

## **The Tossers**

### **"Seven Drunken Nights"**

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Well, I've been there, seven drunken nights  
Uh hmm, I've been there seven drunken nights, seven  
drunken days  
Uh hmm

Oh, 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, "Can you kindly  
tell to me"  
Who owns that horse outside the door where my old  
horse should be?

You're drunk, you're drunk  
You silly old fool, now you can not see  
And that's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled 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, "Can you kindly  
tell to me"  
Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat  
should be?

You're drunk, you're drunk  
You silly old fool, now you can not see  
That's a woolen blanket that me mother sent to me  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled 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  
And I called me wife and I said to her, "Can you kindly

tell to me  
Who owns that pipe up on the chair where my old pipe  
should be?

Billy, you're drunk, you're drunk  
You silly old fool, now you can not see  
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled 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  
And I called me wife and I said to her, "Can you kindly  
tell to me  
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old  
boots should be?"

Billy, you're drunk, you're drunk  
You silly old fool, now you can not see  
They're two lovely Geranium pots me mother sent to  
me  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled 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  
And I called me wife and I said to her, "Can you kindly  
tell to me  
Who owns that head with you in the bed where my old  
head should be?"

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

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