

Whacker Humphries

Christy Moore

One day as I was walking past the bridge in Dolphin's
Barn
By the old canal I saw some children round a car
In the back they were shooting up smack
I had a bird's eye view
When I called for help
Told me there's nothing we can do.
Both sides of the river clearly to be seen
Down along O'Connell Street and up to Stephen's Green
Heroin sold openly there was no need to hide
The drug squad were outnumbered
It seemed like their hands were tied.
John Whacker Humphries is a family man
Him and his wife, they give their children everything
they can
Faced with the scourge of heroin, they'd not accept
defeat
They joined concerned parents
To put the dealers off the street.
They called on dealers houses and ordered them to quit
Time and time again they warned, we've had enough of it
Dirty needles in our doorways
Junkies hanging all about
Keep on dealing heroin and you're going to be moved
out.
From St. Theresa's gardens to the flats in Ballymun
Concerned parents action had the dealers on the run
They swore they'd stand together until the drugs were
stopped
And I will never understand why they got their knuckles
rapped.
They were rounded up and charged
With crimes against the state
Brought before the Green Street court to decide their
fate
Denied a trial by jury and there was no bail
The concerned parents were taken off to jail.
Sitting in the gallery among family, friends and wives
I strained to hear who told the truth and who was
telling lies
Dealers, junkies and police on the prosecution side
I swear to God that's what I saw before my very eyes.
Whacker Humphries took the dealers on
And he fought them tooth and nail
A squad of well armed soldiers brought him to the
portlaoise jail
He tried to protect his children, found guilty of a
crime
One man gets a pension, another man gets time.
This morning I went walking out by Dolphin's Barn
I heard a small bird whisper; mind you don't come to
any harm.