

# The Last Lager Waltz

Kevin Bloody Wilson

Is this bloody thing on?  
If I can have your attention please, uh,  
Gentlemen would you like to select your partners  
for the last dance  
of the evening, thank you.

I'm tryin' to waltz and I can't even walk,  
I'm wrecked I'm a mess and, can hardly talk,  
Two steps to the south and three to the north,  
Doin' the last lager waltz.

Saturday night and I'm legless again,  
A bottle of bundy and doo-dahs and can,  
But the hoonoon and boozin' are nearin' an end,  
And we're down to the last lager waltz.

One two three one two three \*burp\*  
Excuse me please, full as a fart,  
doin' the last lager waltz.

Better of for a slash for the end of the dance,  
Then again I might sit here and just piss me pants,  
But I done that already so I'll go to the gents  
While the band plays the last lager waltz.

One two three one two three, "aaaagggghhh!"  
Wrong dunny, you meet some more sheilas  
and bikes at the last lager waltz.

I'm back from out back and I'm back in the hall,  
But everyone's starin' as I cross the floor,  
Better zip meself up before he catches a cold,  
And get on with the last lager waltz.

One two three one two three, hang it in there,  
Please I'm pullin' it in,  
while I'm doin' the last lager waltz.

Just settled down but I'm off again quick,  
And head back out back, 'cause I'm gonna be sick,  
The room's spinnin' and turnin' I'm puttin'.....oh shit,  
I'm chucking the last lager waltz.

One two three one two three,  
Jeez don't step on the pies  
and the cakes in the last lager waltz.

I can't recall how but I'm here in the yard,  
Oops sorry mate did I chuck on your car?  
I really didn't think I'd chunder that far,  
That's pretty good for the last lagers waltz.

One two three one two three,  
He hit me, you shouldn't drink  
if you get nasty at the last lager waltz.

I'm tryin' to crawl 'cause I can't even walk,

Me mouth is all swollen and me ribs are all sore,  
I've never had this much fun before  
It's great at the last lager waltz.

One two three one two three,  
Think I'll go to sleep, yes curl up right here  
and dream of the last lager waltz.

I'm tryin' to waltz, and I can't even walk,  
I'm wrecked, I'm a mess and me lips are all sore,  
Two steps to the south, and three to the north,  
And we're doin' the last lager waltz.