

## Dubliners, The

### "Seven Drunken Nights"

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(Spoken: This song is called Seven Drunken Nights, but we're only allowed to sing five of them)

As I went home on Monday night as drunk as drunk  
could be  
I saw a horse outside the door where my old horse  
should be  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly  
tell to me  
Who owns that horse outside the door where my old  
horse should be?

Ah, you're drunk,  
you're drunk you silly old fool,  
still you can not see  
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or  
more  
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Tuesday night as drunk as  
drunk could be  
I saw a coat behind the door where my old coat should  
be  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly  
tell to me  
Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat  
should be

Ah, you're drunk,  
you're drunk you silly old fool,  
still you can not see  
That's a woollen blanket that me mother sent to me  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or  
more  
But buttons in a blanket sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Wednesday night as drunk as  
drunk could be  
I saw a pipe up on the chair where my old pipe should  
be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly  
tell to me  
Who owns that pipe up on the chair where my old pipe  
should be

Ah, you're drunk,  
you're drunk you silly old fool,  
still you can not see  
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or  
more  
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Thursday night as drunk as  
drunk could be  
I saw two boots beneath the bed where my old boots  
should be  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly  
tell to me  
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old  
boots should be

Ah, you're drunk,  
you're drunk you silly old fool,  
still you can not see  
They're two lovely Geranium pots me mother sent to  
me  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or  
more  
But laces in Geranium pots I never saw before

And as I went home on Friday night as drunk as drunk  
could be  
I saw a head upon the bed where my old head should  
be  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly  
tell to me  
Who owns that head upon the bed where my old head  
should be

Ah, you're drunk,  
you're drunk you silly old fool,  
still you can not see  
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or  
more  
But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw  
before

