

Down At The Stoup

Puffball

I'll be down at the Stoup where the cool's hanging out.
Downing four pints and a fifth without doubt.
And I talk to the guys and I know that's unwise.
I say my team is gonna win and I know I tell lies.

It's where the winos roam but this place is my home.
The bartenders drunk and the beer's half foam.
But the game is ok and I hear what they say.
With my pals at the table I'll stay all day.