

Dropkick Murphys, Fuck You I'm Drunk

I lay on the door but she wont let me in
Cause you're sick and tired of me reeking of gin
I knock on the doors from the front to the back
And left me a note telling me I should pack

I walk in the bar and the fellas all cheer
They order me up a whiskey and beer
You ask me why I'm writing this poem
Some call it a tavern, but I call it home

Fuck you I'm drunk!
Fuck you I'm drunk!
Pour my beer down the sink
I've got more in the trunk
Fuck you I'm drunk!
Fuck you I'm drunk!
And I'm going to be drunk til the next time I'm drunk!

You've given me an option
You say I must choose
Between you and the liquor
Then I'll take the booze
Jump on a bus
Turn down to the south side
Were I'll sit down an excersise my Irish pride

Fuck you I'm drunk!
Fuck you I'm drunk!
Pour my beer down the sink
I've got more in the trunk
Fuck you I'm drunk! (Fuck You)
Fuck you I'm drunk!
And I'm going to be drunk till the next time I'm drunk!