

# Going Out In Style

## Dropkick Murphys

I've seen a lot of sights and traveled many miles  
Shook a thousand hands and seen my share of smiles  
I've caused some great concern and told one too many lies  
And now I see the world through these sad, old, jaded eyes  
So what if I threw a party and all my friends were  
there?

Acquaintances, relatives, the girls who never cared  
You'll have a host of rowdy hooligans in a big line out the door  
Side by side with Sister Barbara, Chief Wells and Bobby 'Orr  
I'd invite the Flannigans  
Replace the window you smashed out  
I'd apologize the Sluggo for pissing on his couch  
I'll see Mrs. McAuliffe and so many others soon  
Then I'll say I'm sorry for what I did sleepwalking in her room  
So what if I threw a party and invited Mayor  
Menino?

He'd tell you to get a permit  
Well this time Tom I don't think so  
It's a neighborhood reunion  
But now we'd get along  
Van Morrison would be there and he'd sing me one last song  
With a backup band of bass players to keep us up all night  
Three handsome four string troubadours  
And Newton's own Fat Mike  
I'll be in the can having a smoke with Garv and Johnny Fitz  
But there's a back up in the bathroom  
Cause the Badger's got the shits  
Chorus:  
You may bury me with an enemy in Mount Calvary  
You can stack me on a pyre and soak me down with whiskey  
Roast me to a blackened crisp and throw me in a pile  
I could really give a shit - I'm going out in style  
You can take my urn to Fenway spread my ashes all about  
Or you can bring me down to Wolly Beach  
And dump the sucker out  
Burn me to a rotten crisp and toast me for a while  
I could really give a shit - I'm going out in style  
Make me up dress me up  
Feed me a big old shot  
Of embalming fluid highballs  
So I don't start to rot  
Now take me to McGreevy's  
I wanna buy one final round

That cheap prick would peel an orange in his pocket  
Then hurry up and suck 'em downIf there's a god the girls you loved  
Will all come walking through the door  
Maybe they'll feel bad for me and this stiff will finally score  
You've got the bed already  
And the nerve and courage too  
Cause I've be slugging from  
A stash of Desi Queally's 1980s  
Bathtub brewRepeat Chorus--Spread my ashes all about  
Dump the sucker out  
Toast me for a while  
I'm going out in style

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