

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Transit Van

The Transit Van

Seemed so sincere when she says to me
There'd be no unemployment if
You'd all use a bit of initiative
I was on the dole I was broke and bored
Says I I'll take her at her word
Got a lone from the credit union man
And I bought myself a Transit Van

The next step up the ladder now
I bought myself an old fat sow
I crossed over the border quite legally
And collected the common market subsidy
Signed all the forms handed back the pen
Then smuggled me pig back home again
Ten times a day we'd work this plan
Myself the sow and the Transit Van

Of travel sickness the old sow died
So I thought it was time I diversified
I took all the money from the biscuit tin
Filled the van to the roof with whiskey and gin
Around the South my wares I'd sell
In public houses and hotels
There was never a guard nor a customs man
Got his nose inside that Transit Van

At festivals and Fleadhs and fairs
If the craic was good you would find me there
At all big matches in Croke Park
And I've danced with Springsteen in the Dark
I fought with tinkers in Ballinasloe
I've danced in the streets around Listowel
Mothers had their daughters warned
Stay well away from that Transit Van

But it being Lent and the drink trade slow
I took to carrying videos
While on the road to Ballybay
Found a customs roadblock in me way
To face the border I got her turned
The engine roared and the tyres burned
There were five patrol cars fully manned

In hot pursuit of the Transit Van

Through Clontbruit I did run
As quick as Peter Robinson
Going round the corner I hit a dog
Went over the hedge into Galla bog
Well I sat on the bank and watched all I owned
Sinking in the bog hole like a stone
She was lying on her roof and the wheels still turning
And the stereo was playing ""Farewell to Erin""

So now I'm back where I first began
No job no money but I have a plan
There's a wee girl down in Tullysarn
She could hold my future in her hand
Now she doesn't look like a film star
But she's been telling me about her Da!
He owns no property or land
But he has two sows and a Transit Van

The Queen of England drives a Rolls Royce car
Her son Charlie drives a Jag-u-ar
But when the Pope came to I-re-land
He drove around in a Transit Van.

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