

## **Black 47**

### **"Different Drummer"**

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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

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