

# Seven Drunken Nights

## The Dubliners

As I went down on a Monday night  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a horse outside the door,  
Where my old horse should be.  
And I called my wife and I said to her:  
"Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that horse outside the door  
Where my old horse should be?"

Ah, you're drunk.  
You're drunk, you silly old fool.  
Still you cannot see,  
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me  
Well, there's many a days  
I've travelled a hundred miles or more,  
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before.

As I went home on Tuesday night  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a coat behind the door,  
Where my old coat should be.  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her:  
"Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that coat behind the door  
Where my old coat should be?"

Ah, you're drunk.  
You're drunk, you silly old fool.  
Still you cannot see,  
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me  
Well, there's many a days  
I've travelled a hundred miles or more,  
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before.

As I went home on Wednesday night  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a pipe upon the chair,  
Where my old pipe should be.  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her:  
"Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that pipe up on the chair  
Where my old pipe should be?"

Ah, you're drunk.  
You're drunk, you silly old fool.  
Still you cannot see,  
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me  
Well, there's many a days  
I've travelled a hundred miles or more,  
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before.

And as I went home on Thursday night  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw two boots beneath the bed,  
Where my old boots should be.  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her:  
"Will you kindly tell to me,

Who owns them boots beneath the bed  
Where my old boots should be?"

Ah, you're drunk.  
You're drunk, you silly old fool.  
Still you cannot see,  
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me  
Well, there's many a days  
I've travelled a hundred miles or more,  
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before.

As I went home on Friday night  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a head upon the bed,  
Where my old head should be.  
And I called me wife and I said to her:  
"Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that head upon the bed  
Where my old head should be?"

Ah, you're drunk.  
You're drunk, you silly old fool.  
Still you cannot see,  
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me  
Well, there's many a days  
I've travelled a hundred miles or more,  
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before.

As I went home on Saturday night  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw two hands upon her breasts,  
Where my old hands should be.  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her:  
"Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns them hands upon your breasts  
Where my old hands should be?"

Ah, you're drunk.  
You're drunk, you silly old fool.  
Still you cannot see,  
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me  
Well, there's many a days  
I've travelled a hundred miles or more,  
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before.

As I went home on a Sunday night  
As drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a thing inside her thing,  
Where my old thing should be.  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her:  
"Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that thing inside your thing  
Where my old thing should be?"

Ah, you're drunk.  
You're drunk, you silly old fool.  
Still you cannot see,  
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me  
Well, there's many a days  
I've travelled a hundred miles or more,  
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before.