

Swingin' Utters "London Drunk"

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I'm burning in this pit I dug myself an hour ago and up
around the corner lies that bastard pub's front door
and in my many changin moods and on similar days
I've cursed and spat up mercilessly at the foot of her
fuckin' grace chaos comes inevitably like a monarch
dressed in rags grinning like a maniac and splashing
cider in my face

I'm going back to San Francisco to be finally at ease
as I've reached the heralded last rung
and become a part-time London drunk

the Bristol boys are lunatics but madness has its virtue
they all smash their pints and feign legless fights
because it's what they're fucking used to one autumn
night in Birmingham after the band had played we fled
into that filthy van and got out of that fucking place by
half a mile or half a minute I was a sunken, bloated
slag I puked up on the floorboards, my fucking jacket
and pant leg

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