

# God Loves A Drunk

Richard Thompson

Will there be any bartenders up there in heaven?  
Will the pubs never close? Will the glass never drain?  
No more DTs and no shakes and no horrors  
The very next morning, you feel right as rain

'Cause God loves a drunk, lowest of men  
Like the dogs in the street and the pigs in the pen  
But a drunk's only trying to get free of his body  
And soar like an eagle high up there in heaven  
His shouts and his curses they are just hymns and praises  
To kick-start his mind now and then  
O God loves a drunk, come raise up your glasses, amen

Does God really care for your life in the suburbs?  
Your dull little life full of dull little things  
And bring up the babies to be just like daddy  
And maybe I'll be there when he gives out the wings

But God loves a drunk, although he's a fool  
Oh he wets in his pants and he falls off his stool  
And he can't hear the insults, and whispers go by him  
As he leans in the doorway and he sings sally racket  
He can't feel the cold rain beat down on his body  
And soak through his clothes to the skin  
O God loves a drunk, come raise up your glasses, amen

Will there be any pen-pushers up there in heaven?  
Does crawling and wage-slaving win you God's love?  
I pity you worms with your semis and pensions  
If you think that'll get you to the kingdom above

Oh God loves a drunk, although he's a clown  
Oh you can't help but laugh as he gags and falls down  
But he don't give a curse for what people think of him  
He screams at his demons alone in the darkness  
He's staying alive for just one more pint bottle  
Won't you throw him a few pennies, friend?  
Ah God loves a drunk, for ever and ever, amen