

1. Last night as I slept, I dreamt I met with Behan
I shook him by the hand and we passed the time of day
When questioned on his views, On the crux of life's philosophies
He had but these few clear and simple words to say.
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

 2. 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
Because 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.

 3. 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
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