

Me Old Ball & Chain

The Rumjacks

Right! Hand me down that bottle of tequila from the shelf,
I'll have a beer to follow & all, here take one for yerself,
I've been off the piss for ten long years & I've a bloody thirst,

And I won't be leavin' here until you carry me feet first,

'Til I've tripped over the speakers & I've fallen through the band,

And told the chubby bouncer 'geeza shout if ye need a hand!'

I'm screamin o'er the bar & I'm spittin' in yer ear,

And signin' wi' my hands for ya to geez another beer.

[CHORUS]

Me old ball & chain is in a shallow grave,

So hit me, ONE, TWO, - ONE TWO THREE FOUR!

I don't have to suffer anymore.

'Til I've kicked shit out yer jukebox & broken all yer darts,
& talked the friggin ears off my reflection in the glass,
I've spewed all down the front o' me & pissed all down me leg,
And I'm propped up in the corner like a fuckin' rusty keg.

'Til I'm snorin' like a chainsaw & I'm layin there catchin' flies,

And you ye cheeky bugger pops two pennies in me eyes,

"God love ye and protect ye, get yer knees up Missus Brown,

She's topped her flamin' hubby & she's torn up half the town!"