

Rudimentary Peni

"Drinking Song From "The Tomb""

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Come hither, my lads, with your tankards of ale, And
drink to the present before it shall fail; Pile each on
your platters a mountain of beef, For 'tis eating and
drinking that bring us relief: So fill up your glass, For
life will soon pass; When you're dead ye'll ne'er drink
to your king or your lass! Anacreon had a red nose, so
they say But what's a red nose if ye're happy and gay?
Gad split me! I'd rather be red whilst I'm here, Than
white as a lily -and dead half a year! So Betty my miss,
Come give me a kiss; In hell there's no inkeeper's
daughter like this! Young Harry, propp'd up just as
straight as he's able, Will soon lose his wig and slip
under the table, But fill up your goblets and pass 'em
around- Better under the table than under the ground!
So revel and chaff As ye thirstily quaff: Under six feet
of dirt 'tis less easy to laugh! The fiend strike me blue!
I'm scarce able to walk, And damn me if I can't stand
upright or talk! Here, landlord, bid Betty to summon a
chair; I'll try home for a while, for my wife is not there!
So lend me a hand I'm not able to stand But I'm gay
whilst I linger on top of the land! (I spiked his drink)

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