

Down Where the Drunkards Roll Richard Thompson – 2011 gig edition

Bob solo

G See the boys out walking, the D boys they look G so fine,
C Dressed up in G green velvet, their C silver buckles G shine,
G Soon they'll be bleary eyed, D under a keg of C wine,

Bob, Sue F & Martin only

C Down where the drunkards D roll,
C Down where the drunkards D roll.

G See that lover standing, D staring at G the ground,
He's C looking for the G real thing, C lies where all G he found,
G You can get the real thing; it will D only cost a C pound.

Everybody: with restraint!

C Down where the drunkards D roll,
C Down where the drunkards D roll.

Sue F solo vox, Bob, Martin and Sue F ukes

There G goes a troubled woman, she D dreams a troubled G dream,
She C lives out on the G highway, C she keeps her money G clean,
G Soon she'll be returning to the D place where she's C the queen,

Everybody: with restraint!

C Down where the drunkards D roll,
C Down where the drunkards D roll.

Bob solo

G You can be a gambler who D never drew a G hand,

Bob, Sue F & Martin only

C You can be a G sailor, C never left dry G land,

Bob solo:

G You can be Lord Jesus, all the D world will under- C stand.

All, come in gently, make it swell

C Down where the drunkards D roll,
C Down where the drunkards D roll.

All: voices only – no ukes

C Down where the drunkards D roll.