

Cheerwine Easter

Hiss Golden Messenger

One more bottle before we part
Then spike it with a little hallelujah
We worked all week and we saved our bread
Now here comes Easter Sunday

I do not go by the Book of Days
I do not recall what Daniel said
About the time he spent in the lion's den
And here comes Easter Sunday

Oh dance, oh dance
Pack away your sorrows
Oh, yon stands the bell, now make it ring
Don't study about all the ways of tomorrow
For this is the day of reckoning

Call me a fool, call me a rake
Use me too, for all your awful things
But don't disabuse me of my Cheerwine spring
And here comes Easter Sunday again