Local Still

Nazareth

It's three o'clock in the morning
And they're sayin' you've had enough
But you want another drink
Good old north or southern stuff
You're a boy from way down south
Folks from the old north
And it's friday night
It's party night for youKing George he sent the excise men
The yankee revenuers
It don't matter what they try
They'll never stop the brewin'
Because a man will take a glass
To make his spirits fly
On a friday night
It's party night for you
They bring out laws and taxes
Try to cut you down
If you can't go to the corner bar
Then you'll go underground
So come on down to your local still
And buy yourself a thrill
On a friday night
It's party night for you* Whiskey the water of life
There's more to it than the pourin'
Oiled the reel on the fiddle bow
And sent the music soarin'
My old man and his old man
They knew what they were doin'
Lovin' malt from the old land
And the corn from tennessee
If you're feelin' lowdown
You don't need no pill
Come along and join the clan
Support your local still
You can win your bar-room blues
Find that hazy delight
On a friday night
It's party night for yourepeat *It's three o'clock in the morning
And they're sayin' you've had enough

But you want another drink
Good old north or southern stuff
You're a boy from way down south
Folks from the old north
And it's friday night
It's party night for you.
(written and arranged by Nazareth)
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