

Boozin'

...And we all are bloody well boozin.

Now what are the joys of a single young man?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

And what is he doing whenever he can?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

You may think I'm wrong and you may think I'm right,

I'm not going to argue, I know you can fight,

But what do you think we are doing tonight?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

CHORUS

Boozing, boozing, just you and I!

Boozing, boozing, when we are dry.

Some do it openly, some on the sly,

But we all are bloody well boozing.

And what are the joys of a poor married man?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

What is he doing whenever he can?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

He goes out a-shopping, makes many a call

He comes home at night and he gives his wife all

But what brings him home hanging on to a wall?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

CHORUS

What are the joys of the whole laboring class?

Why! Boozing, bloody well boozing.

And what is it robs a poor man of his brass?

Boozing, bloody well boozing.

It rue-ins the liver, it addles the brain,

It inspires our singing, again and again.

What gives such fair measure of pleasure and pain?

Why, boozing, bloody well boozing!"

CHORUS

And what does the Salvation Army run down?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

And what are they banning in every town?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

They stand on street corners, they rave and they shout,

They shout about things they know nothing about.

But what are they doing when the lights are turned out?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

CHORUS

And what are the Morris Men doing tonight?

Why! Boozing, bloody well boozing!

And why do you think that they're dancing so tight?

Its! Boozing, bloody well boozing!

They galley and foray and caper around.

They seldom are seen with their feet on the ground.

Their rounds they are square and their squares they are round.

They're boozing, bloody well boozing!

CHORUS

And what is the thing I loves more than me tea?

Why! Boozing, bloody well boozing!

And what keeps us all nippin' out for a wee?

Why! Boozing, bloody well boozing!

Your pocket gets empty, your bladder gets tight.

You're garglin' your beer the best part of the night.

Your nose turns bright red and your face goes dead white

From boozing, bloody well boozing!

CHORUS

And what does the Green Man have us doing each year?

Why! Boozing, bloody well boozing!

And, why is he worshipped by everyone here?

'Cause we're boozing, bloody well boozing!

He sweetens the barley. He bitters the hops.

He fills all our barrels right up to their tops.

He weeps like a babe when the last drip he drops!

'Cause he's boozing, bloody well boozing!

CHORUS