

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Sodden Clods Are Comin to Town

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(Phil Hahn)

You better watch out

You better not try,

Trav'ling about

I'm telling you why

Sodden clods are coming to town.

They're wrecking the bars

They're starting street fights.

They're having one of

Their naughtiest nights,

Sodden clods are coming to town.

Blithe New Years's drivers, pickled

In alcoholic brine

Will gaily bounce off walls and trees

To the strains of "Auld Lang Syne",

So,

You better stay home

And drink your own rye.

You're crazy to roam

It's obvious why,

Sodden clods are coming to town.

from the Oct. 1960 edition of Mad

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