

I Happen to Like Whiskey, Sir
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

As I was standing at the bar, my elbow bent in style,
A white-haired gent stepped up to me and faced me with a smile.
He gently chided me and said that I would die in sin.
I ordered up another round and this I said to him:

Chorus:

I happen to like whiskey, sir, now what's the harm in that?
A man must have a hobby, sir, to keep from going flat.
I do not care for tennis, sir, I'm much too old and fat.
I happen to like whiskey, sir, now what's the harm in that?
He smiled and took exception, boys, to my philosophy.
He said that all that whiskey, boys, would be the death of me.
He told me of the ruin it had brought to other men.
I ordered up another round and said to him again:

[Chorus]

He was so excited, boys, I thought that he would burst.
In his attempt to save me, boys, he'd worked up quite a thirst.
He said he was so doggone dry he'd drink most anything.
He drained the glass I gave him boys and he began to sing:

[Chorus]