

Pub Crawl

Brendan Shine

I'm going out tonight and I'm going to have a skinful.
A pub crawl, if you like, but I'll be home tomorrow night.
I was on the booze last night, the same again this morning,
And if I don't make it home, I'll be there before the dawning.

CHORUS:

Well, if I don't make it home, I'll be there in the morning,
And If I don't make it home, I'll be there tomorrow night.

I met this Paddy bloke and we had a few together.
When the landlord he called time, we was right under the weather.
He came across to me and he said, "Get out, you dosser!"
As I wobbled to the door, well, I never gave a tosser.

I was drinkin' with a Jock. We was nipping up our whiskey.
Warms the cockles of your heart, and it makes you feel quite frisky.
Well, if I donâ€™t make it home, Iâ€™ll be there in the morning,
and if I donâ€™t make it home, Iâ€™ll be there tomorrow night.

I was drinkin' with a Taff, we were drinkin' pints o' bitter.
By the time the night was through, we was feelin' that much better.
I said, "Where you come from?" and he said, "I'm from the ?"
I helped him on his way, oh you should have seen him ?

I was in our local pub. I was drinkin' pints o' cider.
I met with a bit of stuff, and in my shed I tried to hide 'er.
The missus she found out and she chased me round the kitchen.
I made it to the door but she stuck me with her knittin'.

Lyrics submitted by Alan Caldwell.

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