

## ***The BALLAD of PADDY McFLAHERTY***

You may talk about computers, with your bits and bytes and such  
And to the average person, well, it's all a little much -  
But here in Falmouth some years back was a wond'rous sight to see:  
An animatronic leprechaun named Paddy McFlaherty!

If your TV set was broken, and you'd nowhere else to go  
You might have come to watch this thing go through its little show  
His little tie, his little vest, his emerald cap and scarf  
The blasted thing so Oirish that it made you want to barf

His smile was almost permanent, he sang like Dennis Day  
'Twas all those foreign microchips that made him act that way  
And if his big blue eyes got crossed, or his roguish smile was gone  
Replacement heads could be ordered from a factory in Taiwan

Now the set-up deep in Paddy's guts was really quite unique  
For his lungs were made in Turkey, while his pancreas was Greek  
But he had real Irish fasteners in his little arms and legs  
For his screws were made in Dublin and his nuts in Killybegs

Now I'll tell you of an incident - one evening warm and damp  
Our robot had some visitors from a nearby hostile camp  
And hearing "MacNamara's Band" and the endless ho-ho-ho  
The decision soon was taken that poor Paddy had to go

And an Irish lad who volunteered to act as re-programmer  
Went out to get his instruments - a chisel and a hammer  
But waiting till the pub was closed, in the shadows he did lurk  
And at 3 a.m. out came the tools and soon began the work

Now I'm really no technician - I can't tell you what was done -  
But next night we paid the cover charge to sit and watch the fun  
On stage the curtain opened, and we saw the robot smile  
"Be brave, me boys," our hero says, "It will take a little while..."

"But our Paddy's really Irish now" - and a smile played round his lips -  
" 'Cause I poured a bottle of vinegar all over Paddy's chips  
And to make him a musician like the ones of bone and flesh  
I stuck my chisel in his ear to make sure his gears don't mesh!"

So Paddy's out on stage now as the clock is striking ten  
- If his owners but suspected he'd ne'er be the same again!  
The crowd's applauding heartily as he takes his little bow  
But wait a bit - that's not "Danny Boy" that the robot's singing now!

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He turns his back to the audience and hums a sprightly tune  
Then yanking down his wee green pants, he shows his metal moon  
Then inspired by that movie about young Wolfgang Mozart  
From deep in Paddy's circuitry comes a long and juicy fart

The manager flips the off-switch but surprise! - it doesn't work  
Disconnected by our hero to let Paddy go berserk  
And as for the evil console that controls the foul machine  
Our hero's done a hacking job that's changed the whole routine!

Paddy's pants go up; he turns and grins; the audience is in shock  
He's giving them the finger, and it's not the sign of Spock  
And mumbling obscenities, Paddy calls out for a jar:  
"It better be stout, not fookin oil - I'm not a fookin car!!"

There's a girl onstage to pull his plug - she's a sweet and comely kind  
So newly programmed Paddy naturally pinches her behind  
As as the girl runs screaming, and the horrified owners watch  
Their pride and joy lets out a belch and starts to scratch his crotch

Well, the next half hour's history, and concluding Paddy's tale  
A platoon of Falmouth's finest came to bring him down to jail  
And as they carried Paddy kicking, screaming for more booze  
He began to vomit microchips then blew his master fuse

He was booked for public drunkenness and behavior most lewd  
That model of deportment turned disgusting, loud and rude  
His career of course was finished, and now somewhere gathering dust  
Lies the hated little leprechaun with his innards all gone bust

Now I thank you for your patience as you've listened to my tale  
It seems like only yesterday and the memory's not gone stale  
Here's a toast to Falmouth's Century Pub and those who chanced to see  
That horrid "Oirish" animatron named Paddy McFlaherty!

-Bill Black (original 198?, update 2012)