

Kim Mitchell, Lager And Ale

Late weekend night and I'm at the Bojar Grill
I got decisions to be made between lager and ale
When through the kitchen door come the dancing girl
Then everything on the menu mattered

Oh, the thoughts in my head
Oh, if she knew
I hope you'll nod at this drunken bar slob
'Cause I'm ready, willing and able
Yes, I'm ready, willing and able

Oh, the thoughts in my head
Oh, if she knew
I hope she'll nod at this drunken bar slob
'Cause I'm ready, willing and able
Yes, I'm ready, willing and able

Over to the jukebox I staggered
For a love song to scatter my body before her
Didn't have change and I lost my damn brains
So I started humming In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida

Oh, the thoughts in my head
Oh, if she knew
I hope you'll nod at this drunken bar slob
'Cause I'm ready, willing and able
Yes, I'm ready, willing and able

Hey, I'll pay your bar tab and even the cab, baby
Off to the hotel we'll wallow

Ready, willing and able
Yes, I'm ready, willing and able
'Cause I'm ready, willing and able
Yes, I'm ready, willing and able
'Cause I'm ready, willing and able