

Richard Thompson

"God Loves A Drunk"

Visit "[God Loves A Drunk](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Will there be any bartenders up there in Heaven?
Will the pubs never close, will the glass never drain
No more D.T.'s and no shakes
And no horrors
Very next morning you feel right as rain
O God loves a drunk, the lowest of men
With the dogs in the street and the pigs in the pen
But a drunk's only trying to get free of his body
And soar like an eagle high up there in heaven
His shouts and his curses are just hymns and praises
To kick-start his mind now and then
O God loves a drunk, come raise up your glasses,
amen
Does God really care for your life in the suburbs
A dull little life of dull little things
and bring up the babies to be just like Daddy
And maybe you'll be there when He gives out wings
But God loves a drunk, although he's a fool
He wets in his pants and he falls off his stool
He can't hear the insults and whispers go by him

As he leans in the doorway and sings Sally Racket
Can't feel the cold rain beat down on his body
And soak through his clothes to the skin
O God loves a drunk, come raise up your glasses,
amen
Will there be any pen-pushers up there in Heaven?
Does clerking and wage-slaving win you God's love
I pity you worms with your semis and pensions
If you think that'll get you to the kingdom above
But God loves a drunk, although he's a clown
You can't help but laugh as he gags and falls down
He don'T give a cuss for what people think of him
He screams at his demons alone in the darkness
He's staying alive for just one more pint bottle
Won't you throw him few pennies, friend
God loves a drunk, for ever and ever, amen

Visit [Richard Thompson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

