

Dubliners, The "Fuck You I'm Drunk"

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I bang on the door
but she won't let me in
cuz you're sick and tired of
me reeking of gin.
lock all the doors
from the front to the back
and left me a note
telling me I should pack

I walk in a bar
and the fellas all cheer
they order me up
a whiskey and beer
you ask me why
im writing this poem
some call it tavern
I call it home

chorus:
fuck you im drunk
fuck you im drunk
pour all my beer down the sink
IÃ, 've got more in the trunk
fuck you im drunk
fuck you im drunk
and IÃ, 'm going to be drunk
til the next time im drunk

youÃ, 've given me option
you say I must choose
between you and the liqueur
then IÃ, 'll take the booze
jumpin on western down to the west side
for IÃ, 'll sit down
and exercise my Irish pride

chorus

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