

# Long Lost Dog of It

Black Flag

Chanced to see  
He was begging behind a bottle  
On Spring and Bowery

He said, "I got some news for you  
Only cost a couple of bob  
About a buried treasure  
Back home in Ballydehob

Well, I gave him all the bucks I had  
And he took me by the hand  
I know you love musicians  
I've got news to beat the band

For back there in me native town  
In the Allied Irish Bank  
The long lost tapes of Hendrix  
Are hidden in the vault

You can talk about your pyramids  
And your pints of Guinness stout  
But the long lost tapes of Hendrix  
Will leave them in the dirt

So I stole me boss's credit card  
To the airport I did jog  
Very soon thereafter  
I arrived in Ballydehob

When I hit the Allied Irish me  
Fatigue turned to desire  
I beheld two hundred pounds  
Of sweet Maggie McGuire

She cast her eyes upon me  
"what are you doin' in me bank?"  
I'm here on a secret mission, doll  
Oh no, not another Yank

I hate the very sight of yez  
Apart from your president  
That man can stimulate me  
Any way he wants

What are you doin' later?  
Yera, I'm not up to much  
Would you care for a pint of Guinness?  
I never touch the stuff

But one pint led to two or three  
Six to seven or eight  
Until I was shakin' hands with meself  
And that girl was feelin' no pain

She was startin' to look beautiful  
Though there was three of her in sight  
Six hundred pounds of lovin'

What do you have in mind?

Oh, sweet Maggie Magurie  
There's one thing I'd adore  
To go down to the vault of your bank  
And do it on the floor

No bother, a stÃ³r  
That's easily arranged  
So we stole into the bank  
And down the creaky stairs

Soon we were inside  
The vault and dentin' the very floor  
I could see the tapes of Hendrix  
And they hidden behind the door

I never had such a night of love  
She knew every trick in the book

Over, under, sideways  
By the mornin' I was shook  
When she finally keeled over  
I gently moved her weight

With her snores wakin' the very dead  
I headed for the tapes  
Then all at once  
A big white flash took me by surprise

An apparition in tie-dye  
Arose before me eyes  
A curly headed black man  
Exploded in the light

T'was the ghost of Jimi Hendrix  
And him playin' the Uilleann pipes  
I woke up in the hospital  
A weddin' ring on me hand

Two hundred pounds of Maggie McGuire  
Smilin' to beat the band  
Oh, you're so romantic  
No engagement did I need

Just one mad night of blisterin' sex  
Brought me to my knees  
So now I live in Ballydehob  
Where the rain pours down all week

I'm nearly faded away from tendin'  
To Maggie McGuire's needs  
The moral of this story is  
Don't ever find your dreams

And keep away from Hendrix  
And his goddamn bloody tapes  
You can talk about your pyramids  
And your pints of Guinness stout

But the long lost tapes of Hendrix  
Will leave them in the dirt

I chanced to see  
He was begging behind a bottle