Great Big Sea, Home For A Rest

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left These so-called vacations will soon be my death I'm so sick from the drink I need home for a rest.

We arrived in December and London was cold We stayed in the bars along Charing Cross Road We never saw nothin' but brass taps and oak Kept a shine on the bar with the sleeves of our coats

CHORUS:

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best I've been gone for a week I've been drunk since I left And these so-called vacations Will soon be my death I'm so sick from the drink I need home for a rest Take me home....

Euston Station the train journey North In the buffet car we lurched back and forth Past old crooked dykes through Yorkshire's green fields We were flung into dance as the train jigged and reeled

- CHORUS -

By the light of the moon, she'd drift through the streets A rare old perfume, so seductive and sweet She'd tease us and flirt, as the pubs all closed down Then walk us on home and deny us a round

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best I've been gone for a month I've been drunk since I left And these so-called vacations Will soon be my death I'm so sick from the drink I need home for a rest Take me home....

The gas heater's empty, it's damp as a tomb
The spirits we drank are now ghosts in the room
I'm knackered again, come on sleep take me soon
And don't lift up my head 'till the the twelve bells of noon

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best I've been gone for a month I've been drunk since I left And these so-called vacations Will soon be my death I'm so sick from the drink I need home for a rest Take me home