

The Tossers "Never Enough"

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Well I consented to throw a ball
And out they all were turning,
All the wise ones, one and all,
All the men and women of learning.
All of learning the lazy ways,
Of rag men and their brothers.
Slothful artistic fools,
Who were tossed out by their mothers

[Chorus:]

And there is never enough beer,
To put upon the table.
There is never enough wine,
To keep this party stable.

There is never enough booze
To change this lonely weather.
There is never enough beer
To keep anyone together.

All south of Earl and Meath,
Down by the liberties section
Where mad man cough and bawl,
And suffer all class of infection.
To entertain my dear old friends,
Every whore and thief and tinker.
Who are loyal to the end,
For they're loyal to a drink, sir.

[Chorus]

There's just never enough booze,
To keep the fires burning,
There's just never enough beer,
To keep the torment from returning.

I toss and turn through every night,
Spent in agony and frustration,
For I was born a wanderer,
Oh a tireless occupation.
From town to town I go,
All dreaming of a homeland,

That I will never see,
For I never liked my first one.

[Chorus]

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