

# Chug-a-lug

Roger Miller

Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
Make you want to holler hi-de-ho  
Burns your tummy, don'tcha know?  
Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug

Grape wine in a Mason jar  
Homemade and brought to school  
By a friend of mine 'n' after class  
Me and him and this other fool decide

That we'll drink up what's left  
Chug-a-lug, so we helped ourself  
First time for everything  
Hmm, my ears still ring

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4-H and FFA  
On a field trip to the farm  
Me 'n' a friend sneak off behind  
This big old barn where we uncovered

A covered-up moonshine still  
And we thought we'd drink our fill  
And I swallowed it with a smile  
Bll-bbb, I run ten mile

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Jukebox 'n' sawdust floor  
Sumpin' like I ain't never seen  
And I'm just goin' on fifteen  
But with the help of my finaglin'

Uncle I get snuck in  
For my first taste of sin  
I said, "Lemme have a big old sip"  
Bll-bbb, I done a double back flip

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