

## Highway 37 "Poor Alfred"

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Poor Alfred there's no doubt you were a wreck  
Poor Alfred you slipped from your wooden deck  
You were constantly drunk you could not even swim  
Like a big stone you sank, your story is quite grim

You always complained  
you didn't like your life  
After two beers you'd beat  
the hell out of your wife  
Poor Alfred  
Poor Alfred

Poor Alfred you should not have left the pub  
Poor Alfred stuck to your grog and your grub  
Now you're feeding the crabs at the bottom of the sea  
No one is really sad (and) finally your kids are free

You always complained  
you didn't like your life  
After two beers you'd beat  
the hell out of your wife  
Poor Alfred  
Poor Alfred

Poor Alfred you were constantly drunk  
Poor Alfred you were just a piece of junk  
The sea was fairly rough (and) you were busy drinking  
For a bucket of fish, you ended up drowning

You always complained  
you didn't like your life  
After two beers you'd beat  
the hell out of your wife  
Poor Alfred  
Poor Alfred

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