

# BOTTLE TRAIN

Words and music: Lasse Forsberg, Sandviken, 1991

G C G/B D/A x 4

G C G D  
I staggered home 'neath a wicked moon above the boulder-ridge  
G C G D G  
And Gor Blimey, when suddenly the road slipped into the ditch  
G C G D  
As I lay there, too drunk to care, I heard these hearty shouts  
G C G D G  
And there behind a wind-swept pine, I spied a dying souse, singing

G C D C D  
Take my lousy shade away on The Bottle Train x4

Well, I was told not long ago  
When bastard drunks get theirs  
They neither go way down below  
Nor take the big jump upstairs  
For when old soaks turn up their toes  
Their spirits don't refrain  
No, they gather up and take a sup  
On board The Bottle Train, singing

Take my lousy shade away on The Bottle Train x4

The fishermen go, as you might know  
To a place called Fiddler's Green  
And Tommy Tucker's gone to Davey's locker  
So sad he had to quit the scene  
When you've been out on a drinking-bout  
And you're homeward-bound and low  
Then you might hear in the cold night air  
The Bottle Train whistle blow...

Take my lousy shade away on The Bottle Train x4

"Hastings' Steeleye Span Break"

F C "G G"  
F C "- G"  
F C "G G"  
F C "- - "

G C G/B D/A ... ..

Take my lousy shade away on The Bottle Train x3  
Take my lousy miserable bastard shade away on The Bottle Train