

Sober & Godless

The Rumjacks

I'd sing for you a song if i could carry a tune,
Or even put two words together for a start,
But I'm all at odds y'see, half the bloke I used to be,
A tin man without his famous heart.

I once sported language that could strip the walls o' paint
And draw colour to the cheeks o' toughened crooks,
I'd argue with the scholars 'til their words caught in their collars
And they scurried home to burn their precious books.

Until I ran into a shadow & chased her down the alley
where she had her way with me against a wall,
Laid me with a curse that left me sober & godless,
Saved my life and took away my soul.

I'd bend a ball around defenders, outrun the money lenders,
And played pool like I were fightin bloody war,
And if they fancied me at darts a trail o' broken hearts
Coulda led to me through any boozier door,

One hand would carry tiles, lay concrete pipe for miles,
While the other one was back fillin the trench,
I could dead-lift a barrel, flog the arse aff 'Bumper Farrell'
All before this evil stole away my strength.

I'd struggle; Oh I'm sure if I only had a conscience,
'round Hogmanay or March seventeen,
Surely it's a sin to be sober & godless
When half the bloody world is wearin' green.

I'd sing a song of old, draw tears from a statue,
And I wasnae one to spare the beast the rod,
Tho' I still feared the mystic powers of smoke & strong whisky
To lay me low before an angry God.

I'm like a ship without an anchor, no tenderness nor rancor,
doomed never to see heaven nor a hell,
A ragged empty coat blowin' round these mortal streets
until I find a way to lift this spell.
No Love, no hate, no substance, no weight,
A jilted lover in an arsehole of a state!