

Poor Ol Jimmy Biscuit

Paddy and the Rats

Poor ol' Jimmy Biscuit
Was baptized by a pixie
Who drank a lotta whiskey
In the pub where he way born
Poor ol' Jimmy Biscuit
Way married with miss Whiskey
He does never risk it
Then in the end he died alone
Same ol' story that I tell
About a guy who shaked the hell
A drunken town where he was raised
On marshmallow and fairytales
A waitress' son, mom sailed away
A boozy daddy couldn't pay bills and food
In happy mood he had no other way
When he was a sucklin' boy
Bobtails rockes his cradle on
Then a good job after school
Provoked the girls in swimming pool
He has never work on fame
But his shine won't fade away
Rock the nation, new sensation
Drink the life away
Need no education
He spends his money just on alcohol
Lost boy of the nation
Waisted time on football, rock 'n roll
Misfit generation
Living fast but always run to fall
His predestination is
ANARCHY!!!