from Erin's Is
le
My sunburned thumb stuck up in the air, many's the lift from he
re to there
Cars, buses, vans and trains, in the punishing heat, the snow a
nd the rain

Whack fol the diddle fol the diro day
Whack fol the diddle fol the daro
Mrs. Dolan, your son he isn't workin'

I came from Dublin to Jerusalem town, had a drink or two on the
journey down
At a railway station called Gare du Nord, I missed my train thr
ough garglin' hard
Three days later in Napoli, on a Turkish boat I sailed the sea
Slept in a hot hole down below, travelin' tourist class, you kn
ow

When the Promised Land came into sight, the customs man gave me
a fright
"How much money have you got with you, Joe?" I bluffed and said
, "Fifty pounds or so"
He said, "Shalom," I said, "Good day." Grabbed me guitar, got f
ast away
Down to the dessert then I went, digging up history and livin'
in a tent

It was in the Gulf of Aqaba, I met some Paddies and we had a fl
eadh
Danced through streets of Eilat Town, sang Sean South of Garryo
wen
I was travelin', I don't know, you pack your gear, get up and g
o
Leave the crack for another bout, could damn well do with a pin
t of stout