

The Kinks, Alcohol

Here's a story about a sinner,
He used to be a winner who enjoyed a life of prominence and position,
But the pressures at the office and his socialite engagements,
And his selfish wife's fanatical ambition,
It turned him to the booze,
And he got mixed up with a floosie
And she led him to a life of indecision.
The floosie made him spend his dole
She left him lying on Skid Row
A drunken lag in some Salvation Army Mission.
It's such a shame.

Oh demon alcohol,
Sad memories I cannot recall,
Who thought I would say,
Damn it all and blow it all,
Oh demon alcohol,
Memories I cannot recall,
Who thought I would fall a slave to demon alcohol.
Sad memories I cannot recall,
Who thought I would fall a slave to demon alcohol.

Barley wine, pink gin,
He'll drink anything,
Port, pernod or tequila,
Rum, scotch, vodka on the rocks,
As long as all his troubles disappeared.
But he messed up his life, went and beat up his wife,
And the floosie's gone and found another sucker
She's gonna turn him on to drink
She's gonna lead him to the brink
And when his money's gone,
She'll leave him in the gutter,
It's such a shame.

Oh demon alcohol,
Sad memories I cannot recall,
Who thought I would say,
Damn it all and blow it all,

Sad memories I cannot recall,
Who thought I would fall,
A slave to demon alcohol.