

Tobin Sprout

"Whiskey For My Men, Beer For My Horses"

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Well a man, come on
Six o'clock news
Says somebody been shot
Somebody's been abused
Somebody blew up a building
Somebody stole their car
Somebody got away
Somebody didn't get too far, yeah
They didn't get too far

Grandpappy told my pappy
Back in my day, son
A man had to answer
For the wicked thing he done
Take all the rope in Texas
Find a tall oak tree
Round up all of them bad boys
And hang 'em high in the street
For all the people to see

And justice is the one thing
You should always find
You gotta saddle up your boys
You gotta draw a hard line
When the gun smoke settles
We'll sing a victory tune
And we'll all meet back
At the local saloon

We'll raises up our glasses
Against evil forces
Singing, "Whiskey for my men, beer for my horses!"

We got too many gangsters
Doing dirty deeds
Too much corruption
And crime in the streets
It's time the long arm of the law
Put a few more in the ground
Send them all to their Maker
And he'll set them on down

You can bet, He'll set 'em down

Cause justice is the one thing
You should always find
You gotta saddle up your boys
You gotta draw a hard line
When the gunsmoke settles
We'll sing a victory tune
And we'll all meet back
At the local saloon

And we'll raise up our glasses
Against evil forces
Singing, "Whiskey for my men, beer for my horses!"
Whiskey for my men, beer for my horses!

You know justice is the one thing
You should always find
You gotta saddle up your boys
You gotta draw a hard line
When the gunsmoke settles
We'll sing a victory tune
And we'll all met back
At the local saloon

We'll raise up our glasses
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