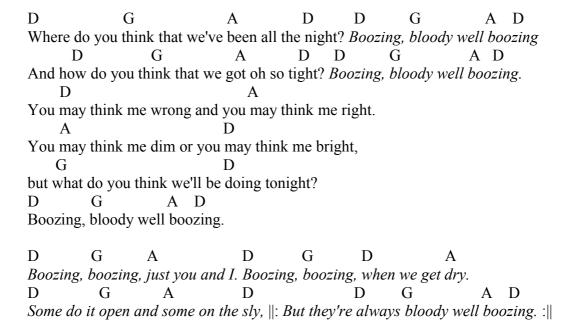
Boozing, bloody well boozing



What is the thing I love more than my tea? *Boozing, blody well boozing*. What makes me keep whipping out for a pee? *Boozing, blody well boozing*. When your pockets get empty, and your bladder gets tight. You're gargling this beer the best part of your night. Your nose gets blood-red but your face goes all white. You're boozing, bloody well boozing.

Boozing, boozing, just you and I...

What is the thing the clergy pull down? *Boozing, blody well boozing*. What do they preach against in every town? *Boozing, blody well boozing*. They curse it and they call it and they holler it about, and they talk about something that they know plenty about. For where do you find them, when the lights are all out? They are boozing, blody well boozing.

Boozing, boozing, just you and I...

What is the thing I love more than me whife? *Boozing, blody well boozing*. What is the thing that's the plague of my life? *Boozing, blody well boozing*. When you roll home in the morning, she starts mournin' at you. She says: 'Right, lad you bugger, tomorrow you'll rue'. Then she rolls down the bed saying there's nothing here for you. You've been boozing, bloody well boozing.

Boozing, boozing, just you and I...