

# 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 meA 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 meOh 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 meOh, now my boss he steps so gay  
So gaily up the street  
While I dull the pain in pubs  
Still can't afford to eatHe is dashing, he is fancy  
And he'll never want you see  
Even as the factory shuts  
His shoes reflect the criminal in meViolent 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 meBut 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 deadOn the road they came to run  
Run until the runnin's done  
Far away from fettered chain  
The land was ours to barterWe succumb from sweat and strain  
And look they're right behind again  
If they catch me boys  
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A wandering forever, hungering eternally  
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