

Peter O'Toole's Drinking Stories

David Keenan

In the past when I knew less than I know now, which isn't much
I slept inside Peter O'Toole's drinking stories
I wept on the unmade bed of existential crises and came to believe that all you need to be a writer is a coat
One arm as long as the other brother
Time can be a teacher when it suits
Resuscitate your childhood schemes through the archaeology of memory my professional dreamer
Tip toe towards immortality laughing into the wind
Onwards now, onwards now, one boot is more than enough

Oh, let truth be known the boy has snapped we've never seen nothing like this before
All the bells have tolled he's never coming back, cracked, smacked, stoned

Once upon a time my mother was a lady an OCD fact grilling machine, that was then and that was that
Once upon a time my father was a coward, but I love him for who he is in the present, that was that
I'm a six week premature ejaculation, baby
But the incubator done me no harm it had its charm, that was that
That was that and so it began the sun came up and shook my hand and young Evanne in holy knowledge
Supervised the finding of a fix on an unsuspecting stranger's bed

Oh, let truth be known the boy has snapped we've never seen nothing like this before
All the bells have tolled he's never coming back, cracked, smacked, stoned
Oh, let truth be known the boy has snapped we've never seen nothing like this before
All the bells have tolled he's never coming back, cracked, smacked, stoned!

One boot is more than enough
One boot is more than enough
One boot is more than enough
One boot is more than enough