

Ramblin Rover

There are sober men a plenty, and drunkards barely twenty.
There are men of over ninety that have never yet kissed a girl.
But give me a ramblin rover, from Orkney down to dover,
We will roam the country over and together we'll face the world.

I've roamed through all the nations, did delight in all creations,
And enjoyed a wee sensation when the company did prove kind.
When parting was no pleasure, we've drunk another measure,
To the good friends that we treasure, for they always are in our minds.

Chorus

There's many who feign enjoyment, from merciless employment,
Their aim was this deployment, from the moment they left the school
They save and scrape and ponder, while the rest go out and squander,
See the world and roam and wander and we're happier as a rule.

Chorus

If you're bent with arthritis, your bowels have got colitis,
You've galloping ballicitis and your thinkin' its time you died,
If you've been a man of action, while lyin' there in traction,
You may gain some satisfaction thinkin' Jesus at least I tried.

Chorus