

## **Kinks**

# **"Alcohol"**

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Now I wanna tell you a little story  
About the old demon alcohol  
Yes indeed my little chickadee

Here's a sad and woeful story  
About a middle class executive  
Who enjoyed a life of prominence and position  
But the pressures at the office  
And his socialite engagements  
And his selfish wife's fanatical ambition

It turned him to the booze  
And he got mixed up with a floozy  
And she led him to a life of indecision  
The floozy made him spend his dole  
She left him lying on skid row  
A drunken lag at some Salvation Army mission

It's very sad

Oh, demon alcohol  
Sad memories I can't recall  
Who thought I would say  
Damn it all and blow it all

Oh, demon alcohol  
Memories I can't recall  
Who thought I would fall  
A slave to demon alcohol

Sad memories I can't recall  
Who thought I would fall  
A slave to demon alcohol

Barley wine, pink gin  
He'll drink anythin' Port, Pernod or tequila  
Rum, scotch, vodka on the rocks  
As long as all his troubles disappeared

And he beat up his life and he messed up his wife  
And the floozy's gone and found another sucker  
She's gonna turn him on to drink

Lead him to the brink and when his money's gone  
She'll leave him in the gutter

It's very sad

Oh, demon alcohol  
Memories I can't recall  
Who thought I would say  
Damn it all, alcohol

Sad memories I can't recall  
Who thought I would fall  
A slave to demon alcohol

And I wanna say never to fall  
A slave to demon alcohol  
S'gonna break your heart  
And slave the demon alcohol

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