

Seven Drunken Nights (Mike Denver)
pour danse country "Seven"

As I went home on Monday night as drunk as drunk could be
Well I saw a horse outside the door where my old horse should be
So I called my wife and I said to her will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door where my old horse should be ?

She said you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool so drunk you cannot see
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me
It's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
A saddle on a sow sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Tuesday night as drunk as drunk could be
Well I saw a coat behind the door where my old coat should be
So I called my wife and I said to her will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat should be ?

She said you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool so drunk you cannot see
That's a lovely blanket that me mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But buttons in a blanket sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Wednesday night as drunk as drunk could be
Well I saw a pipe up on the chair where my old pipe should be
So I called my wife and I said to her will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that pipe up on the chair where my old pipe should be ?

She said you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool so still you cannot see
That's a lovely whistle that me mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But tobacco in a whistle sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Saturday night as drunk as drunk could be
Well I saw two boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be
So I called my wife and I said to her will you kindly tell to me
Who owns those boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be ?

She said you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool so still you cannot see
They're two lovely Geranium pots me mother sent to me
It's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But laces in Geranium pots I never saw before

Well as I went home on Sunday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head upon the bed where my old head should be
So I called my wife and I said to her will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that head with you in the bed where my old head should be ?

She said you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool so still you cannot see
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me
It's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw before