Back at the house a bottle is found and opened in honour of those who have drowned While we who have not are stricken with guilt and dutifully see that not one drop is spilt

We're drinking to life, we're drinking to death We're drinking 'till none of our livers are left We're winding our way down to the spirit store We'll drink 'till we just can't drink any more

Raise your glasses high! Drink the cellar dry!

Well bloody my nose and blacken my eye
If it ain't some young turk in search of a fight
And Chanticleer's chest is sagging with pride
for honour has yet to be satisfied

Well heaven be thanked we live in an age where no man need bother except on the stage With Dulce Et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori and definitely not tonight...

I can still remember
when I was just a kid
I was free to do what I wanted to
but never ever did
And now with years of discretion reached may we not forget
Liberte Egalite Fraternite
For there's life in the old world yet

There'll always be an England an Ireland and our France A Lichtenstein and Finland For we have only one chance

Then this young man with an unhealthy tan puts a drink in my hand and says I understand You're in search of a place to continue the chase of the heavenly taste I suggest in that case That you all come with me to my place by the sea where the glasses shall be overflowing with free alcoholic delights (and free love if you like) For what point has this life if you can't realise your dreams?

Raise your glasses high! And drink the town dry!

We'll drink beyond the boundaries of sense
We'll drink 'till we start to see lovely pink elephants
Inside our heads, inside our beds, inside the threads of our pyjama legs
So don't shoot 'till you see the reds of our eyes
And an army of elephants marching behind
From the day I was born 'till the night I will die
All my lovers will be pink and elephantine!