

Twisted Drunk

[Sam Densmore](#)

The old man
could drive himself around no more
so he rode himself round town
on a horse
on a big black mare named Katebeen too twisted
twisted up
been too twisted
twisted up
twisted drunktwisted drunk
twisted
twisted drunk
twisted drunkhe carried a gun
and he'd get himself filled up on whisky
that he'd bought the night before
with his pension
from the warsometimes
he'd tell stories
about being in the war
floating on the ocean
and the duties
of a tail gunner
and the cold sweat
that'd run from his skin
as the porpoises
looked like torpedoesbridge
chorus

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