

## **The Roadside Jim Lyrics by Burns Robert**

### **"We Are Anchored By The Roadside Jim"**

Visit "[We Are Anchored By The Roadside Jim](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

We Are Anchored By the Roadside, Jim  
We are anchored by the roadside, Jim, as we've  
ofttimes before  
When you and I were weary from sacking on the shore  
The moon shone down in splendor, Jim, it shone on you  
and I  
And the little stars were shining when we drank the old  
jug dry  
But those was the good old days, those good old days  
of yore  
When Murphy ran the tavern and Burnsy kept the store  
When the whiskey flowed as free, brave boys, as the  
waters in the  
brook  
And the boys all for their stomach's sake their morning  
bitters  
took  
Now the times they have altered, Jim, and men have  
altered too  
And some have undertaken for to put rumsellers  
through  
They say that whiskey's poison, Jim, and scores of  
graves has dug  
And ten thousand snakes and devils can be seen in our  
old jug  
But never mind such prattle, Jim, Though some of it be  
true  
We'll sleep where we've a mind to, together, me and  
you  
For the drink they call cold water, won't do for you nor I  
So we'll haul the cork at leisure, and we'll drink the old  
jug dry  
Recorded by Joe Hickerson on Dull care II and by Sidney  
Robertson  
Cowell on Folkways  
Printed in 1860 in Beadles Dime Songbook No. 3  
filename[ ROADJIM  
SF  
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===

