

Grease

"Home For A Rest"

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You'll have to excuse me,
I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a month
I've been drunk since I left.
These so-called vacations will
Soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink
I need home for a rest....
We arrived in December
And London was cold,
We stayed in the bars
Along jarring cross road.
We never saw nothing
But brass-tops and nook.
Kept a shine on the bar
With the sleeves of our coats.
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I've been gone for a week
I've been drunk since I left.
These so-called vacations will
Soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink
I need home for a rest....
Take me home!
Houston station
The train's heading North,
In the bucket car
We looked back and forth.
I stole crooked dice
Through Yorkshire's green fields
We were flung into dance
As the train jiggled and reeled.
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I've been drunk since I left.
These so-called vacations will
Soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink
I need home for a rest....

Take me home!
By the light of the moon,
She drift through the streets,
A rare old perfume
So seductive and sweet
She teases and flirts
As the pubs all close down,
Then walk us on home
And deny us a round.
You'll have to excuse me,
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I've been gone for a month
I've been drunk since I left.
These so-called vacations will
Soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink
I need home for a rest....
Take me home!
The gas heat is empty
It's damn past two
The spirits we drank
Left ghosts in the room
I'm asking again
Come on, please take me soon,
And don't lift my head
Til the twelve bells at noon!
You'll have to excuse me,
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Take me home!

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