I AM A CIDER DRINKER
when the moon shines on the cow shed
and we’re rollin in the hay
all the cows are out there grazing
and the milk is on its way

I am a cider drinker, i drinks it all of the day
i am a cider drinker, it soothes all me troubles away
oh arr oh arr aay, oh arr oh arr aay

its so cosy in the kitchen
with the smell of rabbit stew
when the breeze blows cross the farmyard
you can smell the cow sheds too

when the combine wheels stop turning
and a hard days work is done
theres a pub around the corner
its the place we have our fun

now dear old mabel when she's able
we takes a stroll down lovers lane
and we'll sink a pint of scrumpy
and we'll play old natures game.

but we end up in the duck pond
when the pub decides to close
with me breeches full of tadpoles
and the newts between me toes

THE WURZELS