

Frank Sinatra

"Beer Barrel Polka"

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There's a garden, what a garden, only happy faces
bloom there,
And there's never any room there for a worry or a
gloom there.
Oh there's music, and there's dancing, and a lot of
sweet romancing,
When they play the polka, they all get in the swing.

Everytime they hear the oom-pah-pah, everybody fells
so tra-la-la-la.
They want to throw their cares away, they all go lad-de-
ya-ya-yay.
When they hear a rumble on the floor, it's the big
surprise they're waiting for,
And all the couples form a ring, for miles around you'll
hear them sing.

Roll out the barrel, roll out the barrel of fun.
Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run.
Zing, boom, tararrel!
Ring out the song of good cheer,
Now's the time to roll the barrel, for the gang's all here

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