

Uncle Jim

Neal Hefti & His Orchestra

My Uncle Jim was a hell of a man
He lived in the Philippine Islands
Came back home in '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 didn't say boo in confession
He wasn't the least judgmental
If you didn't kill your ma or your da
He could be exceedingly gentle

A terrible man for drinkin' shorts
He loved to bet on the horses
I can still see him there with the fag in his mouth
Studyin' form at the races

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

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

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

"Where are you goin' with your Roman collar

And your bottle of holy water?•
We're off to convert the Rev. Ian.•
They nearly fell down with the laughter

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

With guns and jeers they threatened us
But they were wastin' 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 didn'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 wouldn'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 divils 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 it'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 divils sometimes

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

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Lyrics submitted by Larry.

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