

Black 47, Different Drummer

born on a black monday, me mother screamin' curses
me ould lad in the pub losin' money on the horses
me granny kicked in the door, said "get a job you bastard";
and i come rollin' into the world, a walkin' talkin' disaster

with a toot on the flute and a twiddle on the fiddle oh
music in me soul and a beat on me boombox oh
up down turn around and crash into the wall
dancin' to the beat of me own different drummer oh

at the age of 16 years i was apprenticed to a grocer
but they never knew me name, all they wanted was 'yes and no sir'
so i bought a cheap guitar, i learnt to write me poetry
and me and rock and roll set off to see the country

oh we played in pubs and dancehalls, we even played in brothels
i learned all about the good life through the ass end of a bottle
i learned about love from many's the fine lady
but i was always searchin' for me one true darlin' baby

oh i searched from coast to coast from florida to canada
with me heart upon me sleeve screamin' out "hi, where are yeh";
til i went home with a six foot girl from the south side of chicago
but it turned out she was a man, oh can you imagine the disaster?

but the sweetest girl of all was from the state of california
oh she took me home to bed, kept me rockin til the mornin'
then the door came crashin' in, in the midst of me shenanigans
and her husband beat me up so bad, i'll never get it up again

oh i'm goin' back to brooklyn with me tail between me legs oh
i'm givin' up this rock and roll, 'tis far too dangerous work oh
stay at your steady jobs, me boys, get married and have babies
and keep the hell away from them california ladies