

Bastards

The Real McKenzies

And if you want to find 'em, you kin find 'em in the pub
Early in the morning into the dead of night
They're closin' down the bar and screamin' about our rights
All my friends are bastards, each and every one
And if you want to find 'em, you kin find 'em in the pub
There's the MacKannogh Fulkinator hangin' by the loo
Waitin' for that special someone, will he go askew?
For a whisky and a cigarette and a place to spend the night
And doin' all them kinky things we know that just ain't nice
And when I go, I wanno go to whisky heaven
I said I know I've got a really thirsty soul
Hell I dunno maybe we'll all end up in whisky heaven
Yeah just sittin' around and drinkin' watchin' rivers of whisky
flow
We enjoy the feaky people flying about the space
Punk roch hair the devil may care
And pierced throughout the face
We're much worse than all of that
If the truth be known
We'll drink te you, you'll drink to us
We'll drink te you and yours