

London Drunk

Swingin' Utters

I'm burning in this pit I dug myself an hour ago and up around
the corner lies that bastard pub's front door and in my many ch
angin moods and on similar days I've cursed and spat up mercile
ssly at the foot of her fuckin' grace chaos comes inevitably li
ke a monarch dressed in rags grinning like a maniac and splashi
ng cider in my face

I'm going back to San Francisco to be finally at ease

as I've reached the heralded last rung

and become a part-time London drunk

the Bristol boys are lunatics but madness has its virtue they a
ll smash their pints and feign legless fights because it's wha
t they're fucking used to one autumn night in Birmingham after
the band had played we fled into that filthy van and got out of
that fucking place by half a mile or half a minute I was a sun
ken, bloated slag I puked up on the floorboards, my fucking jac
ket and pant leg