

Mudmen, Home For A Rest

We arrived in December and London was cold
So we stayed in the bars along Charring cross road
We never saw nothing but brass taps and oak
Kept a shine on the bar with the sleeves of our coats

You'll have to excuse me I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a month, I been drunk since I left
These so called vacations won't soon be my death
I'm so sick of the drink, I need home for a rest

Easton station the train journeyed north
And in the buffet car we lurched back and forth
Passed odd crooked dykes and through Yorkshire's green field
We where flung into dance as the train jigged and reeled

Chorus

By the light of the moon she'd drift through the streets
A rare old perfume so seductive and sweet
She teased us and flirt as the pubs all closed down
Then walk us on home and deny us a round

Chorus

The gas heater's empty, it's damp as a tomb
And the spirits we drank are now ghosts in the room
I'm knackered again, come on sleep take me soon
And don't lift up my head till the twelve bells of noon

Chorus out