

Ramblin' Rover

Oh, there're sober men in plenty, And drunkards barely twenty,
There are men of over ninety that have never yet kissed a girl.
But gie me a ramblin' rover, and fae Orkney down to Dover.
We will roam the country over and together we'll face the world.

There's many that feign enjoyment from merciless employment,
Their ambition was this deployment from the minute they left the school.
And they save and scrape and ponder while the rest go out and squander,
See the world and rove and wander and are happier as a rule.

I've roamed through all the nations ta'en delight in all creation,
And I've tried a wee sensation where the company, did prove kind.
And when partin' was no pleasure, I've drunk another measure
To the good friends that were treasure for they always are in our minds.

If you're bent wi' arth-i-ritis, Your bowels have got colitis,
You've gallopin' with bollockitis and you're thinkin' it's time you died,
If you been a man of action, though you're lying there in traction,
You will get some satisfaction thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."