

**Going Out In Style**  
**Dropkick Murphys**

Going Out In Style lyrics

[Intro]

**F**

[Verse]

**Bb** **Eb** **F**  
I ve seen a lot of sights and traveled many miles  
**Bb** **Ebm** **Eb**  
Shook a thousand hands and seen my share of smiles  
**Bb** **Eb** **F**  
I ve caused some great concern and told one too many lies  
**Bb** **F**  
And now I see the world through these sad, old, jaded eyes

**Bb** **Eb**  
So what if I threw a party and all my friends were there?  
**Bb** **F**  
Acquaintances, relatives, the girls who never cared  
**Bb** **Eb**  
You ll have a host of rowdy hooligans in a big line out the door  
**F**  
Side by side with Sister Barbara, Chief Wells and Bobby Orr  
**Bb**  
I d invite the Flannigans  
**Eb**  
Replace the window you smashed out  
**Bb** **F**  
I d apologize the Sluggo for pissing on his couch  
**Bb** **Eb**  
I ll see Mrs. McAuliffe and so many others soon  
**F**  
Then I ll say I m sorry for what I did sleepwalking in her room

**Bb** **Eb**  
So what if I threw a party and invited Mayor Menino?  
**Bb**  
He d tell you to get a permit  
**F**  
Well this time Tom I don t think so  
**Bb**  
It s a neighborhood reunion  
**Eb**  
But now we d get along  
**F**  
Van Morrison would be there and he d sing me one last song  
**Bb** **Eb**

With a backup band of bass players to keep us up all night

**Bb**

Three handsome four string troubadours

**F**

And Newton s own Fat Mike

**Bb**

**Eb**

I ll be in the can having a smoke with Garv and Johnny Fitz

**F**

But there s a back up in the bathroom

**F**

Cause the Badger s got the shits

[Chorus]

**Bb**

**Eb**

You may bury me with an enemy in Mount Calvary

**Bb**

**F**

You can stack me on a pyre and soak me down with whiskey

**Bb**

**Eb**

Roast me to a blackened crisp and throw me in a pile

**F**

I could really give a shit - I m going out in style

**Bb**

**Eb**

You can take my urn to Fenway spread my ashes all about

**Bb**

Or you can bring me down to Wolly Beach

**F**

And dump the sucker out

**Bb**

**Eb**

Burn me to a rotten crisp and toast me for a while

**F**

I could really give a shit - I m going out in style

[Bridge]

**Bb**

Make me up dress me up

**Eb**

Feed me a big old shot

**Bb**

Of embalming fluid highballs

**F**

So I don t start to rot

**Bb**

Now take me to McGreevy s

**Eb**

I wanna buy one final round

**F**

That cheap prick would peel an orange in his pocket

**F**

Then hurry up and suck em down

**Bb**

If there s a god the girls you loved

**Eb**

Will all come walking through the door

**Bb** **F**  
Maybe they ll feeld bad for me and this stiff will finally score

**Bb**  
You ve got the bed already

**Eb**  
And the nerve and courage too

**F**  
Cause I ve be slugging from

**F**  
A stash of Desi Queally s 1980s

**F**  
Bathtub brew

[Chorus]

**Bb** **Eb**  
You may bury me with an enemy in Mount Calvary

**Bb** **F**  
You can stack me on a pyre and soak me down with whiskey

**Bb** **Eb**  
Roast me to a blackened crisp and throw me in a pile

**F**  
I could really give a shit - I m going out in style

**Bb** **Eb**  
You can take my urn to Fenway spread my ashes all about

**Bb**  
Or you can bring me down to Wolly Beach

**F**  
And dump the sucker out

**Bb** **Eb**  
Burn me to a rotten crisp and toast me for a while

**F**  
I could really give a shit - I m going out in style

Spread my ashes all about

Dump the sucker out

Toast me for a while

I m going out in style