

A Criminal of Me

The Tossers

Y'all's my greats, great
My great, great granddad was a king
A monarch stout and noble
He surveyed this land so green
And he said, "She's fair and humble" As far as the eye can see
From Carrantuohill to Giant's Causeway
Was ours until they went
And made a criminal of me Many a Celtic head had rolled
And rolled upon the hillside
And they bathed their horses hooves
In Hibernian blood and their hide In exile, they did flee
Set up a church and home there
'Til the landlord and the bailiff
Made it criminality Oh, and on the road they came to run
Run until the runnin's done
Far away from fettered chain
The land was ours to barter We succumb from sweat and strain
And look they're right behind again
If they catch me boys
I know they'll make a criminal of me A criminal of me, a criminal of me
A wandering forever, hungering eternally
A criminal of me, a criminal of me
Run, run, before they make a criminal of me Across the sea they sailed
To a land both bright and noble
For they'd watched their neighbors starve
And the bloodline as it fumbled As they reached the safer side
Old Papa said to Jimmy
To try and live a life
So they'd not make a criminal of he "Go be alert", said Da
Do not perish for the gentry"
Tho' poor but proud was he
Whenever they called discretely Well, he'd smash their faces in
And in jail he died poorly
But he said
"Don't let them try and make a criminal of ye" On the road they came to run
Run until the runnin's done
Far away from fettered chain
The land was ours to barter We succumb from sweat and strain
And look they're right behind again

If they catch me, boys
I know they'll make a criminal of me
A criminal of me, a criminal of me
A wandering forever, hungering eternally
A criminal of me, a criminal of me
Run, run, before they make a criminal of me
Oh a criminal of me, a criminal of me
A wandering forever, hungering eternally
Oh a criminal of me, oh a criminal of me
Run, run, before they make a criminal of me
Oh, now my boss he steps so gay
So gaily up the street
While I dull the pain in pubs
Still can't afford to eat
He is dashing, he is fancy
And he'll never want you see
Even as the factory shuts
His shoes reflect the criminal in me
Violent and drunk now in the street
With nothing to sustain me
I'm gonna die here in this hole
The kids I can't take care of with me
But it must be taught to let the blame
And hatred out of their heads
For anger and danger make you
Just another pathetic, drunken, violent paddy dead
On the road they came to run
Run until the runnin's done
Far away from fettered chain
The land was ours to barter
We succumb from sweat and strain
And look they're right behind again
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