

Roustabout

The South Carolina Broadcasters

I say, my honey, he looks so funny
Wearing a uniform, attached with chain and bone
I said, hello dear, was there a sort of fear
Reflected on his face, my wild boy's in disgrace, he's just

[Chorus]

A rowling, reckless, restless roustabout - rou-rou-roustabout
He walked the lore and now he can't get out - rou-rou-roustabout
I've seen my honey, he's not so funny
A uniform of white, a caroussel at night

Who brings the glory, and tells the story
They'll just think they're smart, stay out of evil art
See he's

[Chorus]

Stop the pace, playboy

[Chorus: x 4]

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