God Loves a Drunk

Richard Thompson

Will there be any bartenders up there in heaven?
Will the pubs never close? Will the glass never drain?
No more DTs and no shakes and no horrors
The very next morning, you feel right as rain'Cause God loves a drunk, lowest of men
Like 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 they are just hymns and praises
To kick-start his mind now and then
O God loves a drunk, come raise up your glasses, amenDoes God really care for your life in the suburbs?
Your dull little life full of dull little things
And bring up the babies to be just like daddy
And maybe I'll be there when he gives out the wingsBut God loves a drunk, although he's a fool
Oh he wets in his pants and he falls off his stool
And he can't hear the insults, and whispers go by him
As he leans in the doorway and he sings sally racket
He 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, amenWill there be any pen-pushers up there in heaven?
Does crawling 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 aboveOh God loves a drunk, although he's a clown
Oh you can't help but laugh as he gags and falls down
But he don't give a curse 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 a few pennies, friend?
Ah God loves a drunk, for ever and ever, amen

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