

# You Never Miss De Lager - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

YOU NEVER MISS DE LAGER

Sung by Gus Williams.

I vonce did keep a beer zaloon, und it vos near a school,  
Und de vay I drusted den, showed dot I vos a fool;  
Und of den I remember ven in it cards I used to blay,  
My friendts vould round de dable sit, und dis vos vot dey say:

Chorus.

"Drust not, Jacob, or you never vill get paid,  
Make dem seddle for de beer ven id's before dem laid;  
Don't you let dem say 'all rite,' und gwickly pass us by,  
For you never miss de lager till de keg runs dry."

Dere's dwo or dhree young fellars, vot come in my zaloon  
Most every nide, und dey get tight, und sleeb dere undil noon;  
Dey owe for everyding dey've got, for de lasd dwo, dhree year,  
But nexd dime dot dey do come in I'll visper in dere ear-

Chorus.

"I von't drust you, for I never vill get paid,  
You must seddle for de beer ven id's before you laid;  
I von't let you say ' all rite,' or else you'll pass me by,  
Und I never miss de lager till de keg runs dry."

A fellar came in dere vone day, und ordered drinks for eight,  
I asged him for to pay me first, for fear I'd be too late;  
He said he vos insulded den, und hit me in de snoot,  
Und as I laid ubon de floor, on me he used his boot.

Spoken-He kicked me all aroundt de room, und ven I vould  
get ub, he vould knock me down again; he actually swept de  
floor mit me. Oh! dere vos lots of fun-for him. De lasd kick  
he gave me he sent my head rite drough a spiddoon; den he asged  
me if I wanted any more. I dold him I vos no hog, und dot I  
got enough. I vos daken do de hospidel den. und de docdors  
asged me vot vos de fite about. I dold him from drusding my  
friends, dot ven I got in a fite my friends vould hold my hands.  
vile some von else vould kick my head off, und dot de reason I  
vos laid up now vos from daking a friends advice of-

Chorus.

"Drust not, Jacob, or you never vill get paid,  
Make dem seddle for de beer, ven id's before dem laid;  
Don't you let dem say ' all rite,' or else dey'll pass you by,  
Und you'll never miss de lager till de keg runs dry."