

Squeeze, When The Hangover Strikes

(Difford/Tilbrook)

When the hangover strikes
And I open my post
And the coffee is on
And I'm burning my toast
I let the battle commence
I see a sun in the trees
And a draught at the door
With my head in my lap
There's a day to explore
But I'm left without sense
As the hangover strikes
And I turn on the tap
But the water's too loud
And I'm caged by the fact
That the battle's not lost
Is it the hair of the dog
Or the Baa of a Lamb
In a sheepish attempt
To be half of the man
That I might be or was

When the hangover strikes
And a mirror reveals
That it's Midnight or bust
And a drink does appeal
Now the battle is won
So the cure of the can
Pours its heart out on me
Though I'm feeling locked up
But I can't find the key
Well no damage was done

Poor poor poor, poor shaken one
Pour pour pour, pour me another one