

Farewell to Drunkenness

Irish Moutarde

A fair women once told me, when I stepped at her door
"Why can't you quit from drinking, t'will kill you before long"
And then I replied to her, would you sing me a song?
Where all the men are drinking, a good beer ain't a whore
A throb is in my head
My guts are on the floor
Oh god never I swear
Will I drink anymore? A throb is in my head
My guts are on the floor
Oh god never I swear
Will I drink anymore? It's Friday and it's raining, I'm left without a job
'Tis time to forget all this shit, meet the guys at the pub
I catch up with McHalley, she's already at three
Tonight pints of Guinness and Newkie are on me!
A throb is in my head
My guts are on the floor
Oh god never I swear
Will I drink anymore? On our table pile up, many empty glasses
I try to win a wet kiss from many ugly lasses
The clock is close to three, there's no one else around
But me and all my friends: time for another round! (reload!)
A throb is in my head
My guts are on the floor
Oh god never I swear
Will I drink anymore? A throb is in my head
My guts are on the floor
Oh god never I swear
Will I drink anymore?
I wake in up the morning, all fuzzy, cold and sore
I don't know where the hell I am, must get out of this place
I rush into the toilet; it's the same as before
When I look at the mirror, it's the same familiar face
A throb is in my head
My guts are on the floor
Oh god never I swear
Will I drink anymore? So I bid you goodnight
Oh good friends that you are
And I'll see ya for sure
Tomorrow at the bar

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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