

Rambling Rover

(Chorus)

Oh there's sober men and plenty
And drunkards barely twenty
There are men of over ninety
That have never yet kissed a girl.
But give me a rambling rover
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 they're happier as a rule.

Chorus

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.
When parting was no pleasure
I've drunk another measure
To the good friends that we treasure
For they always are in our mind.

Chorus

If you're bent with arthritis
Your bowels have got colitis
You've galloping ballicitus
And you're thinking it's time you died.
If you've been a man of action
While you're lying there in traction
You may gain some satisfaction
Thinking "Jesus, at least I've tried