

Nary Do Gooder

The Real McKenzies

This is your weekend but this is my life
You call it drinking, it's how I survive
You call it uisce, I call it blood
You call it good times, I nary do good

Off in the deep end six nights a week
Motel Monday, catch up on sleep
Wake Tuesday, back on the job
Shaking my ass for you lazy slobs

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My eyes black circles, drunk at work
Fuck off punter, asshole jerk
I kilt it up and give it my all
You shout in my ear, busting my balls

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My days are numbered, my breath is short
You call me out I can barely retort
You call me out, I'm sucking dust
I need a cure for this wanderlust
(Throw him under the bus)

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I nary do good
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