The Ramblin' Rover

Andy M. Stewart

Oh, there're sober men in plenty,
And drunkards barely twenty,
There are men of over ninety
That have never yet kissed a girl.
But gie me a ramblin' rover,
And fae Orkney down to Dover.
We will roam the country over
And together we'll face the world.There's many that feign enjoyment
From merciless employment,
Their ambition was this deployment
From the minute they left the school.
And they save and scrape and ponder
While the rest go out and squander,
See the world and rove and wander
And are happier as a rule.I've roamed through all the nations
Ta'en delight in all creation,
And I've tried a wee sensation
Where the company, did prove kind.
And when partin' was no pleasure,
I've drunk another measure
To the good friends that were treasure
For they always are in our minds.If you're bent wi' arth-i-ritis,
Your bowels have got colitis,
You've gallopin' with bollockitis
And you're thinkin' it's time you died,
If you been a man of action,
Though you're lying there in traction,
You will get some satisfaction
Thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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