**Drink It Up Men**

D G D

At the pub at the crossroads there's whiskey and beer

D A7 D

There's brandy, strong cognac that's aging for years

D A7 D

But for killing the thirst and for easing the gout

D G D

There's nothing at all beats a pint of good stout

A A7 D

Drink it up men it's long after ten

D G D

At the pub on the crossroads I first went a-stray

D A7 D

There I drank enough drink for to fill Galway Bay

D A7 D

Going up in the morning I wore out me shoes

D G D

Going up to the cross for the best of good booze

D A7 D

Drink it up men it's long after ten

D G D

I've travelled in England, I've travelled in France

D A7 D

At the sound of good music I'll sing or I'll dance

D A7 D

So hear me then mister and pour me one more

D G D

If I can't drink it up, then throw me out the door

D A7 D

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

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