

# Andy M. Stewart, The Ramblin' Rover

Oh, there're sober men in plenty,  
And drunkards barely twenty,  
There are men of over ninety  
That have never yet kissed a girl.  
But gie me a ramblin' rover,  
And fae Orkney down to Dover.  
We will roam the country over  
And together we'll face the world.

There's many that feign enjoyment  
From merciless employment,  
Their ambition was this deployment  
From the minute they left the school.  
And they save and scrape and ponder  
While the rest go out and squander,  
See the world and rove and wander  
And are happier as a rule.

I've roamed through all the nations  
Ta'en delight in all creation,  
And I've tried a wee sensation  
Where the company, did prove kind.  
And when partin' was no pleasure,  
I've drunk another measure  
To the good friends that were treasure  
For they always are in our minds.

If you're bent wi' arth-i-ritis,  
Your bowels have got colitis,  
You've gallopin' with bollockitis  
And you're thinkin' it's time you died,  
If you been a man of action,  
Though you're lying there in traction,  
You will get some satisfaction  
Thinkin', &quot;Jesus, at least I tried.&quot;