

Spirit Of The West, Drinking Man

i'm a part of the furniture, this boozers my home
i've been here forever, this barstool's my throne
i'm drinking short whiskeys with a half pint of stout
i smoke senior service or one of yours when i'm out
and i'm always out
the women say i'm foul, the men say i'm harmless
i'm the source of entertainment and conversation tireless
the vicar gives me sermons, the young ones give me cheek
you can read all about me in the bogs on high street
on high street
these may seem like wasted years
ah, but the stories i could tell
when these shoulders were broad and strong
and i served my country well
i'm not a picture of perfect health
but i'm feeling no pain today
so you can fill my glass again
and i'll grow old my own way
i've woke up near the barley fields
like a sack on the side of the road
with a belly full of drink,
and a chill running through my bones
if i dropped dead tomorrow,
you'd hear the righteous say
that i was not a christian man,
and i pissed my life away
that's what they'd say
-repeat first verse-
-chorus-