

## **The Tossers**

# **"Out On The Road"**

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"Oh well, out on the road, it's dark and it's cold"  
Said my mother as she passed by  
Well, you'll never stick it long enough  
You're a fool to even try

Well, you've gone off with a band of men  
All addicts, skit's, and bums  
So you think you will enjoy your life  
In the tenancy and the slums

Tur ra la, tu ra la, tu ra la, li  
Out on the road is where your Uncle died  
Tur ra la, tu ra la, tu ra la, li  
I have no time for you on the road

Playing music ain't no way to live  
It's hungry, cold, and slack  
And if you walk out that door my son  
Well, you won't be coming back

But it's down the pub, all my friends are there  
And there's no place that I'd rather be  
So, you think this life will engulf me?  
Well, I'll tell you we'll just wait and see

Tur ra la, tu ra la, tu ra la, li  
Out on the road is where your Uncle died  
Tur ra la, tu ra la, tu ra la, li  
I have no time for you on the road

So I kissed my tearful Father  
At the door and I left him there  
With five bottles of Bushmill's  
And two on my chair  
We set out for the county Clare

And it's Ceili's jigs and booze in Killrush  
Dooned can be quite a thrill  
And I won't come back 'till I've made my name  
Until I have had my fill

Tur ra la, tu ra la, tu ra la, li

Out on the road is where your Uncle died  
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