

Skyclad, Another drinking song

Another drinking song
Where they sit around
And get a round in while the getting's good
They'll make the most until the money's gone
They're coming out to celebrate, to sing and dance and to escape
A crazy world where everything seems wrong
Drinking to forget and to remember all the glory days
The days we stood apart and we stood strong
Though the beer befuddles sense
It can't provide them recompense
They settle for another drinking song
Where the 'busy man finds recreation'
the 'idle man finds business'
The 'melancholy man finds sanctuary'
The 'stranger may have welcome'
and still within these self-same walls
The 'citizen may find some courtesy'
From 'rose and crown' to 'cock and bull'
all history is written there
To folklore, myth and legend we belong
Come Masons, Plumbers Carpenters,
Come Cricketers and huntsmen
All join in another drinking song
Well you can keep your 'long-hours culture'
your lusting for adventure
There's life aplenty down 'The tap 'n' Spile'
Forget your occupation down 'The Salutation'
This tragi-comedy will make you smile
From quaint barstall philosophy to subtle innuendo
It's funny how the tribes all get along
Curse abstinence and temperance, come celebrate insouciance
And join us in another drinking song