

## Ann Hampton Callaway

### "Drunkenville"

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It's not like me, to think of you  
Especially alone, and singing drunken tunes  
I'm the one, at the bottom of the barrel  
To drunk to hear, the children's Christmas carols  
It was 21 years ago to the day that I arrived  
Singing songs by the side, of my future bride  
Then she dumped me so told every one she died  
I drink lots eventually I lost my mind  
I could do with a tasty few  
Fuck it, and pass me another brew  
And I know, I'm startin to feel ill  
But in an hour I'll be in drunkenville  
There's nothing wrong with me what'soever  
The beer, the women, the 80% liver killing liquor  
I leave this town at about half past 4  
I'll drink 'n drink then I'll have a little more!  
Its about 7 pints to drunken ville  
Drunkenville, thank feck I found you  
20 minutes up the road, far from sober town  
My wife and dog left me, chats why I wear this frown  
Come the day I move there forever more

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