Champion at Drivin' 'em Crazy

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(Ian Robb)
Melody: Limerick Rake

I am a bold Irishman, Murphy's me name.
I'm known as a piper and fiddler of fame.
Tin whistlin's me forte, on the flute I'm the same
At the squeeze-box there's none can me equal.
I whistle for breakfast, and pipe for me tea
I play me ould flute twenty-five hours a day.
And I can't understand why so many folk say
I'm champion at drivin' 'em crazy.

Well, I once had a sweetheart, so fair and divine
She said that she loved me, I thought she was mine.
She'd the shape of a fiddle and her hair was so fine
For bowstrings you'd sure find no better.
She told me forever her love would endure;
She asked me to kiss her, me answer was, " Sure.
And why not? It's good practice for my embouchure!"
I'm champion at drivin' 'em crazy.

Well, this lass was persistent and her efforts soon led
To a room in a pub with a big double bed
And she said," Do you know it is time we were wed? "
I said, " Is that a reel or a hornpipe? "
Well I took off my clothes and down on the bed sat
Says she, " Won't your whistle go longer than that?"
I said, "What takes your fancy, is it F or B-flat? "
I'm champion at drivin' 'em crazy.

Well, a little while after, she says to me, "Pat,
I think that your whistlin' is making me fat."
And, a few months being over, she up and begat
A wee fellow, the image of me.
Well, at three weeks of age he could lilt a few tunes;
At a month he was batterin' on bodhran and bones.
And now he's the master of chanter and drones
He'll be champion at drivin' 'em crazy.

Well me wife she soon left us, and all in due course
For "musical cruelty" she got her divorce,
And despite all our vows of "for better or worse,"

I'm left all alone with the baby.
Well, he's Ireland's best piper by quite a long chalk;
His fiddling's unequaled from Sligo to Cork,
And, as soon as he learns how to walk and to talk
He'll be champion at drivin' 'em crazy.

Recorded by Robb- Hang the Piper

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