

Whiskey Is the Life of Man

Bellowhead

Whiskey is the life of man,
whiskey from an old tin can,
I like whiskey hot and strong
and I'll drink whiskey all day long,
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, rise it up from down below
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, rise it up from down below
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-oh,
up aloft this yard must go
come rise him up from down below.
I'll drink it hot, I'll drink it cold
I'll drink it new, I'll drink it old
some like whisket, some like beer
I wish I had a barrel here
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, rise it up from down below
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, rise it up from down below
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-oh,
up aloft this yard must go
come rise him up from down below. Whiskey killed my sister Sue
and whiskey killed my brother too
whiskey killed my poor old Dad
and whiskey drove my Mother mad
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, rise it up from down below
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, rise it up from down below
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-oh,
up aloft this yard must go
come rise him up from down below.
If whiskey comes to near my nose
it's 'up-she-comes' and 'down-she-goes'
a glass of grog for every man
and a bottle full for the Shantyman
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, rise it up from down below
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, rise it up from down below
whiskey-oh, Johnny-oh, whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-oh,
up aloft this yard must go
come rise him up from down below.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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