

Against the Grain

The Irish Rovers

I might be getting older but I'm wiser and I'm bolder
I wish I'd known then what I think I know today
There's whiskey left aplenty when the bottle is half empty
It's all in how you look at it so look the other way

There's some who think I'm crazy for living free and easy
But what's the use to hurry, keep your feet upon the ground
And give me a life of freedom, trust your instincts boys and he
ed 'em
Don't worry about tomorrow 'til tomorrow comes around

With the lassies and the drinking, there's a little time for th
inking
But maybe that's the best way when life you have to face
With the scheming and conniving, the dealing and the striving
A man he must be mad to want to join the human race

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I'll always be a Rover until me days are over
Rambling round the country is the freedom that I crave
It was never my intention to be slaving for a pension
What's the use of money when you're lying in the grave

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The porter and the whiskey can make a young man frisky
And make an old man reminisce and hunger for the same
Whatever be your pleasure then take it all in measure
For you'll need your wits about you when you run against the gr
ain

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