

Arlington Road

Gallon Drunk

And look what's laid out under the awning
It fell out from Temperance House, on Arlington Road
And he didn't make it through his trial by fire.
Well, she ran herself ragged living it up.
And who will rally around you when you're down?
Drank his love in a dirty bed, feeling alone, less alive than dead
And wasted away.
And now every street bears her name...
Face down and spent,
He can still see her
Laid out in Lavender,
he can still see her,
so well favoured,
and he keeps the wake rolling along...
Coming apart at the seams from doing his time.
He likes a civil tongue, but doesn't own one.
With your vice you do as you're told,
And who care if you're feeling old
And into the gutter you're going to roll and roll and roll...and roll.

Lyrics submitted by GDhour.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>