Legless

Rod Stewart

I’ve been working all of my life
Tryin to make a dollar last
Well in this morning my telephone rang
As I was putting out the trash

Excuse me sir are you Mr. Jones?
I said yes Ma’am I surely am
Congratulations sir you’re a lottery winner
You’re a rich man the rest of your life

I’m in the mood I’m in the mood to get legless tonight
I’m in the mood I’m in the mood to get loaded tonight

We get all dressed up and we goin down town
In one of them long black limousines
We celebrating with all of our friends
At the paradise ball and grill

I serve my country in Vietnam
And made my life on the line
But tonight I’m letting down I’m selecting my air
With some good champagne and wine

I’m in the mood I’m in the mood to get legless tonight
I’m in the mood I’m in the mood to get loaded tonight

All my taxes paid to good old Uncle Sam
I’m a no nonsense kind of guy
I’m a hardworking man I’m an honest man
But tonight I’m gonna let me go

I’m in the mood I’m in the mood to get legless tonight
I’m in the mood I’m in the mood to get loaded tonight

I’m in the mood I’m in the mood to get legless tonight
I’m in the mood I’m in the mood to get shit faced tonight

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