

## **David Wilcox (Canadian)**

# **"The Song He Never Wrote"**

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He said his prayers in the barroom  
Whisky was his holy wine  
And the bar became an altar  
His friends were angels in the their time  
His hand was steady on the glass  
And he knew the pain would pass  
As he drank the whisky down  
They watched him roll around the town

Was he right or was he wrong  
To find the answer in a song  
He died believing to the end  
Was he right or was he wrong

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And on the morning when he died  
Nobody stood around and cried  
We all headed for the bar  
And took it just a bit too far

Was he right or was he wrong  
To find the answer in a song  
He died believing to the end  
Was he right or was he wrong

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