# Whiskey Ballad

## Seasick Steve

To all those people living in their flats
Not so pristine
Who look up from the alley ways
That skies that we've all seenBut somehow I know that
They see it from a different point of view
The red door's painted black
The sky is gray not baby blueSo lighten up, have a cup
Of my happy golden drink
It'll taste strong to begin with
You'll get used to it, I thinkIt'll wash away your sorrows
Soak up your concern on a trouble
When you wake up not a single tables turn
But it's all right, it's all right, it's all rightSo if you're a bit unhappy
Or you're slightly depressed
Just hum along to this song I wrote
Release some of your stressBut when I sing the chorus
There's one thing I know for sure
A nice clean shot of whiskey
Is my recommended cureSo lighten up, have a cup
Of my happy golden drink
It'll taste strong to begin with
You'll get used to it, I thinkIt'll wash away your sorrows
And soak up your concern on a problem
When you wake up not a single tables turn
But it's all right, it's all right, it's all right
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