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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

D G D G A

I am going, I am going, Any which way the wind may be blowing

D G D A D

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

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

Instrumental like Intro

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

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 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

2x Instrumental like Intro