

Paddy had been drinking at his local Dublin pub all day and most of the night celebrating St Patrick's Day.

Mick, the bartender says, " You'll not be drinking anymore tonight, Paddy".

Paddy replies, "OK Mick, I 'll be on my way then."

Paddy spins around on his stool and steps off. He falls flat on his face.

"Shoite" he says and pulls himself up by the stool and dusts himself off.

He takes a step towards the door and falls flat on his face, "Shoite,Shoite!"

He looks to the doorway and thinks to himself that if he can just get to the door and some fresh air he'll be fine.

He belly crawls to the door and shimmies up the door frame. He sticks his head outside and takes a deep breath of fresh air.

He can see his house just a few doors down, and crawls to the door, hauls himself up the stairs and into bed.

The next morning, his wife Jess comes into the room carrying a cup of coffee and says,

"Get up Paddy. Did you have a bit to drink last night?".

Paddy says, "I did Jess. I was fockin' pissed. But how'd you know?"

Mick phoned, he said you left your wheelchair at the pub last night."