

Eileen Rose

"High Shelf Booze"

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If my man asks 'bout what I'll do
Now that he's turned me loose
Tell him I've gone to meet all the girls
And drink all that high shelf booze

The high shelf booze, the high shelf booze
You won't catch me dead with no blues
The high shelf booze, the high shelf booze
You won't catch me dead with no blues

I always said I'd be his slave
Before I would be his dog
But it looks like he's got me rambling 'round
And sleeping in a hollow log

A hollow log, a hollow log
Sleeping in a hollow log
A hollow log, a hollow log
Sleeping in a hollow log

Well it's one man on Sunday, another on Monday
Two on Tuesday afternoon
Easy come, easy go
You won't hear me sing no lonesome tune

Easy come, easy go
You won't hear me sing no lonesome tune
Easy come, easy go
You won't hear me sing no lonesome tune

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