

# Chug-a-Lug

[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...

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