

## Nocturnal Stumblebutt

Loudon Wainwright III

Well it's 3am, and so I creep  
Around the house 'cause you're asleep  
I can't sleep, I gotta smoke  
I think I left some in my coat  
No they're not there, but there's a chance  
I left some in a packet in my pants

Bumped into the table, just below the belt  
If you were a man baby you'd know how that felt  
Just one thing I don't want to do  
And that one thing is to wake up you  
My hands are shaking, my brow it is damp  
Bumped into the chair, knocked over the lamp  
Bumped into the chair, knocked over the lamp

Sure I know where some cigarettes are  
But it's too cold outside to go to the car  
I know this habit of mine, it's gotta be fed

I'm gonna get down I'm gonna scrounge around under the  
bed  
Under the bed, down on the floor  
Up on top baby I can hear you snore  
Snore baby... ooooooh  
Snore baby... ooooooh  
Eureka! I'm in luck  
I found some matches and a crumpled butt  
And just to show I love you  
I'm not gonna look for an ashtray baby, I'm gonna use  
your shoe!