Ladies Lounge

Ennis

When we've done the work the Lord endows
And paid our daily due
When the hours are scrubbed and dusted
And the boys and men run through
I'll meet you past the kitchen sink
On the main street out to view
And we'll raise a tipple Catholic drink
In the ladies lounge in the Duke

It's never done this women's life
There's little pleasure coming
To wait for herself at ten feet in
When he's huffing and he's puffing
He'll shuffle or he'll stagger in
Depending on the change he's run
We'll fight or make a baby child
Can you blame me for the gin

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The war was finished years ago
But still, sets the weekly tone
The gallantry of sudden death
Has brought the battles home
And hidden from the laughter
Left in the empty shell
You and I in married bliss
Seven schooners from hell

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For the finger points
Slide back the wooden hatch
I have had a warless year today
And I'd be the first to match
May the month of hauntings
By which my life's controlled
Give me the joy of questions
In the hour the gin grows old

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