## **Going Out in Style**

## **Dropkick Murphys**

I've seen a lot of sights and traveled many miles Shook a thousand hands and seen my share of smiles I've caused some great concern and told one too many lies And now I see the world through these sad, old, jaded eyes

So what if I threw a party and all my friends were there? Acquaintances, relatives, the girls who never cared You'll have a host of rowdy hooligans in a big line out the door Side by side with Sister Barbara, Chief Wells and Bobby 'Orr I'd invite the Flannigans Replace the window you smashed out I'd apologize the Sluggo for pissing on his couch I'll see Mrs. McAuliffe and so many others soon Then I'll say I'm sorry for what I did sleepwalking in her room

So what if I threw a party and invited Mayor Menino? He'd tell you to get a permit Well this time Tom I don't think so It's a neighborhood reunion But now we'd get along Van Morrison would be there and he'd sing me one last song With a backup band of bass players to keep us up all night Three handsome four string troubadours And Newton's own Fat Mike I'll be in the can having a smoke with Garv and Johnny Fitz But there's a back up in the bathroom Cause the Badger's got the shits

Chorus: You may bury me with an enemy in Mount Calvary You can stack me on a pyre and soak me down with whiskey

Roast me to a blackened crisp and throw me in a pile I could really give a shit - I'm going out in style You can take my urn to Fenway spread my ashes all about Or you can bring me down to Wolly Beach And dump the sucker out Burn me to a rotten crisp and toast me for a while I could really give a shit - I'm going out in style

Make me up dress me up Feed me a big old shot Of embalming fluid highballs So I don't start to rot Now take me to McGreevy's I wanna buy one final round That cheap prick would peel an orange in his pocket Then hurry up and suck 'em down

If there's a god the girls you loved Will all come walking through the door Maybe they'll feeld bad for me and this stiff will finally score You've got the bed already And the nerve and courage too Cause I've be slugging from A stash of Desi Queally's 1980s Bathtub brew Repeat Chorus--

Spread my ashes all about Dump the sucker out Toast me for a while I'm going out in style