London Drunk

Swingin' Utters

i'm burning in this pit i dug myself in an hour ago and up around the corner lies that bastard pub's front door and in my many changing moods and on similar days i've cursed and spat mercilessly at the foot of her firkin grace chaos comes inevitably, like a monarch dressed in rags grinning like a maniac and splashing cider in my face
i'm going back to san francisco to be finally at ease as i've reached the heralded last rung and become a part-time London Drunk
the Bristol Boys are lunatics but madness has its virtue they all smash their pints and feign legless fights because its what they're fucking used to one autumn night in Birmingham after the band had played we piled into that filthy van and got out of that place by half a mile or half a minute i was a sunken, bloated slag i puked up on the floorboards, my fucking jacket and pant-leg (Koski)

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