

Streams Of Whiskey

138

Instrumental D

1. A 2. A D

Chorus D G D

1. G A A 2. D

Intro Instrumental

D G D
Last night as I slept I dreamed I met with Behan
D G A
I shook him by the hand and we passed the time of day
D G D
When questioned on his views on the crux of life's philosophies
D G A D
He had but these few clear and simple words to say
I am going, I am going, Any which way the wind may be blowing
I am going, I am going, Where streams of whiskey are flowing
I have cursed, bled and sworn, Jumped bail and landed up in jail
Life has often tried to stretch me, but the rope always was slack
And now that I've a pile, I'll go down to the Chelsea
I'll walk in on my feet, but I'll leave there on my back

Chorus

Instrumental

Oh the words that he spoke, seemed the wisest of philosophies
There's nothing ever gained by a wet thing called a tear
When the world is too dark and I need the light inside of me
I'll walk into a bar and drink fifteen pints of beer

Chorus 2x

Instrumental 2x