

The Drinkers (P. Simmonds / P. Odgers)

We're the drinkers, baby
And we better face it
If there is a party
We are bound to disgrace it
We're the drinkers baby
Pass the Mothers Ruin
And, you know
It's going to do us in

Oh, low, low, low, low baby
Low, low, low, low we go
Through sink and plug and drain
To where the bitter streams flow

Going to hell is thirsty work
And rolling in the tide
With all the other wreckage
Is a thirsty, thirsty ride
If you could be my life raft baby
And I could be yours
Would we hold each other tightly?
Or pull down to the hidden shores?

Oh, low, low, low, low baby
Low, low, low, low we go
Through sink and plug and drain
To where the bitter streams flow

We're the drinkers, baby
And we better face it
If there is a party
We are bound to disgrace it
Shipwrecked in a short glass
Soon we'll float away
And fade just like the ink
On the pages in the bay

Oh, low, low, low, low baby
Low, low, low, low we go
Through sink and plug and drain
To where the bitter streams flow