

Los Lobos, Down Where The Drunkards Roll

(Richard Thompson)

[From "Beat The Retreat: Songs By Richard Thompson"]

See the boys out walking
The boys who look so fine
Dressed up in green velvet
Their silver buckles shine
Soon they'll be bleary-eyed
Under a keg of wine
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

See that lover standing
Staring at the ground
He's looking for the real thing
Lies were all he found
You can get the real thing
It will only cost a pound
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

There goes a troubled woman
She dreams a troubled dream
She lives out on the highway
She keeps her money clean
Soon she'll be returning
To the place where she's the queen
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

You can be a gambler
Who never drew a hand
You can be a sailor
Who never left dry land
You can be lord Jesus
All the world will understand
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll