

Boozin' Bloody well Boozin'

What are the joys of the single young man?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'
And what is he doing whenever he can?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'
You may think I'm wrong and you may think I'm right
I'm not goin' ta argue, I know you can fight
But what do you think we'll be doin' tonight?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.

Chorus:

Boozin', Boozin' just you and I
Boozin', Boozin', when we are dry
Some do it openly, some on the sly
But we all are bloody well Boozin'.

What are the joys of the poor married man?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.
And what is he doing whenever he can?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.
He comes home at night and he gives his wife all
Then goes out "shopping," makes many a call [tipple with hand] (Last Call? Oh, no!)
But what brings him home hangin' on to the wall?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.

Chorus

What do the priests and the bishops run down?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.
And what are they damning in every town?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.
The stand on street corners, they rant and they shout
They shout about things they know nothing about
(Hark the Herald Angels sing, beer's the cure for everything)
But what are they doin' when the lights are all out?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.

Chorus