

## Drink It Up Men

A[D]t the pub at the crossroads there's[G] whiskey and [D]beer  
[D]There's brandy, strong cognac that's [A7]aging for [D]years  
[D]But for killing the thirst and f[A7]or easing [D]the gout  
[D]There's nothing at all beats[G] a pint of good sto[D]ut  
[D]Drink it up men it's [A7]long after [D]ten

At the pub on the crossroads I first went astray  
There I drank enough drink for to fill Galway Bay  
Going up in the morning I wore out me shoes  
Going up to the cross for the best of good booze  
Drink it up men it's long after ten

Some folk's o'er the water think bitter is fine  
And others the swear by the juice of the vine  
But there's nothing that's squeezed from the grape or the hop  
Like the black liquidation with the froth on the top  
Drink it up men it's long after ten

I've travelled in England, I've travelled in France  
At the sound of good music I'll sing or I'll dance  
So hear me then mister and pour me one more  
If I can't drink it up, then throw me out the door  
Drink it up men it's long after ten

It's Guinness's porter that has me this way  
For it's sweeter than buttermilk and stronger then tea  
And when in the morning I feel kind a rough  
Me curse on lord Iveagh who brews the damn stuff  
[D]Drink it up [A7]men it's long after t[D]en  
[D]Drink it up [A7]men it's long after t[D]en