

The Ballad Of The Warrington

Boys

Well there's a blizzard blowin' hard
And from the Alfred we've been barred
And John's so pissed that he can't hardly stand.
Listen to that drunken git
'Cause now he's being sick
But it's only a hundred yards to The Warrington!
Yes, it's only a hundred yards to The Warrington!

You can bet we're on Tom's mind
'Cause it's nearly closing time.
And pretty soon last orders will be called.
Christ, my balls feel like they're froze
And there's numbness in my toes
And it's only eighty yards to The Warrington!
Yes it's only eighty yards to The Warrington!

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John, get up you drunken git
Don't just lie there in that fucking shit
I know we're pissed but we can make it if we try.
Alright, I guess it's best if we
Stop a fucking while and rest
But it's only twenty yards to The Warrington!
Yes, it's only twenty yards to The Warrington!

Late that night the storm was gone
And I found them there alone
He could've made it, but he wouldn't leave old John.
I found them froze in the street
Jack's boot down John's teeth.
They were only ten more yards from my house, that is The Warrington!
Yes, they were only ten more yards from The Warrington!