

Loudon Wainwright Iii "The Drinking Song"

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drunk men stagger, drunk men fall
drunk men swear and that's not all
quite often they will urinate out doors

like widowed women, drunk men weep
like children curled up, drunk me sleep
like a dog, a drunk will crawl around on all fours

be he broke bum or rich rake
his dinner, be it bread or cake
his beverage be the worst of whiskey or finest wine

puke, it stinks and so it seems
that drunkards go to great extremes
but there is yet to be a perfectly straight line

drunks talk strong when drunks are weak
it's easy for a drunk to speak straight from the heart
drunks will fight, they're not afraid
they'll kiss the mistress, make the maid
a manly art

but the drink the toll will take
blood vessels in the nose will break
bags beneath the eyes - another sign

drunks get ugly so it seems
that drunkards go to great extremes
but there is yet to be a perfectly straight line

drunks are friendly when they're drunk
drunks are hostile when they're drunk
which drunk it is, it all depends up on

when drunks aren't drunk they thirst for drink
elephants are grey not pink
the drink evaporates, the man is gone
back to the yachts and subway cars
to the hip flasks and fruit jars
flat on the face, flat on the behind

drunks get drunk and so it seems
that drunkards go to great extremes
but there is yet to be a perfectly straight line

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