

Crawlin'

The Clovers

Well I stopped to have a little drink
With a lady down the street
Then would took the time to think
That if I drink a Sneaky Pete
I'd be crawlin' instead of ballin'

I mix the colored wine with rye
Drink 'til time for me to go
Well she didn't bat an eye
When she saw me on the floor
Just a-crawlin', a really crawlin'

I poured the beer in the gin
I drank the gin with the wine
It left me really chargin' like a jet T99

I was feelin' mighty fine
High as any Georgia pine
Rock and standing on my legs
The floor came up and bumped my head
Man I was crawlin' a really crawlin'

She was prancing all around
And I was on my hands and knees
Trying to get up off the ground
When she said with so much ease
Man you're ballin', a really ballin'

Just then my husband broke in
And threw me out on the street
I don't know what became of her
But I was really beat

Then I tried to drag home
Sore and full of misery
All the Sneaky Pete was gone
And the folks could plainly see
I was crawlin' instead of ballin'
I was crawlin' instead of ballin'
Yes I was crawlin' instead of ballin'
Oh I was crawlin' instead of ballin'

But let me tell you one thing
I ain't going there no more