

Bootlegger's Advice

Assembly of Dust

I make my money selling speakeasy gin
defying logic and law
every time the blind pig comes to take his cut
he wears a sickly look on his jaw I know I've got a tarnished reputation
but man I sure can think on my toes
I know it's not the finest station in life
but sometimes that's how it goes I am a man of low consequence
I rarely recognize my fill
but when I do I go to Ponchetrain
and spend a little time with my still I am not qualified to evangelize
or to straighten crooked dice
but take it from your uncle call it bootlegger's advice
vices are the spices of my life

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