

Drunk Again - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

DRUNK AGAIN.

Now I've been out with some pals to dine,
Beautiful dinner and glorious wine,
They all drank their share, and I've got mine,
So now I'm rolling home.
The reason why I'm inclined to roll,
The wine has got up into my old poll,
I can't walk straight, upon my soul,
For my legs ore inclined to roam

Spoken-Most strodinary thing whenever I get a little jolly.
my legs get so deucedly obstinate; one wants to lay down, and
the other wants to go round the corner-in fact they give me a
gentle hint that I'm-

. Chorus.
Drunk again, drunk again,
I'm Timothy Tottle, I'm fond of my bottle, hic!
Drunk again, drunk again,
A jolly old cockle am I.

Like loyal boys we toasted the Queen,
And drank her health, too. all serene!
There were fifteen of us, I counted nineteen!
That's rather strange, you will say,
We drank everyone's health and then our own.
Until every blessed bottle had flown;
Then we gave such a cheer as never was known,
With a hip, hip, hip. hooray!
Spoken-I made a speech, I said-I don't exactly remember
what I did say; I know I began it on my legs, and finished it
under the table-when some one remarked in reply:-Chorus.

I'm fond of a bottle of sherry or port,
With that logwood stuff I'm not to be caught;
Good forty years old, hah! that's the sort!
Now of such I'm a capital judge.
Mind, I don't turn up my nose at brandy or gin!
At whiskey or rum, I can do a "go in,"
To refuse any drink I consider a sin,
And "teetotalers' twaddle "all fudge!

Spoken-Talking about teetotalers, have you seen my land-
lady's nose? She's one, and gives me notice to quit every week
for getting:-Chorus.

I must now toddle round to number three,
I wish number three would come round to me;
For if a policeman this party should see,
That "minion "will make out a case;
For since this new licensing act's come out,
It's not safe for a fellow to go much about.
You chance to get in a cell, no doubt,
And that's not a "comfable" place.
Spoken-No, not but what I'm all right enough-it's my legs
that get me into trouble; they are so abtroplopsus. And this is
the way they serve me after sticking to 'em all these years. In-
gratitude! They're the only pair I've got at present, or I
wouldn't put up with it, for they will keep on getting-

Chorus.
Drunk again, drunk again,
Timothy Tottle's so fond of his bottle, hic!
Drunk again, drunk again,
A jolly old cockle am I.