

## **Thompson Richard**

### **"God Loves a Drunk"**

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Will there be any bartenders up there in Heaven?

Will the pubs never close, will the glass never drain

No more D.T.'s and no shakes

And no horrors

Very next morning you feel right as rain

O God loves a drunk, the lowest of men

With the dogs in the street and the pigs in the pen

But a drunk's only trying to get free of his body

And soar like an eagle high up there in heaven

His shouts and his curses are just hymns and praises

To kick-start his mind now and then

O God loves a drunk, come raise up your glasses,  
amen

Does God really care for your life in the suburbs

A dull little life of dull little things

and bring up the babies to be just like Daddy

And maybe you'll be there when He gives out wings

But God loves a drunk, although he's a fool

He wets in his pants and he falls off his stool

He can't hear the insults and whispers go by him

As he leans in the doorway and sings Sally Racket

Can't feel the cold rain beat down on his body  
And soak through his clothes to the skin  
O God loves a drunk, come raise up your glasses,  
amen  
Will there be any pen-pushers up there in Heaven?  
Does clerking and wage-slaving win you God's love  
I pity you worms with your semis and pensions  
If you think that'll get you to the kingdom above  
But God loves a drunk, although he's a clown  
You can't help but laugh as he gags and falls down  
He don'T give a cuss for what people think of him  
He screams at his demons alone in the darkness  
He's staying alive for just one more pint bottle  
Won't you throw him few pennies, friend  
God loves a drunk, for ever and ever, amen

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