

# Knock

## Christy Moore

At the early age of thirty-eight Me mother said 'Go West!'  
'Get up, ' says she. 'and get a job'. Says I, 'I'll do my best'  
I pulled on me Wellingtons to march to Kiltimagh  
But I took a wrong turn in Charlestown and ended up in Knock  
Oh once this quiet crossroads was a place of  
gentle prayer  
Where Catholics got indulgent once or twice a year.  
You could buy a pair of rosary beads or get your candles blessed  
If you had a guilty conscience you could get it off your chest.  
Then came the priest from Partry father Horan was  
his name  
And since he's been appointed Knock has never been the same.  
'Begod,' says Jem, 'tis eighty years since Mary was adout.'  
'Tis time for another miracle.' and he blew the candle out.  
From Fatima to Bethlehem, from Lourdes to  
Kiltimagh,  
There's never been a miracle like the airport up in Knock  
To establish terra firma he draw up a ten year plan  
And started running dances around 1961.  
He built a fantabulous church, Go h-Á;lainn, on the holy ground  
And once he had a focal point he started to expand  
Chip shops and Bed and Breakfasts sprung up over night.  
Once a place for quiet retreats now a holy sight.  
All sorts of fancy restaurants for every race and creed  
Where black and white and yellow pilgrims all could get a feed  
The stalls once under canvas became religious  
supermarts  
With such a range o' godly goods, they had top twenty charts.  
While the airport opposition was destroyed by James' trump card.  
For centenary celebrations he got John Paul the twenty-third  
'We had the Blessed virgin here,' Bold Jamesie did  
declare,  
'And Pope John Paul the twenty-third appeared just over there.'  
'Now do you mean to tell me', he said in total shock,  
'That I am not entitled to an airport here in Knock.'  
TD's were lobbied and harassed with talk of promised votes  
And people who'd been loyal for years now spoke of changing coats.  
Eternal damnation was threatened on the flock  
Who said it was abortive building airports up in Knock  
Now everyone is happy the miracle is complete.  
Father Horan's got his runway, it's eighteen thousand feet  
All sorts of planes could land there, of that there's little doubt,  
Handy for the George Bush to keep knock Gadaffi out.  
Did NATO donate, me boys, did NATO donate the  
dough?  
Did NATO donate, me Girls, did NATO donate the dough?  
Did NATO donate the dough, the dough, did NATO donate the dough?

Eighteen thousand feet of runway is an awful long way to go.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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