

4Ft Fingers "Drunkenville"

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It's not like me, to think of you
Especially alone, and singing drunken tunes
I'm the one, at the bottom of the barrel
To drunk to hear, the children's Christmas carols
It was 21 years ago to the day that I arrived
Singing songs by the side, of my future bride
Then she dumped me so told every one she died
I drink lots eventually I lost my mind
I could do with a tasty few
Fuck it, and pass me another brew
And I know, I'm startin to feel ill

But in an hour I'll be in drunkenville
There's nothing wrong with me what'soever
The beer, the women, the 80% liver killing liquor
I leave this town at about half past 4
I'll drink 'n drink then I'll have a little more!
Its about 7 pints to drunken ville
Drunkenville, thank feck I found you
20 minutes up the road, far from sober town
My wife and dog left me, chats why I wear this frown
Come the day I move there forever more

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