**Two Bottle Blues**

The sun has set and the smoke will rise

On dark barrooms late winter nights

Just skin and bones, ain’t that enough

You know bones is made of pretty hard stuff

Snow will fall and the woe will rise

I wear my whiskey at the side of my eyes

Hold all my memories in my right hand

And drink them just as fast as I can

The roof came down, the rivers froze

Here it comes and there it goes

Ramblin round the town in curlicues

Singing the 12 bar, 2 bottle blues

The moon will fall and the sun will rise

The magpie screams and the baby cries

A poor boy learns to tell the time

By countin the empty bottles of wine

The living collapse the dead arise

Sometimes even the rich men die

Wallets so fat it’s a wonder why

Heaven don’t fall down from the sky

The roof came down and the rivers froze

Here it comes and there it goes

Ramblin round the town in daddy’s shoes

Singing the 12 bar, 2 bottle blues

The sun has set and the smoke will rise

On dark barrooms late winter nights

A poor boy learns to tie up his shoes

And stay one bar ahead of the blues