Spirit Of The West, Home For A Rest

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

We arrived in December and London was cold
We stayed in the bars along Charing Cross Road
We never saw nothin' but brass taps and oak
Kept a shine on the bar with the sleeves of our coats

CHORUS:
You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a week
I've been drunk since I left
And these so-called vacations
Will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink
I need home for a rest
Take me home....

Euston Station the train journey North
In the buffet car we lurched back and forth
Past old crooked dykes through Yorkshire's green fields
We were 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'd tease us and flirt, as the pubs all closed down
Then walk us on home and deny us a round

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And these so-called vacations
Will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink
I need home for a rest
Take me home....

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

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