

Album: [Fresh Yesterday](#) – Artist: The Kipper Family

Well as I come home on Monday night, I'd had nothing at all to drink.
I saw a horse behind the door, that made me stop and think.
A coat, some boots, a pipe I spied, and then upstairs I ran.
And there in bed beside my wife, a great big hairy man.
Oh must you come barging in she cried, you put him off his thrust.
For me and the village smithy we, are practising our lust.

*Well, as I come home each night, my troubles all begin,
For there's the missus practising, the seven deadly sins.*

Well as I come home on Tuesday night, as sober as a judge.
I saw no tea upon my plate where my old tea should lodge.
So I called my wife, and I said to her, well here's a rum old do.
I've got no tea upon my plate is it something to do with you.
Oh I've sinned, I've sinned, I've sinned she said there's nothing for your tea,
For I have been a-practising the sin of gluttony.

Well as I come home on Wednesday night, as dry as any old bone.
I saw the cat all on the stairs, where that should not have gone.
So I called my wife, and I said to her, well what's all this here then,
Why is the cat all on the stairs, where that should never have been.
Oh I'm upstairs practising pride she said, in my best Sunday hat.
Pride come before a fall says I, and then I fell over the cat.

Well as I come home on Thursday night, my tongue all hanging out.
I saw no books upon the shelf, they was all strewn about.
So I called my wife, and I said to her, don't tell me let me guess,
You've found another deadly sin that's called untidyness.
No ! I'm a-trying to find out what covetousness means,
I wish I owned that dictionary we saw round at the Deans.

Well as I come home on Friday night, a-gasping for a wet.
I saw no spouse upon the chair, where my old spouse do sit.
So I called my wife, and I said to her, well what's a-going on,
I left my spouse all on this chair, wherever has she gone.
Oh, look up, look up, you silly old fool, I'm hanging from the light

For I am practising sloth she said and I'll be here half the night.

About: This is a parody of The Dubliners (recorded) version of *Seven Drunken Nights*

(Apr 29, 2018) **mikegahan00@gmail.com** said:

I notice there only 5 verses, so I knocked out another 2 for completeness:

Well as I come home on Saturday night, not having touched a drop,
My darling missus flew at me, seemed in a right old strop.
She cursed me and abused me, she nearly burst a lung,
She chased me round the living room, a-lashing with her tongue.
She bashed me with her rolling pin, as furious as a Goth,
And said "I've nearly finished now, a-practising my Wrath".

Well as I come home on Sunday night, and me still on the waggon,
On top of a pile of money sat the missus, like a dragon.
My eyes lit up as I asked her, have we won the lottery?
She said yes, but on my ticket, so the cash is all for me!
I begged her an beseeched her, I piteously did plead,
But I won't be getting a penny, 'cause she's fully mastered Greed.