Out on the Road

The Tossers

"Out on the road, it's dark and it's cold,"
Said my mother as she passed by.
"You'll never stick it long enough.
You're a fool to even try.
You've gone off with a band of men, all addicts, skites, and bums.
So you think you will enjoy your life in the tenancy and the slums."Tur ra la, tu ra la, tu ra la, li.
Out on the road is where your Uncle died.
Tur ra la, tu ra la, tu ra la, li.
I have no time for you on the road."Playing music ain't no way to live.
It's hungry, cold, and slack.
And if you walk out that door my Son,
Well, you won't be coming back."But it's down the pub, all my friends are there.
And there's no place that I'd rather be.
So, you think this life will engulf me?
Well I'll tell you we'll just wait and see.So I kissed my tearful Father at the door and I left him there.
With five bottles of Bushmill's and two on my chair.
We set out for the county Clare.And it's Ceili's jigs and booze in Killrush.
Dooneed can be quite a thrill,
And I won't come back 'till I've made my name,
Until I have had my fill.

Songwriters
BRODERICK, ANTHONY DAVID / DUGGINS, AARON LEE / DUGGINS, ANTHONY J / HANSEN, CLAYTON ALLEN / MANTHE, REBECCA BROOKE / PAWULA, MICHAEL / SHAW, PATRICK DANIELPublished by
Lyrics Â© Another Victory Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/