

## 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