Bastards

The Real McKenzies

And if you want to find 'em, you kin find 'em in the pub Early in the morning into the dead of night They're closin' down the bar and screamin' about our rights All my friends are bastards, each and every one And if you want to find 'em, you kin find 'em in the pub There's the MacKannogh Fulkinator hangin' by the loo Waitin' for that special someone, will he go askew? For a whisky and a cigarette and a place to spend the night And doin' all them kinky things we know that just ain't nice And when I go, I wanno go to whisky heaven I said I know I've got a really thirsty soul Hell I dunno maybe we'll all end up in whisky heaven Yeah just sittin' around and drinkin' watchin' rivers of whisky flow We enjoy the feaky people flying about the space Punk roch hair the devil may care And pierced throughout the face We're much worse than all of that If the truth be known We'll drink te you, you'll drink to us We'll drink te you and yours