Liars' Bar

The Beautiful South

Well sitting in a bar alone
Where no-one knows your name
Is like laying in a graveyard
Wide awake
You're scared that if you cough or yawn
You might wake up the dead
So pretend to read a paper
Or just drink instead

I'm a stand-up comedian
But I'd sit down if I could
The world just seems
To want folk like me to stand
And the punch-lines seem to disappear
Like clouds across the sky
And the laughter could be real
Or could be canned

Rum by the kettle drum
Whiskey by the jar
At Liar's Bar

Well living with a lying man
Could never really hurt
But living with a drunk
Well no-one deserves
And you're looking for your husband
You're not sure he's still alive
Don't bother with the cemetery
He'll be down at liar's dive

I'm a traveling businessman
I just stopped in for one drink
You'll find
That I'm not like the other men
Their noses are red
Whilst mine is only pink
And they didn't choose their drink
Their drink chose them

Rum by the kettle drum
Whiskey by the jar
At Liar's Bar

And the grave-digger's smiling
At his reflection in his spade
He's visiting the seediest
The shallowest of graves
The vocal chords of elephants
And the characters of mice
They're singing "whiskey, whiskey"
So good they named it twice

Well don't pass buildings with lights on
If I said that I did I'd have lied
'Cause what looks like a Chinese restaurant
May have Chinese New Year inside
And son all my life I've been searching
The bars I've been in I forget
The lights outside ever brighter
But a light on the inside not yet

Rum by the kettle drum
Whiskey by the jar
At Liar's Bar

And he's a world-wide traveler
He's not like me or you
But he comes in mighty regular
For one who's passing through
That one came in his work clothes
He's missed his last bus home
He's missed a hell of a lot of buses
For a man who wants to roam

If I look rough I am rough
If I look sad I am
If I look broke I am broke
Just a broke down piece of man

I've turned over enough leaves
To fill an autumn
And if I had one final wish
I'd be your slave for a decade
If you could take me away from this
If you took me away from this

I'd be different you'd see
'Cause I didn't choose the drink
A drink just chose me

Rum by the kettle drum
Whiskey by the jar
At Liar's Bar

Well I'm smoking like a chimney
And I'm drinking like a fish
At Liar's Bar

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by HEATON, PAUL / ROTHERAY, DAVE
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/