

Squeeze

"When The Hangover Strikes"

Visit "[When The Hangover Strikes](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

'When the hangover strikes,
And I open my post, and the coffee is on,
And I'm burning my toast, I let the battle commence,
I see a Sun and the trees, and the draft at the door,
With my head in my lap, there's a day to explore,
But I'm left without sense.
As the hangover strikes,
And I turn on the tap, but the water's too loud,
And I'm caged by the fact, that the battle's not lost,
Is it the hair of the dog, or the baa or a lamb,
In the sheepish attempt to be half of the man that I
might be, or
was.
Poor, poor, poor shaken one.

Pour, pour, pour me another one, another one.
When the hangover strikes, and a mirror reveals that
it's midnight or
bust,
And a drink does appeal, now the battle is won.
So the cure of the can pours it's heart out to me,
Though I'm feeling locked up but I can't find the key,
Well no damage was done.
Poor, poor, poor shaken one.
Pour, pour, pour me another one, another one.
Damage was done'.

Lyrics by: Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook
From the A and M 1982 album 'Sweets from a
Stranger'.

Visit [Squeeze](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.