

Out the Road

Easy-Intermediate+ clogging line dance
Music: Gaelic Storm (album: Chicken Boxer, 2012)
96 bpm; best if sped up slightly
Begin left foot

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Intro: Wait through slow fiddle + about a half beat

Part A1:

(4) 2 Kentucky Drags DS-DrSt(xf)/clap
(4) 2 1 Triple DS-DS-DS-RS

Part A2:

(4) 2 Brushes DS-BrSI
(4) 2 1 Flatland Dt(bk)SI-BrSI-DS-RS

Part B1:

(4) 1 Turkey DrHw-Sn(toe)St-DS-RS
(4) 2 Toe Pivots &To-PvtSt; 1/2 L each to make a full turn
(4) 2 1 Double Rock 2 DS-DS-RS-RS
(4) 1 Cha Cha Basic &St(fwd)-&St(bk)-&St-RS
(2) 2 Runs DS

Part C (Chorus):

(4) 1 Brush Slap Brush DS-BrSI-Dt(bk)SI-Brsl
(4) 1 Stomp Double &Sto-DS-DS-RS
(3) 1 Double Basic DS-DS-RS
(4) 4 Chugs (no Dt) DrSI; can cross on 1st and 3rd
(8) 1 Roll 'Em / Fwd Loop Roll* DS-DS-DS-LoopSt-RS-DS-DS-RS; full turn R starting on Loop

Repeat Part A2 [2 Brushes, Flatland, repeat]

Part B2:

(4) 1 Turkey
(4) 2 Toe Pivots 1/2 L each to make a full turn
(4) 1 Double Rock 2
(4) 1 Cha Cha Basic

Repeat Part C [Brush Slap Brush, Stomp Double, Double Basic, Chug 4, Roll 'Em]

Repeat Part A1 [2 Kentucky Drags, Triple, repeat]

Part D:

(4) 1 Turkey
(4) 2 1 Joey DS-To(xb)To(s)-To(s)To(xb)-To(s)St
(8) 1 MJ Unclog** DS(s)-DS(xb)-RS(1/4 L)-LoopSt(1/4L)-RS-DS-DS-StaSto

Repeat Part C [Brush Slap Brush, Stomp Double, Double Basic, Chug 4, Roll 'Em]

Part A3:

(2) 1 Kentucky Drag
(2) 2 1 Basic

Repeat Part D [Turkey, Joey, MJ Unclog, repeat]

(2) + 2 **Runs**

Repeat Part C [Brush Slap Brush, Stomp Double, Double Basic, Chug 4, Roll 'Em]

Bridge:

(4) 2 Brushes
(8) 1 Roll 'Em / Fwd Loop Roll

Repeat Part A2 [2 Brushes, Flatland, repeat]

Repeat Part A1 [2 Kentucky Drags, Triple, repeat]

Repeat Part A2 [2 Brushes, Flatland, repeat]

Repeat Part A3 [Kentucky Drag, Basic, repeat] to end (music fades)
(full turn L)

*Alternate step: Turning Cowboy full [DS-DS-DS-BrSI-DS-RS-RS-RS (full turn L)]

**Alternate steps: 1 Vine + 1 Turning Rocks 1/2 R [DS(s)-DS(xb)-DS(s)-RS-DS-RS-RS-RS (turn 1/2 R)]

See other side for song lyrics.

Out the Road • Song Lyrics

By Gaelic Storm • album: Chicken Boxer

About the song (from the Gaelic Storm website/blog www.gaelicstorm.com):

There is an ancient and very localized sport practiced in just a few places on this planet, primarily County Cork and County Armagh, called Road Bowling. The basic premise is similar to golf. Participants, usually single opponents, throw a 28 ounce bowl or "bullet" along a country road and the fewest throws to the finish wins the contest. Patrick and I accompanied his dad, Noel, on a chilly Irish evening to "score" a contest. We had a pint or two then tramped down a country lane along with the 20 or 30 other spectators, most of whom had some "moolah" down on the game. Noel was hoping to "break even"... again. It's hard to put the atmosphere of the "rag tag" gathering, the crisp evening air and rain, the sporadic bursts of activity and the rival sporting banter down in one song. We'll tell you the whole story in a future blog about our Ireland trip. Here it is then - Fág a' bealach! Clear the way!

The crowds and clouds are gathering near,
Lady Luck is in my ear.
I've had a couple of jars to ease my mind,
The score is on and I'm on the line.

Seven hundred down on ol' Malone,
If I lose, I'm dead when I get home.
He's pacing his steps, his ready for his run,
I'll be up a ton, if I win this one.

Chorus:

Bring a hat, bring a scarf,
Bring a broolly, bring a mac,
Bring a wee drop of goodness,
And a warm anorak.
At the side of the road,
You'd better stand back.
Let's roll 'em, roll 'em, roll 'em, roll 'em,
roll 'em 'fore the rain comes in.

Car coats, cloth caps, Wellington work boots,
Red, green, blue and yellow polyester track suits.
Trailers and the tractors are trying to get through,
If you're gaggin' for a 'jimmy', the hedge will have to do!

Chorus

Hoppin' down the road the cannonball's flyin'.
Twenty-eight ounces of steel and iron.
Clouds are here, I'll take that bet;
The judges and the gypsies are gonna get wet!

Chorus

It's chucking down buckets are we gonna keep going?
Hurley's out ahead, he wants to keep throwing.
Malone's got to catch up with him somehow,
I'll be down and out if he quits now.

Up to our necks in the water and mud,
In the trees there's rumors we're off to the pub.
Last shot's away, we start to run,
I hope it's good and I hope I won!

Chorus