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 down
If there's a god the girls you loved
Will all come walking through the door
Maybe they'll feeld 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 brew
Repeat 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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