

# No End in Sight

The Irish Rovers

Me mother always said to me  
"There's no rest for the wicked  
You're on a handcart bound for hell  
And on a one-way ticket"  
But when the road calls out to you  
And you have the urge for roving  
It's too late then to change your mind  
About the life you've chosen

There is no end in sight  
And the fire is brightly burning  
We'll curse and swear without a care  
As the hands of time keep turning  
There is no end in sight  
And we're not speculating  
We'll sing and play and tear away  
And keep the devil waiting

After fifty years or more  
We thought we might retire  
But sitting on me arse all day  
Is not what I desire  
There must be something more in life  
Than going out to pasture  
But I'll be damned if I give in  
And age becomes me master

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As you'd expect, there's some regrets  
But time has ways of healing  
Slight will ease and fade away  
And peace-of-mind comes stealing  
Life's too short to fuss and fight  
Or dwell on loss and sorrow  
We'll ramble on and let the others  
Worry 'bout tomorrow

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Music soothes the savage breast  
And keeps the soul from dying  
It stirs the blood and churns the heart

Of that, there's no denying  
Oh, may the Sentient Art prevail  
And may its notes keep ringing  
May bards and poets lead the way  
And keep the whole world singing

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