

# Different Drummer

## BLACK 47

Born on a black Monday, me mother screamin' curses  
Me old lad in the pub losin' money on the horses  
Me granny kicked in the door said, "Get a job, you bastard"  
And I come rollin' into the world, a walkin' talkin' disaster  
With a toot on the flute and a twiddle on the fiddle,  
oh  
Music in me soul and a beat on me boom box  
So up, down, turn around and crash into the wall  
Dancin' to the beat of me own different drummer, oh  
At the age of 16 years I was apprenticed to a grocer  
But they never knew me name, all they wanted was, 'Yes And No Sir'  
So I bought a cheap guitar, I learnt to write me poetry  
And me, and rock and roll set off to see the country  
Oh, we played in pubs and dance halls, we even played in  
brothels  
I learned all about the good life through the ass end of a bottle  
I learned about love from many's the fine lady  
But I was always searchin' for me one true darlin', baby  
With a toot on the flute and a twiddle on the fiddle, oh  
Music in me soul and a beat on me boom box  
So up, down, turn around and crash into the wall  
Dancin' to the beat of me own different drummer, oh  
Oh, I searched from coast to coast, from Florida to Canada  
With me heart upon me sleeve screamin' out, "Hi, where are ya?"  
'Til I went home with a six foot girl from the south side of Chicago  
But it turned out she was a man, oh, can you imagine the disaster?  
But the sweetest girl of all was from the state  
of California  
Oh, she took me home to bed, kept me rockin' 'til the mornin'  
Then the door came crashin' in, in the midst of me shenanigans  
And her husband beat me up so bad, I'll never get it up again  
With a toot on the flute and a twiddle on the fiddle,  
oh  
Music in me soul and a beat on me boom box, oh  
So up, down, turn around and crash into the wall  
Dancin' to the beat of me own different drummer, oh  
Oh I'm goin' back to Brooklyn with me tail between me  
legs, oh  
I'm givin' up this rock and roll, 'tis far too dangerous work, oh  
Stay at your steady jobs, me boys, get married and have babies  
And keep the hell away from them California ladies  
With a toot on the flute and a twiddle on the fiddle, oh  
Music in me soul and a beat on me boom box  
So up, down, turn around and crash into the wall  
Dancin' to the beat of me own different drummer, oh  
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