

Unknown

"Drunken Hiccoughs"

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DRUNKEN HICCOUGHS
a Rye Whiskey variant

I buy my own liquor and make my own stew
If I get drunk, it's nothing to you

Hiccough, o Lordy, how crazy I feel
Hiccough, o Lordy, how crazy I feel

I eat when I'm hungry and I drink when I'm dry
If liquor don't kill me, I'll live a long time

I buy my own whiskey and pay my own fine
If whiskey don't kill me, Lord, I'll never die

Way out on the mountain, so sad and so lone
As drunk as the devil and a long ways from home
I used to have money, but now I have none
Oh I don't like to think of the things I have done
I drank and I gambled, I lied and I stole
And now I am buried in a financial hole

Jack o' Diamonds, Jack o' Diamonds
gosh darn your old soul
You robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold

Go bring me a hammer and beat out my brains
For whiskey and women have run me deranged

@drink

Printed in Folksongs of the Blue Ridge Mountains
collected from John Daniel Vass

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