

# A Bottle o' the Best

Robin Laing

When your time o' work is done  
And you've earned yourself some fun  
In the pub you start to sup your drink  
And clinkin' every cup  
And the pint-pots you're perusin'  
And you're boozin' till you're snoozin'  
And you're losin' all your senses to the drink  
But when all these folks so prim  
Are swiggin' swill up to the brim  
Wi' nips o' gin and numbered Pim's  
wi' Sugar rubbed around the rim  
Let them drink it till they drop  
For the sly besotted Scot  
He'll be breakin' out a bottle o' the best!

Aye, to hell wi' all the rest  
Give me a bottle o' the best  
The amber bead I'll down wi' speed  
It's not bad taste or waste, just greed  
And a whiskey-still I'll kill  
I'll drink my fill and if I spill a gill  
You know I will, I'll lick it off the floor!  
I'll not touch Teachers\*, Grants\* or Haig\*  
Give me Bowmore\* or Laphroaig\*  
Glen Farglas\* in a glass,  
Well you can throw the top away  
For there's no use to pretend  
Oh, you'll need the top again,  
When you've broken out a bottle o' the best

And the English like their ale  
Warm and flat straight out the pail  
They aye slitter\* wi' their bitter\*  
It would slaughter Jack The Ripper  
And they sip their cider rough  
They huff and puff and sniff their snuff  
And as if that's not enough they start to sing!  
Of when Jones's Ale was New\*  
And John Barleycorn's Fine Brew\*

Oh, Fathom the Bowl\*, The Barley Mow\*,  
Bring us a Barrel\*, just a few;  
But their songs are far surpassed  
By the tinkle in the glass  
When you've broken out a bottle o' the best!

And the Irish wi' their pride o' Erin  
Think they can deride  
Our golden water wi' their patter  
When they're out there on the batter\*  
Sixteen hundred pints o' stout  
A drinkin' bout without a doubt  
And if they've no got the gout they start to dance  
Father O'Flynn\* and Larry O'Gaff\*,  
Biddy the Bowleife\* for a laugh  
The Young May Moon\*, The Garryown\*  
And The Blackbird\* drives them daft;  
But their jigs have no appeal  
To the Scot who likes to reel  
When he's broken out a bottle o' the best!

Aye, a bottle o' the best  
That's what it is, nay idle jest  
No Mickey Finn, no rotgut gin  
No bathtub wine that tastes like Vim\*  
Have no fear it's not like beer  
Malt whiskey's strong and bright and clear  
Aye, it's also bloody dear, but what the hell!  
And it belts ye in the belly  
Like a heavyweight Lochgelly\*  
A glow begins to grow,  
Six in a row turns you to jelly  
Then you dream perchance to sleep  
And then you fall down in a heap  
When you've broken out a bottle o' the best

\*Nips - shots; Teacher's, Grant's, Haig - blended Scotch whiskies; Bowmore, Laphroaig, Glenfarclas - single malt Scotch whiskies; Slitter - to make a mess; Bitter - English beer; Jones Ale Was New, etc - English drinking songs; Batter - a drinking binge; Father O'Flynn, etc - Irish Dance tunes; Vim - a bathroom cleanser; Lochgelly - leather strap once used as punishment in Scottish schools. It was named after the town of Lochgelly where it was manufactured.

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