

Out On the Road

The Tossers

"Oh well, out on the road, it's dark and it's cold"
Said my mother as she passed by
Well, you'll never stick it long enough
You're a fool to even try Well, you've gone off with a band of men
All addicts, skit's, 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 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 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 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 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 I have no time for you on the road
I have no time for you on the road

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>