

Siobhan

The Tossers

I'll take the bucket to the well, Siobhan, oh Siobhan.
For to boil your breakfast and to keep the cottage warm.
And for the blend your whiskey, so you can drink it here at home,
Oh please don't stay out all night long, for every pub to roam.

Siobhan is on the whiskey, Siobhan is on the gin,
Siobhan is drinking Red Bull and Vodka and won't be home again.
I stay up late here every night, although it is no sin,
Siobhan is on the whiskey and she won't be home again.

Beautiful in go-go boots, she waltzes to the bar.
And the boys they all surround her coming from the near and far
.
Although I am not allowed inside, I must stay in the car.
Oh please be still my beating heart, she shimmers like a star.
And in the din and dimmest light, she holds her court, you see.
I wish for just one moment she would have a drink with me.
In the pub she is the center, like a life-affirming sun,
and she is happy and she's warming, cause Siobhan is having fun
.