

Drumshanbo Hustle

Van Morrison

Lord, have mercy, feel so good
I think I'm gonna work I was talking to the judge, just before we left the countryside
Piece of paper in his hand, tryin' to find the way
Tryin' to rip it out, well, now I've got it all around
Tore the pages up before they brought the curtain down I remember the day, the Drumshanbo Hustle
When you couldn't hear a bird
It was making not a sound They were trying to muscle in
An easy way to bring the money in
You were puking up your guts
When you looked at the standard contract, you just signed Prostitution on the run, 'cepting when it was soliciting
Tryin' to drain 'em all dry, got hung up by the rope
Magazines and books, clearly undefinable
Wiped the clean slate and pulled the rug from underneath her feet I remember the day, the Drumshanbo Hustle
When you couldn't hear no birds
'Cos they were making not a sound They were tryin' to muscle in
The recording and the publishing
You were puking up your guts
When you read the candid contract you just signed, alright New York hooker by the neck
Reads your Tarot cards and astronomy
Hey, I want to get your stars but don't know your sign It was taking time to get the message through to it
But will a hand down shake you one?
And a letter five "T" to rhyme, no sign [Incomprehensible] I remember the day, the Drumshanbo Hustle
Couldn't hear a bird, Lord, you couldn't hear no sound
They were trying to muscle in
On the gigs and the recording and the publishing You were puking up your guts
When you read the standard contract you just signed
You were puking up your guts
When you read the standard contract that you signed Oh, you were puking up your guts
When you read the standard contract you just signed

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