

## The Drinking Song - Moxy Fruvous

**Intro and Chorus:** [One stroke for every chord - intro only]

And the [G] band [D7] played [G] on  
As the [G] heli-[C5]copters [D] whirred  
[C] Drunk on the [A7] lawn in a [G] nuclear [Em] dawn  
My [G] senses [D] finally [G] blurred

He was a [G] rock, to the [C5] end a solid re-[G]minder  
Couldn't [Am] deny a [D] friend  
We lived in the [G] noise and the [C5] sweet amber [G] poison  
[Bm] Peekin' up the skirt of the [C] end

And we'd [G] drink, [C5] two gnarly dudes and some [G] records  
Much like [Am] plates of black [D] food  
We filled up our [G] faces, [C5] saw some far [G] places  
[Bm] Stood on the roof in the [C] nude

### Chorus

Between [G] poles, he [C5] said "We're like cows in the [G] grass"  
[Am] Brushing off [D] flies  
Chaise lounging [G] around standing [C5] up, falling [G] down  
'Till we [Bm] no longer opened our [C] eyes

And we'd [G] drink, ever [C5] notice how drinking's like [G] war  
Cup ' o' [Am] troops o'er the [D] gums  
To the end of our [G] health a cam-[C5]paign 'gainst [G] myself  
Armed with [Bm] bourbons and scotches and [C] rum

### Chorus

Think of [G] bombs, we're [C5] poised on the edge of di-[G]saster  
Whether it's [Am] right or it's [D] wrong  
We opened the [G] window, [C5] played some Nin-[G]tendo  
[Bm] Sang a few bars of some pretty old [C] song:  
    [G] I-[C]rene [G] goodnight, [D] Irene good-[G]night  
    Good-[G]night I-[G7]rene good [C] night Irene  
    I'll [G] see you [D] in my [G] dreams

Oh to [G] dream, those [C5] impotent bones of ex-[G]tinction  
Flyin' [Am] graceful and [D] free  
None but the [G] best cause a [C5] man cannot [G] rest  
[Bm]'Till he's finally beaten his [C] me

### Chorus

'Till the [G] end, he [C5] passed out on the sun deck that [G] morning  
Quietly [Am] saying [D] goodbye  
But I was so [G] hammered I [C5] sputtered and [G] stammered  
[Bm] Told him he couldn't just [C] die  
He was a [G] rock, went [C5] straight for his own arma-[G] geddon  
Face [Am] froze in a [D] grin  
Ambulance [G] flyin' in, [C5] I never [G] drank again  
[Bm] Can't really call that a loss or a [C] win

**Chorus** [accapella - slow to end with lots of drama and harmony!]

