

# 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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