

Beautiful South "Liar's Bar"

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Oh yeah

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 one, 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 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, "Whisky, whisky" so good they named
it twice

And son, this is roll on

Well, I 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 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 roll to

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

And I don't mean to get sad on you 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 bitch
If you took me away from this, I'd be different, you'd
see
'Cause I didn't choose a 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

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