

A Great Drinker

The Wonder Stuff

There's sweat on my finger tips
I got a belly full of beer shits
My head is too close to the wall.
There's blood in my underwear
I don't know how I got it there
I swear I'd bust open my head, should I fall.

I know weaker personalities
'Cos they're sitting around my home with me.
I've got an ever loving wife... of a sort
There's a bottle and a half to go
Don't ask me where 'cos I don't know at all.
Sit right down, one for the road?

We don't stick it where it don't belong
We don't mend what ain't broken
And it's not because we're strung out on the sauce.
We're not picking up the pieces
Of a world that still increasingly
Just has to know my business.
What is yours?

Well there's hate where my liver sits
I got cigarettes to pull to bits
I don't think too much it's bad for the soul.
I got bottles for good company
A great drinker and his love could be...
Well of all the stupid things I've been told,
They took my car.

Get out if it's not for you
You stay here then, you throw down too.
If all the world would wait and see
The last drink's gonna be on me.