

# One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer

## George Thorogood

Want to tell you a story  
About the house-man blues  
I come home one Friday  
Had to tell the landlady I'da lost my job  
She said that don't confront me  
Long as I get my money next Friday  
Now next Friday come I didn't get the rent  
And out the door I went So I goes to the landlady  
I said you let me slide?  
I'll have the rent for you in a month  
Next I don't know  
So said let me slide it on you know people  
I notice when I come home in the evening  
She ain't got nothing nice to say to me  
But for five year she was so nice  
Loh' she was lovy-dovy  
I come home one particular evening  
The landlady said you got the rent money yet?  
I said no, can't find no job  
Therefore I ain't got no money to pay the rent  
She said I don't believe you're tryin' to find no job  
Said I seen you today you was standin' on a corner  
Leaning up against a post  
I said but I'm tired, I've been walkin' all day  
She said that don't confront me  
Long as I get my money next Friday  
Now next Friday come I didn't have the rent  
And out the door I went So I go down the streets  
Down to my good friend's house  
I said look man I'm outdoors you know  
Can I stay with you maybe a couple days?  
He said let me go and ask my wife  
He come out of the house  
I could see it in his face  
I know that was no  
He said I don't know man ah she kinda funny, you know  
I said I know, everybody funny, now you funny too  
So I go back home  
I tell the landlady I got a job, I'm gonna pay the rent

She said yeah, I said oh yeah  
And then she was so nice  
Loh' she was lovy-dovy  
So I go in my room, pack up my things and I go  
I slip on out the back door and down the streets I go  
She a-howlin' about the front rent, she'll be lucky to get any back rent  
She ain't gonna get none of it  
So I stop in the local bar you know people  
I go to the bar, I ring my coat, I call the bartender  
Said look man, come down here, he got down there  
So what you want? One bourbon, one scotch, one beer  
Well I ain't seen my baby since I don't know when  
I've been drinking bourbon, whiskey, scotch and gin  
Gonna get high man I'm gonna get loose  
Need me a triple shot of that juice  
Gonna get drunk don't you have no fear  
I want one bourbon, one scotch and one beer  
One bourbon, one scotch, one beer But I'm sitting now at the bar  
I'm getting drunk, I'm feelin' mellow  
I'm drinkin' bourbon, I'm drinkin' scotch, I'm drinkin' beer  
Looked down the bar  
Here come the bartender  
I said look man, come down here  
So what you want? One bourbon, one scotch, one beer  
No I ain't seen my baby since the night before last  
Gotta get a drink man I'm gonna get gassed  
Gonna get high man I ain't had enough  
Need me a triple shot of that stuff  
Gonna get drunk won't you listen right here  
I want one bourbon, one shot and one beer  
One bourbon, one scotch, one beer Yeah  
Scratch my back, baby  
Ah  
Now by this time I'm plenty high  
You know when your mouth a-getting dry  
You're plenty high  
Looked down the bar I say to my bartender  
I said look man, come down here, he got down there  
So what you want this time?  
I said look man, a-what time is it?  
He said the clock on the wall say three o'clock  
Last call for alcohol  
So what you need? One bourbon, one scotch, one beer  
No I ain't seen my baby since a nigh' and a week  
Gotta get drunk man 'til I can't even speak

Gonna get high man listen to me  
One drink ain't enough Jack you better make it three  
I want to get drunk I'm gonna make it real clear  
I want one bourbon, one scotch and one beer  
One bourbon, one scotch, one beer

Songwriters

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