

A Criminal Of Me

The Tossers

My great Grandpa was a king, a monarch stout and noble.
He surveyed this land so green, and he said "She's fair and humble".

As far as the eye can see, from Carrauntooil to Giant's Causeway was ours,
until they went and made a criminal of me.

Many a Celtic head had rolled, and rolled upon the hillside,
and they bathed their horses hooves in Hibernian blood and their hide.

In exile they did flee, and set up a church and home there,
'till the landlord and the bailiff made it criminality.

Oh, and on the road they came to run, run until the runnin's done.

Run far away from fettered chain, the land was ours to barter.
We succumb from sweat and strain, and look they're right behind again.

If they catch me boys, I know they'll make a criminal of me.

A criminal of me, a criminal of me.
Wandering forever, hungering eternally.

A criminal of me, a criminal of me.
Run, run, before they make a criminal of me.

Across the sea they sailed, to a land both bright and noble.
For they'd watched their neighbors starve, and the bloodline as it fumbled.

As they reached the safer side, ole Papa said to Jimmy,
to try and live a life so they'd not make a criminal of he.

"Go be alert," sad Da, "do not perish for the gentry."
Tho' poor but proud was he, whenever they called discretely,
well he'd smash their faces in and in gaol he died poorly.
"But," he said, "don't let them try and make a criminal of ye."

Oh, now my boss he steps so gay, so gaily up the street,
while I dull the pain in pubs and still can't afford to eat.
He is dashing, he is fancy and he'll never want you see.
Evan as the factory shuts his shoes reflect the criminal in me.

Violent and drunk now in the street with nothing to sustain me,

I'm gonna die here in this hole. The kids I can't take care of with me.

But it must be taught to let the blame and hatred out of their heads.

For anger and danger make you just another pathetic, drunken, violent paddy dead.