

## Drinkin' Again

### Stiff Little Fingers

Well the first time that I saw you,  
You were standing at the bar.  
You said you'd have an orange juice,  
Because you'd brought the car.

You said you liked my music.  
I said I liked your hair.  
The both of us were lieing,  
But didn't seemed to care.

Then we began to hang around,  
It was a strange affair.  
The kind where love don't enter in,  
And neither seems to care,  
About the other persons wants & needs  
And what sets them apart  
You wanted the terraced house and I needed a jar.

Give me rum, give me vodka, give me brandy, give me beer  
Give me the chance of amusement and the chance of some good che  
er  
Newcastle brown I'll drink you down,  
To the dregs I'm hell on legs, I'm drinkin again

Now in all the time I knew you,  
I never had a drink.  
You always would remind me,  
It was money down the sink.  
But now we've seperated you'll find you won't be missed,  
So you be prim & proper and I'll get roarin pissed.

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