

# One Summers Day

## The Rumjacks

They married in the civic hall, avoiding all the rigmarole,  
A prick of a man we liked to call 'Cock-a-doodled-Andy',  
Drank a pint o' 'truth-be-told', called the bride a filthy moll,  
There the party lost control & rioted 'til Sunday.

Toward the quay they went, spewed all o'er the pavement,  
Torched the halls o' Parliament & smashed up all the stores,  
The crusty invalids, the men, the women, the rusty lids,  
All played a game o' busty-heads & settled up old scores.

Our Fathers never taught us nowt can fall into a fist,  
Our mothers never told us there'd be DAYS LIKE THIS!  
Now we're screamin' at the coppers with a belly full o' piss,  
What a helluva way to celebrate yer day.

chorus;

Oh I love you so, I hope I get to let you know before they lock  
my silly arse away,  
Oh I love you so, don't forget to write me tho' & I'll return t  
o you one summers day.

"No bottles! No blades allowed" shouted Father Hugh MacLeod,  
Who kissed his beads, blessed the crowd & rolled upboth his sle  
eves,  
Soon I found me on the toes o' Blackie Anderson,

Who promised he would put me on me arse before he leaves.

He gouged an eye, he took an ear to match the one he took the y  
ear,  
I took away his Mary dear & made her all me own,  
The right, the left, the hook, he played the fox, I played the  
chook,  
And I carved him like a turkey to the bone,

Sticks, stones, broken bones, bleedin' hearts & broken homes,  
All screamin' for the preacher wi' his holy wine & wafer,  
Still the pipes o' war howled away & way before the dust had eve  
n settled,  
We were in the mornin' paper.

By the Merc'n'tile the mob were near collapse,  
When Casey barred the door & kicked the head off all the taps,  
And we pissed away the pain of all the punches and the slaps,  
'til the wallopers came to sweep us off the bay.