

Drink With the Living Dead

Ghoultown

I was sittin in The Thirsty Devil, one sheet hung to the wind
when the bat wings doors creaked open and a stranger sauntered in
he moved his head from side to side and glared with a sunken eye
I heard the spin of a rusty spur as he shook off the dreary night

he lowered his hat, checked his gun and headed toward the bar
walked on up beside me, I knew he'd traveled far
in a voice as thick as mud he looked to the 'keep and said..
"one shot of whiskey for myself and one for my new friend"

the patrons whispered hushed and low, they seemed to be afraid
as if a ghost had stood right up and walked out of its grave
his face was shallow and dirty, his skin like leather hide
sure he spoke like any man, but something wasn't right

so I twisted on my stool, turned to him and said
"thank you sir, but just the same, I'm chasin worms instead"
he growled and shoved the drink my way, his eyes cold as death
"I pick the drinks, you knock 'em back, else draw against my hand"

chorus:

when it's six to midnight and the boney hand of death is nigh
you better drink your drink and shut your mouth
if you draw against his hand, you can never win
go ahead... drink with the living dead

"who the hell do you think you are?" my patience growin thin
but swallow hard, I had to do, when the story he began
his lips curled back and words came forth starting up the tale
and every face inside that bar turned a shade of pale

"my name is Stanton Cree and I died three years before
I shot a man to steal his drink, at least that's what they hung me for
now I'm cursed to walk the earth and challenge every night
a man to match me drink for drink or by the bullet die"

"now wait a minute, mister, no one makes me a fool"
I pushed the shot of whiskey back on over towards the ghoul
"I love a drink like any man but that's a losin game
to drink or draw against the dead would only be insane"

Stanton Cree tipped his hat and laughed a wicked laugh
"you see, the lord cursed my soul for killin that poor man
there ain't no choice so you must try to match me shot for shot
if you win, then you'll go free and I can finally rot"

the barhop nodded slowly and I knew that I was screwed
if I chose to duel the dead then I would surely lose
so I took the glass and threw the shot into my throat
I would match him drink for drink, no matter if I choked

whiskey, tequila, vodka, rum or gin
ain't no man that I can't beat, be him live or dead
so into the morning I matched him ounce for ounce
til Stanton Cree fell over and a winner was announced

now he rests in his pine box and I still walk the streets

but I don't forget the night when death had chosen me
there ain't no fancy moral to go with this I fear
unless you aim to kill a man and drink down his last beer!