

## Alcoholic Baby

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Come to me my alcoholic baby,  
Cuddle up and don't get tight.  
You've consumed a lot of whiskey, baby  
I think that should hold you for the night:  
Not ev'ry stomach has an iron-clad lining  
Wait until the gin soaks through,  
And smile, my honey dear  
While I finish up my beer  
So that I can be alcoholic, too.

Tune: Melancholy Baby, of course.

Note: Heard from Don Frye, a saloon piano player, ca 1950

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