Flogging Molly, Fuck You, I'm Drunk

I bang on the door but you won't let me in,
'cause you're sick and tired of me reeking of gin.
Locked all 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 fella's 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.

F**k you, I'm drunk
F**k you, I'm drunk
Pour my beer down the sink I've got more in the trunk.

F**k you, I'm drunk
F**k you, I'm drunk
And I'm going to be drunk till the next time I'm drunk!

You've given me an option, you say I must choose,
'tween you and the liqour, then I'll take the booze!
Jumpin' on Western down to the south side,
Where I'll sit down and exercise my Irish pride.

F**k you, I'm drunk
F**k you, I'm drunk
Pour my beer down the sink I've got more in the trunk.

F**k you, I'm drunk
F**k you, I'm drunk
And I'm going to be drunk till the next time I'm drunk!