

## Liars' Bar

## The Beautiful South

Well sitting in a bar alone  
where no-one knows your name  
is like laying in a graveyard  
wide awake  
You're scared that if you cough or yawn  
you might wake up the dead  
So pretend to read a paper  
or just drink instead

I'm a stand-up comedian  
but I'd sit down if I could  
The world just seems  
to want folk like me to stand  
And the punch-lines seem to disappear  
like clouds across the sky  
And the laughter could be real  
or could be canned

Rum by the kettle drum  
Whiskey by the jar  
At Liar's Bar

Well living with a lying man  
could never really hurt  
But living with a drunk  
well no-one deserves  
And you're looking for your husband  
you're not sure he's still alive  
Don't bother with the cemetery  
he'll be down at liar's dive

I'm a travelling businessman  
I just stopped in for one drink  
You'll find  
that I'm not like the other men  
Their noses are red  
whilst mine is only pink  
And they didn't choose their drink  
their drink chose them

Rum by the kettle drum  
Whiskey by the jar  
At Liar's Bar

And the grave-digger's smiling  
at his reflection in his spade  
He's visiting the seediest  
the shallowest of graves  
The vocal chords of elephants  
and the characters of mice  
They're singing "whisky, whisky"  
so good they named it twice

Well don't pass buildings with lights on  
if I said that I did I'd have lied  
'Cause what looks like a Chinese restaurant  
may have Chinese New Year inside

And son all my life I've been searching  
the bars I've been in I forget  
The lights outside ever brighter  
but a light on the inside not yet

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And he's a world-wide traveller  
he's not like me or you  
But he comes in mighty regular  
for one who's passing through  
That one came in his work clothes  
he's missed his last bus home  
He's missed a hell of a lot of buses  
for a man who wants to roam

If I look rough I am rough  
If I look sad I am  
If I look broke I am broke  
Just a broke down piece of man

I've turned over enough leaves  
to fill an autumn  
and if I had one final wish  
I'd be your slave for a decade  
if you could take me away from this  
If you took me away from this  
I'd be different you'd see  
'Cause I didn't choose the drink  
a drink just chose me

Rum by the kettle drum  
Whiskey by the jar  
At Liar's Bar

Well I'm smoking like a chimney  
And I'm drinking like a fish  
At Liar's Bar