

A Drinking Song

The Divine Comedy

Back at the house a bottle is found
and opened in honour of those who have drowned
While we who have not are stricken with guilt
and dutifully see that not one drop is spilt

We're drinking to life, we're drinking to death
We're drinking 'till none of our livers are left
We're winding our way down to the spirit store
We'll drink 'till we just can't drink any more

Raise your glasses high!
Drink the cellar dry!

Well bloody my nose and blacken my eye
If it ain't some young turk in search of a fight
And Chanticleer's chest is sagging with pride
for honour has yet to be satisfied

Well heaven be thanked we live in an age
where no man need bother except on the stage
With Dulce Et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori
and definitely not tonight...

I can still remember
when I was just a kid
I was free to do what I wanted to
but never ever did
And now with years of discretion reached may we not forget
Liberte Egalite Fraternite
For there's life in the old world yet

There'll always be an England
an Ireland and our France
A Lichtenstein and Finland
For we have only one chance

Then this young man with an unhealthy tan
puts a drink in my hand and says I understand
You're in search of a place to continue the chase
of the heavenly taste I suggest in that case
That you all come with me to my place by the sea
where the glasses shall be overflowing with free
alcoholic delights (and free love if you like)
For what point has this life if you can't realise your dreams?

Raise your glasses high!
And drink the town dry!

We'll drink beyond the boundaries of sense
We'll drink 'till we start to see lovely pink elephants
Inside our heads, inside our beds, inside the threads of our pyjama legs
So don't shoot 'till you see the reds of our eyes
And an army of elephants marching behind
From the day I was born 'till the night I will die
All my lovers will be pink and elephantine!