

## McLaughlin's Rant

### The Rumjacks

Well I've come here for the gargle, not tae cop a blast,  
Ye great thick headit ape, I'll stick yer chin right out  
yer arse,  
Come lookin' for your pound o' flesh, but I've got  
nothin' left,  
Cause Christian Brothers & Brides o' Christ've flogged me  
half to death.  
Suck on this ye Succubus, your star'll never rise,  
Ye've the smell o' death about your breath & bullet holes  
for eyes,  
I wish that I were sober, the day I made you mine,  
Oh pull the piggin door behind ye, thank you for your  
time,  
Bastards! A shower o' pricks, the likes ye've never  
known,  
Rake em, break em, Devil may take em, down to Hell below.  
Oh as I set out on my way all naked and alone,  
Guard my back, guide me forth & bring me safely home,  
Geez half a life, a decent wife, my share o' love &  
trust,  
And when I'm gone, the long & restful slumber of the  
just.  
They'll ride ye to the gates o' Hell, drive ye to the  
brew,  
'til every penny's splashin' off the wall against your  
shoe,  
Ye'll get yer feed o' spurs & a few choice feckin' words,  
Then its back to picks & shovels, cause that's all  
they'll let ye do.