

# Squeeze, When The Hangover Strikes

(Difford/Tilbrook)

When the hangover strikes  
And I open my post  
And the coffee is on  
And I'm burning my toast  
I let the battle commence  
I see a sun in the trees  
And a draught at the door  
With my head in my lap  
There's a day to explore  
But I'm left without sense  
As the hangover strikes  
And I turn on the tap  
But the water's too loud  
And I'm caged by the fact  
That the battle's not lost  
Is it the hair of the dog  
Or the Baa of a Lamb  
In a sheepish attempt  
To be half of the man  
That I might be or was

When the hangover strikes  
And a mirror reveals  
That it's Midnight or bust  
And a drink does appeal  
Now the battle is won  
So the cure of the can  
Pours its heart out on me  
Though I'm feeling locked up  
But I can't find the key  
Well no damage was done

Poor poor poor, poor shaken one  
Pour pour pour, pour me another one