

# 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