

Blows & Unkind Words

The Rumjacks

Oh now come fellow traveller, bend an ear t'ward me,
Come cease all yer rabble & row,
All yer shrill empty laughter is slicin' right through me,
And there's feck all so funny no never, no how.
Ye'd as well tell the Devil his work is complete,
We'll sing 'share the love' but we can't share the streets,
It's the kick in the arse it's the kiss on the cheek,
It's the blows & unkind words.

My conscience rings like a siller bell & I can waltz like a dervish my dear,
Two boots full o' gravel through your blazin' hell
With a shit-smeared grin from ear to ear.
Some hearts are like lightning in a bottle, and others like a moth in a can,
Some hearts are a Dead Sea apple, a poison to God & man,
I'm the sweetest bag o' rats that you've ever seen,
I look like trouble & I walk like a king,
It's my thing, why bawl when I can sing
Of all the blows & unkind words?

You get around gob draggin' on the ground like lifes gone pissin' in yer min
ce,
Were you bullied as a child? Abandoned to the wild?
And been blamin' every fucker ever since?
We're all born blind but we're born with a spine,
So get up & stop hatin' all the world,
Keep callin' out to me 'cos its growin' hard to see
Through all the blows & unkind words.

Oh get back to yer corners ye filthy wee savages,
No terror hast though for the brave,
Wi' yer four letter words all at three second intervals,
Two clicks away from a frosty old grave,
If ye're spoilin' tae rumble then piss off to war,
And for all o' yer trouble get hee-feckin'-haw,
For we're staunch, fit & proud and we'll suffer no more,
O' yer blows & unkind words.

Let the putrid little shites while away their lonely nights,
Sayin' all they wouldn't dare by light of day,
And if the church or the state can't find a cure for all the hate,
Then I can't find the need to vote or even pray.
Ding dang Daisy go ahead & call me crazy,
But this shootin' match could all be over soon,
And the big fat dame with the foreign sounding name,
Is backstage firin' up a tune.

Oh you've a penny, I've a pound, let's get drunk & fuck around,
We'll barricade the door against the world,
A kiss o' life before you leave, 'cos its growin' hard to breathe,
Through all the blows & unkind words.

You've a penny, I've a pound, let's get drunk & fuck around,
We'll barricade the door against the world,
I can't take another night watchin' grown men fight,
To music made for teenage girls.