

Hank Snow, The Night I Stole Old Sammy Morgan's

Listen folks and I will tell a funny story
You may think it sad but I was in my glory
'Twas a cellar I crept in, cobwebs brushing by my chin
On the night I stole old Sammy Morgan's gin

As my hand fell on the jug I had to snicker
But when I started for the door I went much quicker
For just up above my head someone jumped right out of bed
On the night I stole old Sammy Morgan's gin

As I left that cellar believe me, I was liftin'
And the hops from one arm to the other shiftin'
Then I stopped and hauled the plug, sat there till I drained the jug
Had my mind all set, no spare drops I was missin'

Then on my feet I thought I was, but wasn't
And for roads, I guess I saw about a dozen
When I reached the old porch door I went smack-o on the floor
On the night I stole old Sammy Morgan's gin

I just made one step and landed in the coal box
Then from off the mantle came a Big Ben 'larm clock
But I finally got upstairs after passing seven bears
'Twas the night I stole old Sammy Morgan's gin

By my bedroom door an owl stood taking tickets
Then the monkey stood before me baking biscuits
But the funniest sight of all was two roosters playing ball
On the night I stole old Sammy Morgan's gin

I saw mice as big as horses washing dishes
As an ape came in the door dressed up in britches
Then the floor fell on my head as I tried to get in bed
'Twas the night I stole old Sammy Morgan's gin

Well, I woke next morning guess 'twas closer ev'nin'
And my room was certainly in an awful shape
Someone else had took my head and left an elephant's there instead
On the morning after drinking Sammy's gin