

## Drinking Man

### Spirit of the West

I'm a part of the furniture, this boozer's my home  
I've been here forever, this barstool's my throne  
I'm drinking short whiskeys with a half pint of stout  
I smoke senior service or one of yours when I'm out  
And I'm always out  
The women say I'm foul, the men say I'm harmless  
I'm the source of entertainment and conversation tireless  
The vicar gives me sermons, the young ones give me cheek  
You can read all about me in the bogs on high street  
On high street  
These may seem like wasted years  
Ah, but the stories I could tell  
When these shoulders were broad and strong  
And I served my country well  
I'm not a picture of perfect health  
But I'm feeling no pain today  
So you can fill my glass again  
And I'll grow old my own way  
I've woke up near the barley fields  
Like a sack on the side of the road  
With a belly full of drink,  
And a chill running through my bones  
If I dropped dead tomorrow,  
You'd hear the righteous say  
That I was not a christian man,  
And I pissed my life away  
That's what they'd say  
-repeat first verse-  
-chorus-