

Nocturnal Stumblebutt

Loudon Wainwright III

Well it's 3am, and so I creep
Around the house 'cause you're asleep
I can't sleep, I gotta smoke
I think I left some in my coat
No they're not there, but there's a chance
I left some in a packet in my pants

Bumped into the table, just below the belt
If you were a man baby you'd know how that felt
Just one thing I don't want to do
And that one thing is to wake up you
My hands are shaking, my brow it is damp
Bumped into the chair, knocked over the lamp
Bumped into the chair, knocked over the lamp

Sure I know where some cigarettes are
But it's too cold outside to go to the car
I know this habit of mine, it's gotta be fed

I'm gonna get down I'm gonna scrounge around under the
bed
Under the bed, down on the floor
Up on top baby I can hear you snore
Snore baby... ooooooh
Snore baby... ooooooh
Eureka! I'm in luck
I found some matches and a crumpled butt
And just to show I love you
I'm not gonna look for an ashtray baby, I'm gonna use
your shoe!