

Going Out In Style

Dropkick Murphys

I've seen a lot of sights and traveled many miles
Sa thousand hands and seen my share of smiles
I've caused some great concern and told one too many lies
And now I see the world through these sad, old, jaded eyes
So what if I threw a party and all my friends were there?
Acquaintances, relatives, the girls who never cared
You'll have a host of rowdy hooligans in a big line out the door
Side by side with Sister Barbara, Chief Wells and Bobby Orr
I'd invite the Flannigans
Replace the window you smashed out
I'd apologize to Sluggo for pissing on his couch
I'll see Mrs. McAuliffe and so many others soon
Then I'll say I'm sorry for what I did
sleepwalking in her room
So what if I threw a party and invited Mayor Menino?
He'd tell you to get a permit
Well this time Tom I don't think so
It's a neighborhood reunion
But now we'd get along
Van Morrison would be there and he'd sang me one last song
With a backup band of bass players to keep us up all night
Three handsome four string troubadours and Newton's old Fat Mike
I'll be in the can having a smoke with Garv and Johnny Fitz
But there's a backup in the bathroom 'cause the bastards got the shits
You may bury me with an enemy in mount calvary
You can stack me on a pyre and soak me down with whiskey
Roast me to a blackened crisp and throw me in a pile
I could really give a shit - I'm going out in style
You can take my urn to fenway spread my ashes all about
Or you can bring me down to wolly beach and dump the sucker out
Burn me to a rotten crisp and toast me for a while
I could really give a shit - I'm going out in style
Make me up dress me up, feed me a big old shot
Of embalming fluid highballs so i don't start to rot
Now take me to McGreevy's, i wanna buy one final round
What cheap prick would peel an orange in his pocket
Then hurry up and suck 'em down
If there's a god the girls you loved will all come walking through the door
Maybe they'll feel bad for me and this stiff will finally score
You've got the bed already
And nerve and courage too
Cause i've been slugging from a stash of Desi Queally's 1980s bathtub brew
You may bury me with an enemy in mount calvary

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Spread all my ashes about
Dump the sucker out
Toast me for a while
I'm going out in style

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>