Boozin', Jolly Well Boozin'

Collected from Harry Cotter of Binalong NSW by Colin McJannett with an extra verse from Mudcat (mudcat.org), a great resource
for background information on 'things folkie'. It is well worth a look.

Where do you think I have been all the day Booz-in', jol-ly well booz-in'.

Where do you think I have spent all me pay Booz-in', jol-ly well booz-in'.

I won't say you're wrong, I

won't say you're right I don't want to ar-gue, I don't want to fight.

But where would you like me to take you to-night? Booz-in', jol-ly well booz-in'.

chorus

Booz-in', booz-in', when-ev-er you're dry Booz-in', booz-in' suits you and I

Some do it o-pen and some on the sly but we all love to go booz-in'.

What are the joys of a hard working man?
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.
What is he doin' whenever he can?
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.
He goes home on payday and he gives his wife all
At many a pub there's been many a call
What makes him prop himself up by the wall?
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.

What do the Salvation Army run down?
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.
What are they doin' in every town?
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.
They stand on the street corners, they holler and shout
They jump on beer barrels they spruik and they spout,
But what are they doing when the lights are turned out?
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.

What are the joys of the single young girl
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.
And what gets her head in one helluva whirl
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.
She starts off on tonic, then to lager gets lead,
She winds up on vodka – right out of her head,
And wakes up next morning in some strange fella's bed
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.