

Let's Drink

Buck-O-Nine

Little red house, potato field
Little forest, lake as far as you can see
Woodshed, for my home brewed beer
Perfect place for drunkards like me Never gonna give up my rugged live
Never sell my infertile soil
Never gonna give up this simple style
Let's drink and enjoy Disappointment is who I live with
Great grief only mate from then
Every morning pangs of remorse
But it's so familiar like my old black horse Never gonna give up my rugged live
Never sell my infertile soil
Never gonna give up this simple style
Let's drink and enjoy

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