

Seven Drunken Nights (live)

As I went home on a Monday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a horse outside the door, where my ould horse should be.
Well I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that horse outside the door, where my ould horse should be?
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see.
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I traveled, a hundred miles or more,
But a saddle on a sow, sure, I never saw before.

As I went home on a Tuesday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a coat behind the door, where my ould coat should be.
Well, I called my wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that coat behind the door, where my ould coat should be?
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see.
That's a woolen blanket that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I traveled, a hundred miles or more,
But buttons on a blanket, sure, I never saw before.

And as I went home on a Wednesday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a pipe upon the chair, where my ould pipe should be.
Well I called my wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that pipe upon the chair where my ould pipe should be.
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see.
That's a lovely tin-whistle, that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I traveled, a hundred miles or more,
But tobacco in a tin-whistle, sure, I never saw before.

And as I went home on a Thursday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw two boots beneath the bed, where my ould boots should be.
Well, I called my wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my ould boots should be.
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see.
They're two lovely geranium pots my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I traveled, a hundred miles or more,
But laces in geranium pots sure I never saw before.

And as I went home on a Friday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a head inside the bed, where my ould head should be.
Well, I called my wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that head with you the bed, where my ould head should be.
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see.
That's a baby boy, that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I traveled, a hundred miles or more,
But a baby boy with his whiskers on, sure, I never saw before.