

No Rules or Borders

The Irish Rovers

When I was young and foolish
I joined to be a soldier
They marched me up and down the town
With a gun upon me shoulder
I fought in bloody battlefield
Where manys-a-life was squandered
I didn't like the job at all
So I took me hitch and wandered

To hell with all your orders!
I want no rules or borders!
I'll spend me time a-rambling 'round
Drinking pints of porter

By god, I had a wife one time
But we were badly mated
We argued this, we argued that
And now we're separated
And if by chance I pass her by
I'm always right and civil
"Good morning to ye, ma'am", says I
"To hell with you", she snivels

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There's some who do their daily toil
And seem to be contented
If that was me, I'd whinge all day
And no doubt be demented
I tip me hat to workers all
Who bear their situation
I'll never be a wage-slave for
It's not me life's vocation

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There's freedom on the open road
To travel where you pleases
Down country lanes or leafy glens
In snow or summer breezes
No one to tell me what to do
No boss to scrutinize me
I'm happy as a lark for I'm
The one who does advise me

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