

Down Where the Drunkards Roll

Richard Thompson

See the boys out walking
The boys, they look so fine
Dressed up in green velvet
Their silver buckles shine Soon they'll be bleary eyed
Under a keg of wine
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll See that lover standing
Staring at the ground
He's looking for the real thing
Lies were all he found You can get the real thing
It will only cost a pound
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll There goes a troubled woman
She dreams a troubled dream
She lives out on the highway
She keeps her money clean Soon she'll be returning
To the place where she's the queen
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll You can be a gambler
Who never drew a hand
You can be a sailor
Who never left dry land You can be Lord Jesus
All the world will understand
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

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