

Clan Of Xymox

"Water Is All Right In Tay"

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(S. McGrath)

The French drink wine, the English tea.
The Yankee drinks his hot black coffee.
The child drinks milk nine times a day.
The Scotsman sips his whiskey toddy.
You can keep you wine and keep your tea!
My curse on him that brings me coffee!
I'll drink porter, if I may.
It makes me feel content and happy.
Porter quaffed down with a laugh.
The gentry have their aching livers.
Water is all right in tea,
For fish, and things that swim in rivers.
The poor man and the beggar, too,
The poet in the corner thinking.
If they'd money enough to spend,
It's pints of porter they'd be drinking.
Porter quaffed down with a laugh.
The gentry have their aching livers.
Water is all right in tea,
For fish, and things that swim in rivers.
The miser hoards and stores his gold.
The bee collects the summer honey.
When that miser's dead and cold,
Someone else will kiss his money!
Porter quaffed down with a laugh.
The gentry have their aching livers.
Water is all right in tea,
For fish, and things that swim in rivers.
Some go in for counting beads.
More go in for chasing women.
The scholar stays at home and reads.
Give me the glass with porter in it.
Porter quaffed down with a laugh.
The gentry have their aching livers.
Water is all right in tea,
For fish, and things that swim in rivers.

