

# I GOT DRUNK, I GOT PLASTERED, I GOT BLITZED, I GOT DRIED OUT!

I got drunk----and my pants fell down,  
I got drunk----the place was spinnin' around,  
They all thunk----what a damn fool clown,  
Then I fell asleep----on a stool at the bar,  
And woke up in the back seat----of my neighbor's car!  
I got plastered----just the other night,  
I got plastered----I up and drank myself tight,  
I was a bastard----startin' fight after fight,  
Then the bartender told me----to get the hell out,  
And I slept it off in the alley----with the rats, no doubt!  
I got blitzed----on a Sunday morn,  
I got blitzed----on damn sour mash corn,  
They all twitched---- “Stop singin',” they warned,  
Then they offered to take me----not back to my home,  
But to a waitin' plane----flyin' all the way to Nome!  
I got dried out----I don't drink no more,  
I got dried out----I went straight to the core,  
I was a stewed lout----my best friend was the floor,  
Now, I don't go to church----but on occasion I pray,  
That there's no bars in heaven----or I'll be headin' the other way!

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