

# 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!