

Alasdair Roberts, Carousing

Carousing all the evening and the drinking of the wine,
The dancing and the winching and the ladies in line.
But we'll be lying idle in the morning of the day,
Carousing, carousing, carousing away!

And I love to see you angry, then I know you are alive.
And you're already rowdy when the flash girls arrive.
But we'll be lying idle in the morning of the day
Carousing, carousing, carousing away!

I feel the sickener run in my veins,
Holy pulse-quickener, easer of pains,
Knower of knowledge and namer of names,
Worker and shirker and player of games.
Oh holy pulse-quickener, how can this be
That that which unveileith doth also deceive?
Open the bottle and let the wine breathe,
Open the bottle and let the wine breathe.