

# Seven Drunken Nights

## Bootless and Unhorsed

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