

Different Drummer

Black 47

Born on a black Monday, me mother screamin' curses

Me old lad in the pub losin' money on the horses

Me granny kicked in the door said, "Get a job, you bastard"

And I come rollin' into the world, a walkin' talkin' disasterWith a toot on the flute and a twiddle on the fiddle,
oh

Music in me soul and a beat on me boom box

So up, down, turn around and crash into the wall

Dancin' to the beat of me own different drummer, ohAt the age of 16 years I was apprenticed to a grocer
But they never knew me name, all they wanted was, 'Yes And No Sir'

So I bought a cheap guitar, I learnt to write me poetry

And me, and rock and roll set off to see the countryOh, we played in pubs and dance halls, we even played in
brothels

I learned all about the good life through the ass end of a bottle

I learned about love from many's the fine lady

But I was always searchin' for me one true darlin', babyWith a toot on the flute and a twiddle on the fiddle, oh
Music in me soul and a beat on me boom box

So up, down, turn around and crash into the wall

Dancin' to the beat of me own different drummer, ohOh, I searched from coast to coast, from Florida to Canada
With me heart upon me sleeve screamin' out, "Hi, where are ya?"

'Til I went home with a six foot girl from the south side of Chicago

But it turned out she was a man, oh, can you imagine the disaster?But the sweetest girl of all was from the state
of California

Oh, she took me home to bed, kept me rockin' 'til the mornin'

Then the door came crashin' in, in the midst of me shenanigans

And her husband beat me up so bad, I'll never get it up againWith a toot on the flute and a twiddle on the fiddle,
oh

Music in me soul and a beat on me boom box, oh

So up, down, turn around and crash into the wall

Dancin' to the beat of me own different drummer, ohOh I'm goin' back to Brooklyn with me tail between me
legs, oh

I'm givin' up this rock and roll, 'tis far too dangerous work, oh

Stay at your steady jobs, me boys, get married and have babies

And keep the hell away from them California ladiesWith a toot on the flute and a twiddle on the fiddle, oh
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