TRACK: **DIFFERENT DRUMMER**

TIME: 3:36

There are a lot of pubs and even more adventures between Bay Ridge and Geary Street.

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 learned 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 Ah 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

Born on a black monday, me mother screamin' curses

G

Me ould lad in the bar losin' money on the horses

F#

Me Granny kicked in the door said "get a job you bastard"

E

And I came roarin' into the world, a walkin' talkin' disaster

With a toot on the flute and a twiddle on the fiddle on Bm G A

Music in me soul and a beat on me boombox oh D Bm G E

Up down turn around and crash into the wall oh G A

Dancin' to the beat of me own different drummer oh

At the age of 14 years I was apprenticed to a grocer

G

But they never knew me name, all they wanted was 'Yes and no sir'

F#

G

So I bought a cheap guitar and I learned to write me poetry

E

And rock and roll and I took off to see the country

Which we played in pubs and dancehalls, we even played in brothels of learned all about the good life through the ass end of a bottle and I learned about love from many's the fine lady

But I was always searchin' for me one true darlin' baby

CHORUS JIG

Oh I searched from coast to coast from Mexico to Canada
With me heart upon me sleeve screamin' out "hye, 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, 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'
When the door came crashin' through in the midst of me shenanigans
And her husband beat me up so bad, I'll never get it up again (fall in love again)

Different Drummer



