All For Me Grog

Traditional

Well, it's all for me grog, me jol-ly, jol-ly grog, It's all for me beer and to-bac-co,

For I spent all me tin on the lass-ies drink-ing gin. Far a-cross the wes-tern o-cean I must

wan-der. Where are me boots, me nog-gin', nog-gin' boots? They're all gone for beer and to-

bac-co, For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked a-bout And the

soles are look-ing out for bet-ter weath-er.