

One for the road.

First to arrive at the party
And last to leave the crime scene
My mantra says, if you must imbibe, then it's
Wine before beer, or I'll feel queer
Please - no mixology tonight, but do I ever listen to my own wisdom?
Session drinking a citrus hoppy export ale
Is it time for Sundowners? A dash of Dutch courage?
Happy hour all night
But not if HE is in town
I've bought my own grog
A cheeky little Chablis
Hidden away behind the sofa
Less it becomes someone else's aperitif
Minty mojitos and salty sour margaritas hit the spot
They loosen my tongue
Oil my neck
Stella moments, so I bite my tongue, stay cool
Wind my neck in
Chips and dips
Prevents the lady petrol from going straight to my head
Chit chat, prittle-prattle
In vino veritas
How's it hanging?
Haven't seen you for ages
The kids?
How's your belly of for spots?
Mother always cautioned
That one sniff the barmaid's apron, leads to

Self-infliction with ice and a slice
How can I help, when the bar is full
So many poisons of choice
Time for the last dance, the last kiss
Scan the undrunk dregs
Half full? Half empty?
Last one standing
Last chance saloon
I shouldn't - should I
I just can't help myself
Cheers, down the hatch
One for the road