

Drink to the Dead

Clutch

If knee-deep in cat nip
At the old icebox
I recommend you whistle
And give the box three knocksShould you be so lucky
To hear whisperin'
It is an invitation
For you to leap inMay you go marching in three measure time
Dressed up as asses, drunk to the nines
Swing from the rafters, shouting those songs
Gone unsung for far too longIf boxing your shadow
At the wall full of moss
And antlers approach you
Then I am at a lossMay you go marching in three measure time
Dressed up as asses, drunk to the nines
Swing from the rafters shouting those songs
Gone unsung for far too longDrink to the dead all you still alive
We shall join them in good time
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook
It's best to leap before you lookDrink to the dead, all you still alive
We shall join them in good time
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook
It's best to leap before you lookDrink to the dead, all you still alive
We shall join them in good time
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook
It's best to leap before you lookIf surrounded by toadstools
At the old green glen
I'm afraid there is little
That I can recommendSave all of your courage
And the sincere prayer
And where you go a-treadin'
Take the utmost careSo let us drink to the dead all you still alive
We shall join them in good time
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook
It's best to leap before you lookDrink to the dead all you still alive
We shall join them in good time
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook
It's best to leap before you look

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