

Roll Away Alone

The Rumjacks

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come pull up a stump with an angry young man,
I'll talk a lot o' pish until I can barely stand,
And I'll roll away alone, all alone.

Chorus;

Oh I'll roll away, live to fight another day,

Oh I'll roll away & I'll roll away alone,

Oh I'll roll away, live to fight another day,

Oh, and I'll roll away alone,

I'm as sober as a Preacher with a pocket load o' pennies,

And I couldnae get ma hole in a barrel load o' fannies,

The band is soundin' shite & all the pricks are out tonight,

So I'll roll away alone, all alone,

No more will I roam gie'in pony rides tae lassies,

The cheeky little upstarts wi' bony little arses,

They can lead their merry dance, I'll keep me pecker in me pants,

And I'll roll away alone, all alone.