

Leopardstown Races

The Tossers

Well this world is hard and no one gives a shit
to help anyone or give them their just pay.
There ain't no hand out and they take more than they give
and you find you're going crazier each day.
And the one you love, you're torturing
'cause all that fucking pressure leaves a whipping sting.
And you will know when you've nowhere else to go,
that you got to turn to something that's enlightening.

So I'm going down, going down to Leopardstowns.
When the horses run a flat, for I'm flat broke I'm going down.
Where the wine and whiskey flow, leave the ladies all aglow
back to wander Francis Street in the morning,
back to wander Francis Street in the morning.

Well I've just got to be strong, 'cause it's lasted so long,
The sadness now that has me in its grip.
Well I'm completely worn of thinking I have to conform
and I have to give this stale life the slip.
But I love you, that's why it's so hard to
leave, but I know I have to be strong.
To create a new dynamic of our lives, to try to cut the pain and
strife.
Well don't give up on me, for I won't be always gone.