

The Hangover Song

Slim Dusty

When you wake up in the morning of the night before
And there's someone knocking' on your front door
And you haven't got a drink and you're sick to the core
You've got what they call a hangover

Well your head is splitting and your stomachs in pain
And you tremble when you hear that knock again
And you're certain that the knocker is the law that's
plain
Oh you think the worst with a hangover

Well you try to think back on the night before
You've got a vague recollection but you're not too sure
You were out with a woman it's her husband for sure
It's a dreadful thing a hangover

Oh you drove home drunk but you think you were right
But you seem to recall going through red lights
It's the law at the door and he's got you in his sights
It all looks bad with a hangover

Oh you look into the mirror and you've got a black eye
And there's blood on your shirt from the other guy
Must be him at the door I wish I could die
Would be better than this hangover

Well you pluck up courage and you open up the door
Expecting a punch or a bluey from the law
Or a jealous husband with a gun in his paw
At least it would end this hangover

Well strike me pink you near drop dead
Why it's Don and Bert and Stan and Ned
With a carton of coldies for your aching head
Medicine for a hangover

Well you start to recover and get a couple down
You think things over oh weren't you a clown
To worry if the law or a husband came round
Ohhh it must have been a bad hangover

So you all head off to the local once more
And you're a little self conscious as you walk through
the door
But at closing time you're as bad as before
And you're in for another hangover

Oh show me the way to go home cause you're in for
another hangover.