

A Fistful O' Roses

The Rumjacks

Oh I've loved you from afar, I've borne you like a scar,
Sung your name across the bloody Colfiorito,
But a poison took your heart, you charmless little tart,
Now you've nary a jot o' bother at all for me-o,
This old town has gone to bits, all the folk are off their tits,
Screamin', "Hoo-rah! Hurry the fuck t'blazes!"
A right parade o' fools come to stomp all o'er yer jewels,
Like a fistful o' half dead roses. And we're here again, ho again, let the whisky flow again,
Let the taps blow again, sound away the knell,
Like a fistful o' roses, we'll take 'em to the grave,
Every last tale there is to tell. Oh, this boozer is a wreck, all up & down the deck,
Like a tired old sinner off her game,
Wi' her blood red lips, and her youth about her hips,
Still the regulars all love her just the same,
Where the mud-spat boots cut their way among the suits,
And the Sally's come to rattle the can for Jesus,
'Til they chain up all the doors & toss out all the whores,
Wi' a fistful o' half dead roses. May all the Autumn leaves turn to Twenties at yer feet,
And the high & mighty come to know your thunder,
We could set the world ablaze, but these are early days,
And there's still a hell of a road for us tae wander,
And there's one here among us'll outlive the rest,
Take a tippie to his foibles & his praises,
'Til they strike him off the roll & chuck him doon a hole,
Wi' a fistful o' half dead roses.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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