

Kathleen

The Rumjacks

When he fell to his knee she thought
He must've spied a penny at his feet
And the water in his eye was just the rain
Over the Glasgow city street
She rifles through her coat
To find a cigarette
A' to give her shakin' hands something to do
'For Chrissakes Jimmy
How longs it take to tie yer shoe?'

Kathleen, won't you take this ring?
It's not the worst that's ever happened
Or the cheapest piece o' shit you've ever seen
O Kathleen, while me hairs all me own
And I still have a song left to sing

I've had enough o' sleepin' rough
I want a warm safe place of all me own
We can stack a pile o' bricks out in the sticks
And build ourselves a home
And down all the years you'll pretend not to notice
I've been swappin' all yer whisky for tea
When I go singin' in the chapel
You'll go sittin' three rows from me

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Or the cheapest piece o' shit you've ever seen
O Kathleen, while me hairs all me own
And I still have a song left to sing

With that fire in yer belly
You can help me keep the wolves from the door
We can go to bed hungry
So the children don't know that we're poor
We'll teach 'em love tackles hate
And be they sinner or a saint
We can hold 'em up as heroes all the same
May they be strangers to the devil
And a choir o' angels sing their name

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O Kathleen, while me hairs all me own
And I still have a song left to sing

When he fell to his knee she thought
He must've had a crisis of the soul
And the sorrow in his eye was just him
Lookin' for a steady hand to hold
'Through the laughter and the tears
We grew silver with the years
While so many gave each other up for dead'
Though at times they hardly spoke y'know
They stayed together, it's just what people did

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