

No Pockets in a Shroud

The Rumjacks

I'd bet you heads or tails if
I could find a coin to toss,
Tho they say the coin that can't be found's the coin that cant
be lost,
If you'd spare a coin old stranger for a pint o liquid gold,
I'll regale you with the greatest story never told.

Youll catch us in the 5am parade o' the living dead,
Long before the sun has taken up it's post above yer head,
All ordinary heroes, sweatin' is our trade,
He type that never get to see the money that we've made.

Chorus:

No pockets in a shroud we sing, no pockets in a shroud,
Leave yer old regrets behind, no pockets in a shroud,
Yer riches and yer trappin's oh, I fear they're not allowed,
Ye cannae take 'em with ye theres no pockets in a shroud!

Ive the perfect medicine to help restore yer sight,
Kick off yer heels & corporate deals m'darlin we're alright,
And loosen that white collar man & come pull up a seat,
Among the dirty, filthy, stinkin richest folk you'd ever meet,

Chorus;

My teacher Bobby Mitchell, used to flog me through the years,
How I swore I'd take that leather strap & wrap it 'round his ea
rs,
'Til I saw him walkin' with a cane, it chilled me to the bone,
He got the drinks & then methinks I got him safely home.