

Blood Or Whiskey, Wack For A Widdle

As I get home at 6AM gone out to work all day
With me boots on me feet and me cap on me head
In bed I would I could stay
Cause I'm too old to spend my time shifting sods and clay
And the wife won't give me what I want cause I'm so old and grey
For a wack of the widdle a widdle a wack
A widdle a wack all day
For a wack of the widdle a widdle a wack
I'll widdle my life way
As I get home from saving the hay my arms and legs do say
Sit down you drunk put your arse on the stump and get stuck in the tea
With the wife on me back and the kids all brats screaming in my ear
Go on you old git you're full of shit you won't last out the year
Well I'd seen it all my cup was full and I walked out the door
And I sold my house and I sold my land and I never saw them no more
Now I lie all day in the Spanish sun with a girl on either side
If I'd have stayed I'd never get laid it's there I would have died