

# 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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