

Beautiful Grey

"Liar's Bar"

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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 Liars' 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 travelling 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 Liars' 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 "whisky, whisky", so good they named it twice
And son, this is rule one:

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
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And he's a world-wide traveller, 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
You'll never get to Rome son

And son, this is rule two:
If I look rough I am rough, if I look sad I am
If I look broke am I broke, just a broke down piece of
man

I don't mean to get sad on you at all but this is the
truth:
I've turned over enough leaves to fill an autumn, if I
had one final wish
I'd be your slave for a decade if you could take me
away from this pish
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 Liars' Bar

Well I'm smoking like a chimley
And I'm drinking like a fish
At Liars' Bar

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