

Billy Mckinley

The Rumjacks

I've rambled down from Glasgow town
My labour for to sell
Some gaudy bits and baubles and my dignity as well
Aw, straight and level, I'll square the devil
His right and daily due
A-stumblin' out the door a-singin', 'I'll paddle me own canoe'

Oh, pickle your head and pish the bed
And be up in the morning early
Well, how would you do if I were you
And you were Billy McKinley

My father tried to book his ticket the day we got the blitz
A-steamin' up and down the street a-wavin' all his fists
But the Luftie never got the chance to do the fucker in
Before my poor old suffering mother came and dropped one on his
chin

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Oh, I'd go around the Catholic clubs a-sellin' a game o' chance
I'd toss the penny until she sings and make the dice to dance
But so's I wouldnae do my dash and get flung into Hell
I'd nip around the orange lodge and take their money as well
Oh, you might've heard about me in the pubs or on the news
A lie can travel the world before the truth has found its shoes

I'm an illuminatin', fornicatin', race relatin', Nazi hatin' ex
aggeratin', tired o' waitin'
On top o' the pile McKinley!

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