

# The Drinking Song

Loudon Wainwright III

drunk men stagger, drunk men fall  
drunk men swear and that's not all  
quite often they will urinate out doors

like widowed women, drunk men weep  
like children curled up, drunk men sleep  
like a dog, a drunk will crawl around on all fours

be he broke bum or rich rake  
his dinner, be it bread or cake  
his beverage be the worst of whiskey or finest wine

puke, it stinks and so it seems  
that drunkards go to great extremes  
but there is yet to be a perfectly straight line

drunks talk strong when drunks are weak  
it's easy for a drunk to speak straight from the heart  
drunks will fight, they're not afraid  
they'll kiss the mistress, make the maid  
a manly art

but the drink the toll will take  
blood vessels in the nose will break  
bags beneath the eyes – another sign

drunks get ugly so it seems  
that drunkards go to great extremes  
but there is yet to be a perfectly straight line

drunks are friendly when they're drunk  
drunks are hostile when they're drunk  
which drunk it is, it all depends up on

when drunks aren't drunk they thirst for drink  
elephants are grey not pink  
the drink evaporates, the man is gone  
back to the yachts and subway cars  
to the hip flasks and fruit jars  
flat on the face, flat on the behind

drunks get drunk and so it seems  
that drunkards go to great extremes  
but there is yet to be a perfectly straight line