

Liquor In the Well

Mike Cross

I went to a party on a Saturday night in the middle of the harvest season.

I met an old man with a bottle in his hand who'd clearly lost his reason.

He was up on the table top, dancin' and he wouldn't stop,

Lampshade on his head.

He kicked up his heels and the girls all squealed

as he slipped like a man on a sled.

He fell on my grandpa sittin' up against the wall.

Here's what Grandpa said:

chorus:

I don't know who threw the liquor in the well but I think I know who found it!

I don't know who filled the bottle up, but I think know who downed it!

I've heard it said when it goes to your head there ain't no gettin' around it.

So I don't know who threw the liquor in the well but I think I know who found it.

A man came braggin' by the house one day about how he was sittin' real pretty.

Said he just met a man who sold him some land in the middle of New York City.

He said, "I met a man fishin' who said he was wishin' he could sell me this bridge in Brooklyn.

Well I ain't no hick, so I jumped on it quick. I could smell a good deal cookin'.'

Grandpa said as he scratched his head, " I believe that fisherman's hooked one."

(chorus)

You can see the weirdest things in the circus we call livin'.

The wheels of the world go 'round and around and we just wobble with 'em.

There's suckers and shysters, movers and heisters,

times of pain and bliss,

good guys, bad guys, straights and otherwise.

On and on goes the list.

Yeah, people do the strangest things.

They even listen to songs like this!

(chorus)

I don't know who threw the liquor in the well but I think I know who found it!

Lyrics submitted by Ree.

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