

Boozing, bloody well boozing

D G A D D G A D
Where do you think that we've been all the night? *Boozing, bloody well boozing*

D G A D D G A D
And how do you think that we got oh so tight? *Boozing, bloody well boozing.*

D A
You may think me wrong and you may think me right.

A D
You may think me dim or you may think me bright,

G D
but what do you think we'll be doing tonight?

D G A D
Boozing, bloody well boozing.

D G A D G D A
Boozing, boozing, just you and I. Boozing, boozing, when we get dry.

D G A D D G A D
Some do it open and some on the sly, ||: But they're always bloody well boozing. :||

What is the thing I love more than my tea? *Boozing, bloody well boozing.*

What makes me keep whipping out for a pee? *Boozing, bloody 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, bloody well boozing.*

What do they preach against in every town? *Boozing, bloody 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, bloody well boozing.

Boozing, boozing, just you and I...

What is the thing I love more than me whife? *Boozing, bloody well boozing.*

What is the thing that's the plague of my life? *Boozing, bloody 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...