

Drink It Up Men

At the pub at the crossroads there's whiskey and beer
There's brandy, strong cognac that's aging for years
But for killing the thirst and for easing the gout
There's nothing at all beats a pint of good stout
Drink it up men it's long after 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
Drink it up men it's long after ten
Drink it up men it's long after ten