

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Seven Beers With the Wrong Man

Seven Beers With the Wrong Man

[G] Last night I strolled [C] down to the [G] tavern
To get me a glass of [D] beer
And when I sat down at the table
A man came up and said [G] ""Dear,
Come over and [C] sit at my [G] table
And I'll buy you beer [G7] by the [C] can
I made my mistake - last [G] night when I drank
Seven [D] Beers With The [D7] Wrong Kind Of [G] Man.

This man was tall, dark and handsome
You could hang out your clothes on his line
He said he'd searched this world over
But he'd never seen beauty like mine
I fell for it hook, line and sinker
And then all the troubles began
From now on I think - I never will drink
Seven Beers With The Wrong Kind Of Man.

He asked me if I had a husband
I told him my name was still ""Miss""
Was then that he leaned 'cross the table
He squeezed me and gave me a kiss
I couldn't resist his advances
The room seemed to spin 'round and then
He said ""There's my wife - better run for your life
Or you'll not see daylight again.""

Now I'm in the house of correction
His wife said I'd stolen her man
It's all on account of my drinkin'
Seven Beers With The Wrong Kind Of Man
That big handsome brute said I ""vamped"" him
That I was the worst in the land
Now girls stop and think - before you go drink
Seven Beers With The Wrong Kind Of Man.

note: I think that this is one of the spin off parodies of Seven Years
with the Wrong Woman, but I can't prove it. RG

Recorded by Bonnie Blue Eyes

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