

## The Crutch

## The Tossers

Like a Princess stuck in a factory  
There's nothin' here no for me  
Like a warted toad on a highway road  
The road seems never ending  
That's what appeals, whenever I feel  
Restless, solitary, anxiety  
Just give me that road, when the world  
Turns cold, and a nice hot glass of whiskey  
Well, it's blank above my thoughts and  
It's blank below my words  
Get me drunk and then I'm yours

So give me two pints o' stout, two pints o' stout  
One so I don't think no more, and one to face  
What I've in store  
Two pints o' stout, two pints o' stout  
Well, my dear you have no money, so you can turn  
And walk right out  
Have you ever thought we might have sought in all  
Our years together, to part now while there's  
Still a smile and face the lonely weather  
Well, what's the worth of this wretched  
Earth, but traveling to new places  
Does the one you like seem a chord to strike  
Does appealing describe his faces  
No, I'm not content, not with myself  
Not my body or my mind

It's freezing on O'Connell Street and I'm  
Talking to a hooker  
Well, she might be a cop, but either way I  
Ain't no better  
So it's rounds on me, one chance you see,  
Because I have the money  
When there's no more booze  
Then I'll go home and deal with my own thinking  
Like a dream that tortures me  
Each night is the peace  
I've known with you