

Rye Whiskey

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry,
If I don't git rye whiskey I think I will die.
If you was a hornet way up in a tree,
I'd faint from pure pleasure if you'd come and sting me!

If I was a candle and you was a moth,
I'd burn you so sweetly you'd never fly off.
Oh! Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I declare,
I make my rye whiskey but I won't tell you where.

If I was a skunk weed and you was a bee,
I'd bloom red and purple if you'd sip out of me.
Oh! Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I vow,
I make my rye whiskey but I won't tell you how.

The redwood is strong and a mighty tall tree,
But the strongest and tallest grows right out of me.
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, I never could fly,
If I don't git rye whiskey I'll live till I die.

The hedgehog will roll on the grapes on the ground,
Just roll over me and you'll see what you've found.
My balls, oh rye whiskey, will stick to your ass,
Like grapes on a hedgehog that rolls in the grass.

Si tengo un saguaro, no me has de culpar,
Pues un gran saguarazo te ha de gustar.
Ay! Tequila, tequila, tequila nomas,
Si me das el tequila yo te doy el compas!