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 jawI 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 goesI am a man of low consequence
I rarely recognize my fill
but when I do I go to Ponchetrain
and spend a little time with my stillI 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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