

Drunk Again

The Paul Butterfield Blues Band

My woman says it's a dog gone shame the way
Some men bring their wives money
And furs and jewelry and I come home
Ain't got a dime and smellin' like a brewery
I'm drunk again
I've been been drinkin' Gordons gin

Well, I tried to quit but it ain't no use
I just can't cut that juice, ah, a loose
Gin has got me to the place where I don't know what to do
My wife has quit me and my, my girlfriend too
I'm drunk again
I've been drinkin' Gordon's gin

Well, I tried to quit but it just ain't no use
I can't cut that juice, ah, a loose
No, I can't quit it
My old lady's gone too
Boy, boy, boy

I guess I'll go ahead and take me a walk
It might make me feel better
I guess I'll go on by ol', ol' John's cabin
See what's happenin' down there

Sounds like the joints a swingin' this evening
Ooh, look at all the pretty chicks, I'll swamp
There's ol' Dim Whitey
What's happenin' Son? How you been doin'?
I ain't seen you in a long time

And Wilson too
Boy, boy, boy, boy, boy
Look here

Hey John
How about a little taste? You know what I want
Gimme a big ol' glass on them good ol' gooters
A big ol' glass of gin

That's exactly what I need
Sure feels good, gimme another one!
Yeah
Things are startin' to look better y'all

Yeah, come here girl
What's your name?
What's your name girl?
Say what?
Alright you be like that
Crabshaw don't care

Yeah, I'm havin' a good time
That's ol' Butterfield's band up there, ain't it?
Sure soundin' good
Boy I love, I love that music
Alright

That's what I like about Chicago
I love good music and I love good gin
John set 'em up again
I like that stuff

I believe I'm gettin' drunk
Drunk as Grandpa's ol' yellow hogs
Yeah
Man when I get drunk, I feel like playin' my own self
Yes I do

Yeah
Yeah
Oh yeah