

Alcohol, I like a drink

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It fails my senses
It makes me stink

But when I have
That perfect pint
Large gin and tonic
Or rare cognac

I see the world in a different light
I am The Lord with oversight
And all I ask comes to me
Surrounds me in all glory

But when the glow it passes
Replaced by stubs in empty glasses
When the aches and stomach churns
Slow head and monosyllabic passes

I see it for the social poison
Accepted by the ruling class
It keeps me happy every glass
And a solution for every occasion