

The Crutch

The Tossers

Like a Princess stuck in a factory
There's nothin' here no for me
Like a warted toad on a highway road
The road seems never ending
That's what appeals, whenever I feel
Restless, solitary, anxiety
Just give me that road, when the world
Turns cold, and a nice hot glass of whiskey
Well, it's blank above my thoughts and
It's blank below my words
Get me drunk and then I'm yours
So give me two pints o' stout, two pints o' stout
One so I don't think no more, and one to face
What I've in store
Two pints o' stout, two pints o' stout
Well, my dear you have no money, so you can turn
And walk right out
Have you ever thought we might have sought in all
Our years together, to part now while there's
Still a smile and face the lonely weather
Well, what's the worth of this wretched
Earth, but traveling to new places
Does the one you like seem a chord to strike
Does appealing describe his faces
No, I'm not content, not with myself
Not my body or my mind
It's freezing on O'Connell Street and I'm
Talking to a hooker
Well, she might be a cop, but either way I
Ain't no better
So it's rounds on me, one chance you see,
Because I have the money
When there's no more booze
Then I'll go home and deal with my own thinking
Like a dream that tortures me
Each night is the peace
I've known with you

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