

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Drowning in Beer

Drowning in Beer
(Eric Frandsen)

It was last Sunday night, about eleven, I think
I was looking for someone to buy me a drink
So I stopped in this tavern, the sights for to see
And a fool on a stool sang this sad song to me

Now, it seems like my dreams have all slipped from my grasp
So I'm blowing the foam off the top of this glass
Where once I was welcome, now she won't let me near
Please, somebody help me; I'm drowning in beer

You can tell that bartender to tap us a keg
And I'll tell you about that fine pair of long legs
On which were the feet that kicked me outside
That long-legged woman has caused me to slide

I slid down the stairs and on down the line
And into this ginmill, 't was the first I could find
And I've pawned all I owned to fend off the drought
And I'm drinking on credit, but I'll be found out

I was drunkenly listening to this story of strife
How that cruel-hearted woman had done wrecked his life
When that drunkard stood up and walked back of the bar
And turned on the spigot of a keg that stood thar

He laid underneath and he opened his trap
And he guzzled the beer as it poured from the tap
The patrons all watched for a minute or two
Then he choked and he spluttered and he drowned in the brew

They did not care much for that drowned drunkard's pride
They called for the bouncer to drag him outside
Aid I left by the back door for to save my own neck
For I had not the money to pay for the check

I staggered back home with tears in my eyes
Remembering that fellow's untimely demise
And if you think that my fate could be anything worse
It's all explained fully in the very next verse

The reason I'm singing this sad song to you

When my old man (lady) saw me he (she) kicked me out too
I started to slide and I landed in here
Please, somebody help me; I'm drowning in beer

JN