

Joxer Goes to Stuttgart

Christy Moore

It was in the year of '88 in the lovely month of June
When the gadflies were swarming and dogs howling at the moon
With rosary beads and sandwiches for Stuttgart we began
Joxer packed his German phrasebook and jumpleads for the van.

Some of the lads had never been away from home before
'Twas the first time Whacker put his foot outside of Inchicore
Before we left for Europe we knew we'd need a plan
So we all agreed that Joxer was the man to drive the van.

In Germany the autobahn, 'twas like the Long Mile Road
There was every make of car and van all carrying the full load
Ford Transits and Hiaces and an old Bedford from Tralee
With the engine overheating from longhauling duty free.

There was fans from Ballygermot, Ballybough and Ballymun
On the journey of a lifetime, and the crack was ninety-one
Joxer met a German's daughter on the banks of the river Rhine
And he told her she'd be welcome in Ballyfermot any time.

As soon as we found Stuttgart we got the wagons in a ring
Sean Og got out the banjo and Peter played the mandolin
There was fans there from everywhere attracted by the sound
At the first Fleadh Ceoil in Europe, and Joxer passed the flagon round.

But the session it ended when we'd finished all the stout
The air mattresses inflated and the sleeping bags rolled out
As one by one we fell asleep Joxer had a dream
He dreamt himself and Jack Charlton sat down to pick the team.

Joxer dreamt they both agreed on Packie Bonner straightaway
And that Moran, Whelan and McGrath were certainly to play
But tempers they began to rise and patience wearing thin
Jack wanted Cascarino but Joxer wanted Quinn.

The dream turned into a nightmare, Joxer stuck the head on Jack
Who wanted to bring Johnny Giles and Eamon Dunphy back
The cock crew in the morning, it crew both loud and shrill
Joxer woke up in his sleeping bag many miles from Arbour Hill.

The next morning none of the experts gave us the slightest chance
They said the English team would lead us on a merry dance
With their Union Jacks all them English fans for victory they were set
Until Ray Houghton got the ball and he stuck it in the net.

What happened next is history, brought tears to many eyes
That day will be the highlight of many people's lives
Joxer climbed right over the top and the last time he was seen
Was arm in arm with Jack Charlton singing, Revenge for Skibereen.

Now Whacker's back in Inchicore, he's living with his mam
And Jack Charlton has been proclaimed an honorary Irishman
Do you remember that German's daughter on the banks of the river Rhine
Well, didn't she show up in Ballyfermot last week and...

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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