

# Plastic Paddy

Eric Bogle

"Plastic Paddy"

-Eric Bogle  
Hup! dee diddle-ee diddle-ee diddle-ee diddle-ee diddle-ee diddle-ee dah  
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Hup! dee diddle-ee diddle-ee diddle-ee diddle-ee diddle-ee dah  
He's just a Plastic Paddy, singin'  
Plastic Paddy songs  
in a Plastic Paddy pub that they call The Blarny Stone  
There's plastic shamrocks everywhere, there's Guinness and green beer  
And a sign in gaelic above the bar which says "God Bless All Here"  
His guitar sounds like a wardrobe, and it's out of tune at that  
His singin' voice it ranges from a sharp to a flat  
He's just desecrated "The Holy Ground", ripped apart "Black Velvet Band"  
Sang some nights drunk and now he's sunk "The Irish Rover" with all hands  
Cause he's just a Plastic Paddy, singin' Plastic Paddy songs  
in a Plastic Paddy pub that they call The Blarny Stone  
The publican's a proddy Scot by the name of McIntyre  
Who does not allow collections for the men behind the wire  
He's done awful things to "Molly Malone" and "The Farrows of Tralee"  
He's murdered "Carach Fergus" and poor old "Mother Machree"  
He's just thrashed his way through "Galway Bay" and "The Wild Irish Rose"  
and if he starts singing "Danny Boy", I'm gonna punch him in the nose!  
He's just a Plastic Paddy, singin' Plastic Paddy songs  
in a Plastic Paddy pub that they call The Blarny Stone  
There's Aer Lingus posters everywhere showing pretty Irish scenes  
all peaceful and idyllic, and very bloody green!  
"When Irish Eyes are Smiling" and "The Mountains of Mourne"  
In a central Celtic chich, the man has left no stone unturned  
'Til he embarks upon the harp that once through terraced halls  
Accompanying himself on the Bodhrn, which takes a lot of courage  
Cause he's just a Plastic Paddy, singin' Plastic Paddy songs  
in a Plastic Paddy pub that they call The Blarny Stone  
Now he's just sung in his mother tongue, "The Ancient Irish Curse"  
and cleared the pub completely by the forty-second verse!  
Cause he's just a Plastic Paddy, singin' Plastic Paddy songs  
He's started singin' "Danny Boy", so it's time that I was gone  
and just one thought comes to my mind, as I stagger through the door  
Where are you when we need you, Christy Moore?  
Where are you when we need you, Christy Moore?\*\*\*\*\*

Note: Christy Moore is a popular folk singer in the UK and Europe, but probably not well known in the US.

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