

Home for a Rest

Am G C F

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best

C G F C G C

I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left

Am G C F

These so-called vacations will soon be my death

C G F C G C

I'm so sick from the drink I need home for a rest.

Am G C F

We arrived in December and London was cold

C G F

We stayed in the bars along Charing Cross Road

Am G C F

We never saw nothin' but brass taps and oak

C G F G

Kept a shine on the bar with the sleeves of our coats

G C G

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best

C F G

I've been gone for a week, I've been drunk since I left

G C G

And these so-called vacations, Will soon be my death

C F G F

I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a rest



Sheet music for a folk song, likely "Euston Station". The music is in common time (indicated by the 'C' in the bottom right corner of the staff) and has a key signature of one sharp (indicated by the 'F#' in the top right corner of the staff). The music is divided into two sections, 1. and 2., indicated by brackets above the staff. The chords are labeled above the notes: Em, D, Em, G, D, G, 1. D, 2. D, Am, Em, G, Am, Em, Am, Em, Am, Em, Am, Em, Am, Em, Am, G, Am. The bass staff has three '3' markings under the Am chords in the first section.

Euston Station the train journey north
 In the buffet car we lurched back and forth
 Past odd crooked dikes, through Yorkshire's green fields
 We were flung into dance as the train jigged and reeled

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
 I've been gone for a week, I've been drunk since I left
 These so called vacations will soon be my death
 I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a rest

By the light of the moon she'd drift through the streets
 A rare old perfume so seductive and sweet
 She'd tease us and flirt as the pubs all closed down
 Then walk us on home and deny us a round

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 I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left
 These so called vacations will soon be my death
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The gas heater's empty, it's damp as a tomb
 The spirits we drank are now ghosts in the room
 I'm knackered again, come on sleep take me soon
 And don't lift up my head 'til the twelve bells of noon

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