

Oot & Aboot

The Real McKenzies

sometimes being inside just gives me the creeps
so i jump in my boots & get right oot on the streets
with the weirdos & the bars & the noise of the city
kickin' oot the jams with the licks of the skinny
getting up & oot to where they don't make cents
where they ceilidh & the fling
with their kilts on & everything
they sweat & it condenses on the stone cold walls
runnin' all down the make a swamp on the floor
[Chorus:]
that what ye git when you get oot
getting your ass off of the couch
take a look it leaves no doubt
no good to sit&pout
so go on get oot&aboot
although they can try they just can't keep me in
down there in hades with the vice and the sin
practise wreckless abandon in the room starts to spin
you know it won't be long before they
throw us all outta here