

# Chug-A-Lug

Roger Miller

Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
Make you want to holler hi-de-ho  
Burns your tummy, don'tcha know?  
Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug Grape wine in a Mason jar  
Homemade and brought to school  
By a friend of mine 'n' after class  
Me and him and this other fool decide That we'll drink up what's left  
Chug-a-lug, so we helped ourself  
First time for everything  
Hmm, my ears still ring Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
Make you want to holler hi-de-ho  
Burns your tummy, don'tcha know?  
Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
4-H and FFA  
On a field trip to the farm  
Me 'n' a friend sneak off behind  
This big old barn where we uncovered A covered-up moonshine still  
And we thought we'd drink our fill  
And I swallered it with a smile  
? Bll-bbb?, I run ten mile Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
Make you want to holler hi-de-ho  
Burns your tummy, don'tcha know?  
Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug Jukebox 'n' sawdust floor  
Sumpin' like I ain't never seen  
And I'm just goin' on fifteen  
But with the help of my finaglin'  
Uncle I get snuck in  
For my first taste of sin  
I said, "Lemme have a big old sip"  
? Bll-bbb?, I done a double back flip Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
Make you want to holler hi-de-ho  
Burns your tummy, don'tcha know?  
Chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>