



John and Peg Finucane's Band

(With apologies from Jim Holleran to the tune of McNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is John Finucane, I'm the leader of this clan
I landed in the R-O-C; kicked out of Ireland
I chased down Peggy Walpole, though her father wasn't sure
But when I sought her hand at Mass, they all thought I was pure

*Oh, no drums go bang, no cymbals clang, we just want a buffet
And we can't sing a note on key; we've got Dad's DNA
And Mary and Marney, they start our tune, though Sean and Jim are bad
And Annaliese she leads the crew with "Thank You Mom and Dad."*

Our parents said that Mass and church did matter uppermost
Like driving hours and hours to search for Ireland's Catholic ghost
And dodging horses, bulls and cows in Tarbert's dew and damp
But the worst was in Ohio at the Catholic Family Camp

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The deal was done one summer day, twas 50 years ago
It seemed they might have only one, but Peg told John reload!
Quit polishing your halo and put down your rosary
And now the John Finucane clan looks like a small army

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