

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