

The Spoons Murder

Con O' Drisceoil

In the tavern one night we were sitting
I'm sure 'twas the last week of March;
From our drinks we were cautiously sipping
To ensure that our throats didn't parch.
We played music both lively and dacent
To bolster our spirits and hopes,
While we gazed at the females adjacent
And remarked on their curves and their slopes.

Till this gent wandered into our session
And decided to join in the tunes;
Without waiting to ask our permission
He took out a large pair of soup spoons.
Our teeth in short time we were gritting
As he shook and he rattled his toys:
And the company's eardrums were splitting
With his ugly mechanical noise.

Hopping spoons off our heads to provoke us
He continued the music to kill:
Whether hornpipes, slow airs or polkas,
They all sounded like pneumatic drills.
Then he asked could we play any faster
As his talent he wished to display,
With a grin on the face of the bastard
Like the cat as she teases her prey.

Our feelings by now were quite bloody
And politely we asked him to quit.
We suggested a part of his body
Where those spoons would conveniently fit.
This monster we pestered and hounded
We implored him with curses and tears
But in vain our appeals they resounded
In the desert between his two ears.

When I went out the back on a mission,
He arrived as I finished my leak:
He says "This is a mighty fine session,
I think I'll come here every week."
When I heard this, with rage I was leppin'
And no more of this torture I'd take.
I looked round for a suitable weapon
To silence this damned rattlesnake.

Outside towards the yard I did sally
To find something to vanquish my foe,
I grabbed hold of a gentleman's Raleigh
With fifteen-speed gear and dynamo.
Then I battered this musical vandal,
As I shouted with furious cries
"My dear man, your last spoon you have handled;
Say your prayers and await your demise!"

With the bike I assailed my tormentor
As I swung in a frenzy of hate,
Till his bones and his skull were in splinters
And his health in a very poor state.
And when I was no longer able,
I forestalled any last minute hitch
By removing the gear-changing cable
And strangling the sonofabitch.

At the end of the onslaught ferocious
I stood back and surveyed the scene:
The state of the place was atrocious,
Full of fragments of man and machine.
At the spoon player's remains I was staring;
His condition was surely no joke;
For his nose was clogged up with ball-bearings,
And his left eye was pierced by a spoke.

At the sight I was feeling quite squeamish,
So I washed up and went back inside;
Then I drank a half-gallon of beamish,
For my throat in the struggle had died.
Unpolluted by cutlery's clatter,
The music was pleasant and sweet,
For the rest of the night nothing mattered
But the tunes and the tapping of feet.

At the inquest the following September,
The coroner said: “ I must conclude
The deceased by himself was dismembered,
As no sign has been found of a feud.
For the evidence shows that the fact is,
As reported to me by the guards,
He indulged in the foolhardy practice
Of trick cycling in public house yards.

So if you're desperately keen on percussion
And to join in the tunes you can't wait,
Be you Irishman, German or Russian,
Take a lesson from his awful fate.
If your spoons are the best silver plated,
Or the humblest of cheap stainless steel,
When you play them abroad you'll be hated,
So just use them for eating your meals.