

# Bootlegger's Advice

## Assembly of Dust

I make my money selling speakeasy gin  
defying logic and law  
every time the blind pig comes to take his cut  
he wears a sickly look on his jaw I know I've got a tarnished reputation  
but man I sure can think on my toes  
I know it's not the finest station in life  
but sometimes that's how it goes I am a man of low consequence  
I rarely recognize my fill  
but when I do I go to Ponchettrain  
and spend a little time with my still I am not qualified to evangelize  
or to straighten crooked dice  
but take it from your uncle call it bootlegger's advice  
vices are the spices of my life

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