

Chug-A-Lug (Re-Recorded)

[Roger Miller](#)

Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
Make you want to holler hi-de-ho
Burns your tummy, don'tcha know
Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug Grape wine in a Mason jar
Homemade and brought to school
By a friend of mine 'n' after class
Me and him and this other fool decide that we'll drink up what's left
Chug-a-lug, so we helped ourself
First time for everything
Mm, my ears still ring Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
Make you want to holler hi-de-ho
Burns your tummy, don'tcha know
Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug 4-H and FFA on a field trip to the farm
Me 'n' a friend sneak off behind
This big old barn where we uncovered a covered-up moonshine still
And we thought we'd drink our fill
And I swallowed it with a smile
Blilll-bbbb, I run ten mile Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
Make you want to holler hi-de-ho
Burns your tummy, don'tcha know
Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug Jukebox 'n' sawdust floor
Sumpin' like I ain't never seen
And I'm just going on fifteen
But with the help of my finaglin' uncle I get snuck in
For my first taste of sin
I said "Lemme have a big old sip"
Blilll-bbbb, I done a double back flip Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
Make you want to holler hi-de-ho
Burns your tummy, don'tcha know
Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
Tacka-ticka-tacka-waaaah...

Songwriters

ROGER MILLER Published by

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