

## Barleyjuice "Whiskey To The Sea"

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Well the life goes in circles as everyone know  
And the mirth and the misery comes as it goes  
And the drunkard's philosophy starts where it ends  
Have a drink to me boys and then hit me again

Names will be shouted and glasses be filled  
And the girls will get frisky and say what they will  
But the moment of finest reflection must be  
When you're sending your whiskey on back to the sea

There's buggers and beggars and liars by trade  
And white blessed angels that visit your bed  
But enlightenment waits serendipitously  
When you're sending your whiskey on back to the sea

Now god is quite homeless and scattered and blind  
And he keeps a few things round the back of my mind  
And the times he retrieves them are errant and few

And I field most requests from him best I can do

He's harboring spirits, the neighbors complain  
It's gone to his liver, it's gone to his brain  
But it's bollocks I say, I recall pleasantly  
Having sent all that whiskey on back to the sea

Names will be shouted and glasses be filled  
And the girls will get frisky and say what they will  
But the moment of finest reflection must be  
When you're sending your whiskey on back to the sea

Names will be shouted and glasses be spilled  
And the girls will get risky and do what they will  
But I'm known to break out in such grand melody  
When I'm sending my whiskey on back to the sea.

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