

# Uncle Jim

## Black 47

My Uncle Jim was a hell of a man  
He lived in the Philippine Islands  
Came back home in â€™67  
To convert us local savages

He was very popular in Wexford town  
Though not with the priests or the clergy  
For he could say the mass in ten minutes flat  
We called him Father Speedy Gonzalez.

He didnâ€™t say boo in confession  
He wasnâ€™t the least judgmental  
If you didnâ€™t kill your ma or your da  
He could be exceedingly gentle

A terrible man for drinkinâ€™ shorts  
He loved to bet on the horses  
I can still see him there with the fag in his mouth  
Studyinâ€™ form at the races

Hey Uncle Jim I miss you still  
Though we fought like divils sometimes  
About sex and guns and rock & roll  
And all the bad things on me mind

One day he got a notion from hell  
I thought he was havinâ€™ me on  
â€™The Rev. Ian Paisley,â€™ he said  
â€™Reminds me of St. Paul.  
That man must learn to change his ways  
He needs a helpinâ€™ hand  
And a first class dose of the Holy Ghost  
Iâ€™m sure heâ€™ll understand.â€™

Se we set out for Belfast town  
The priest and a slip of a boy  
We were just a mile from Portadown  
When the Specials pulled us over

â€™Where are you goinâ€™ with your Roman collar

And your bottle of holy water?â€•  
â€œWeâ€™re off to convert the Rev. Ian.â€•  
They nearly fell down with the laughter

Hey Uncle Jim I miss you still  
Though we fought like devils sometimes  
About sex and guns and rock & roll  
And all the bad things on me mind

With guns and jeers they threatened us  
But they were wastinâ€™ their time  
For Jim had faced down Chairman Mao  
Back in 1949

They inquired about our relationship  
And the sexual drives of the Pope  
I wanted to cry at the sight of their guns  
For I had given up hope

Me Uncle stared at the Orangemen  
He didnâ€™t give a damn  
If they strung him up in Portadown  
He was that kind of a man

I swore to God in heaven  
I wouldnâ€™t let him down  
And cry in front of them fascists  
That turned me life around

Hey Uncle Jim I miss you still  
Though we fought like devils sometimes  
About sex and guns and rock & roll  
And all the bad things on me mind

We never got to see the Rev. Ian  
And things went from bad to worse  
But I wonder if itâ€™d all have turned out the same  
If Jim and he had a smoke

And talked about racehorses  
And the epistles of St. Paul  
Over a bottle of Bushmills  
They could have settled it all.

Hey Uncle Jim I miss you still  
Though we fought like devils sometimes

About sex and guns and rock & roll  
And all the bad things on me mind.

Â© Starry Plough Music (BMI)

---

Lyrics submitted by Larry.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>