

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Hey, Ronnie Reagan

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(Words John Maguire, music Karl Byrne and Tony Walsh)

I remember the show twenty-one years ago,
When John Kennedy paid us a visit.
Now the world's rearranged--not improved, only changed--
But our heart's in the same place--or is it?

CHO: Hey, Ronnie Reagan, I'm black and I'm pagan.

I'm gay and I'm left and I'm free.

I'm a non-fundamentalist environmentalist.

Please don't bother me.

You're so cool, playing poker with death as the joker.
You've nerve, but you don't reassure us.
With those paranoid vistas of mad Sandinistas
Are you really defending Honduras?

You'll be wearing the green down at Balltporeen,
The town of the little potato.
Put your arms around Garret and dangle your carrot,
But you'll never get me to join NATO.

Do you share my impression the world's in recession,
There's rather too much unemployment?
Still with Pershing and Cruise we'll have nothing to lose
But millions in missile deployment.

We can dig shelter holes when we've bartered our souls
For security, then we can shovel,
While the myth of our dreams turns to nightmares, it seems,
From the White House straight back to the hovel.

Since the Irish dimension has won your attention,
I ask myself, just what's your game?
Do your eyes share the tears of our last fifteen years,
Or is that just a vote-catcher's gleam?

Your dollars may beckon, but I think we should reckon
The cost of accepting your gold.
If we join your alliance, what price our defiance?
What's left if our freedom is sold?