

INTRO! G D Em C
28 7 18 (2)

Em (18)

FUNKY CEILI

Bridie was teachin' out in Carysfort
I was workin' in the bank
2 pay checks every Friday
And a Morris Minor out the back
But I was mad for jigs and reels
And drinkin' dirty big pints of stout
When the Bank of Ireland gave me the boot
They said "Don't let the door hit your arse on the way out."

Em

Fiddleeee diddleeee deidelydee

I was born to play the funky ceili

G (28) D (7) Em C (2)
Over the seas and far away - off to America

Fiddleeee diddleeee deidelydee

Em ARE C
Where the wild, wild women were waitin' for me

G Em C
Think of me Bridie whenever you see me there on your MTV

G D
I love you, a cushla, but how could I be

Em C G
Without me punky funky ceili

Bridie broke down and started to bawl
When I told her about me divorce from the bank
She said I've got news of me own, a stor,
I'm 2 months late and it's not with the rent
She said I'd have to be tellin' her Da
So we drove the Morris Minor to Cork
The ould fella said "you've got two choices,
Castration or a one way ticket to New York!"

on Bainbridge Avenue

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Oh Bridie, I'm still crazy about you girl

Does the baby look like me, Bridie,

Has he got red hair and glasses

Oh, Bridie, sell the Mounis M: you

Come on out to America, girl

The pubs never close ov-er here

I got a palace up on Bainbridge Ave.

I've got the biggest bed in the world, girl

Oh we can stay in it and make babies for ever

Oh Bridie Oh Bridie