

Yessirree

Allison Moorer

I know a magical place to get a taste
Of a little heaven on earth
It's just a watering hole but many a soul
Go there to quench their thirst When my whistle's dry there's nowhere
That I can think of I'd rather be
It's called the blue moon tap room
Yessirree, yessirree It has thirty cent draws
And that's because they only cost Tony two-bits
See it's Tony's joint and he makes it a point
To let every poor bum get lit He's a drunk's Patron Saint and he won't hesitate
To fix you some supper for free
It's called the Blue Moon Tap Room
Yessirree, yessirree Each morning at eight it opens it's gates
For all of my buddies and me
With our foots on the rail and our buckets of ale
We tell stories that no one believes We spit and we cuss at the lives that left us
Then toast to our freedom with glee
It's called the blue moon tap room
Yessirree, yessirree I sit tight each night 'til they turn up the lights
Empty my last one and leave
Then squint my eyes at the dawn in the sky
As people walk by on the street God only knows where it is they go
But there's only one place for me
And that's where you'll find me
'Cause it's called the Blue Moon Tap Room
Yessirree, yessirree

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