The Drinking Song

Loudon Wainwright III

drunk men stagger, drunk men fall
drunk men swear and that's not all
quite often, they will urinate outdoorslike widowed women, drunk men weep
like children curled up, drunk men sleep
like a dog, a drunk will crawl around on all foursbe he broke bum or rich rake
his dinner, be it break or cake
his beverage be the worst of whiskey or finest winepuke, it stinks and so it seems
that drunkards go to great extremes
but there is yet to be a perfectly straight linedrunks talk strong when drunks are weak
it's easy for a drunk to speak straight from the heart
drunks will fight, they're not afraid
they'll kiss the mistress, make the maid
a manly artbut the drink the toll will take
blood vessels in the nose will break
bags beneath the eyes another signdrunks get ugly so it seems
that drunkards go to great extremes
but there is yet to be a perfectly straight linedrunks are friendly when they're drunk
drunks are hostile when they're drunk
which drunk it is it all depends uponwhen drunks aren't drunk they thirst for drink
elephants are grey not pink
the drink evaporates, the man is gone
back to the yachts and subway cars
to the hip flasks and fruit jars
flat on the face, flat on the behinddrunks get drunk and so it seems
that drunkards go to great extremes
but there is yet to be a perfectly straight line

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