

McLaughlin's Rant

The Rumjacks

Well I've come here for the gargle, not tae cop a blast,
Ye great thick headit ape, I'll stick yer chin right out
yer arse,
Come lookin' for your pound o' flesh, but I've got
nothin' left,
Cause Christian Brothers & Brides o' Christ've flogged me
half to death.
Suck on this ye Succubus, your star'll never rise,
Ye've the smell o' death about your breath & bullet holes
for eyes,
I wish that I were sober, the day I made you mine,
Oh pull the piggin door behind ye, thank you for your
time,
Bastards! A shower o' pricks, the likes ye've never
known,
Rake em, break em, Devil may take em, down to Hell below.
Oh as I set out on my way all naked and alone,
Guard my back, guide me forth & bring me safely home,
Geez half a life, a decent wife, my share o' love &
trust,
And when I'm gone, the long & restful slumber of the
just.
They'll ride ye to the gates o' Hell, drive ye to the
brew,
'til every penny's splashin' off the wall against your
shoe,
Ye'll get yer feed o' spurs & a few choice feckin' words,
Then its back to picks & shovels, cause that's all
they'll let ye do.