

# The Day That Clancy Drowned

Ray Stevens

In the town of Old Milwaukee, back in 1982  
He celebrated forty years of making that famous brew  
The master of the taster's art, Milwaukee's number one  
And he could fairly feel the flavor as it swished across his tongue

Overtime and weekends, old Clancy never shirked  
They said it was amazing how much Clancy loved his work  
But one scorching afternoon as he made his final round  
He fell into the sixty-thousand gallon vat and drowned

Oh, the day that Clancy drowned  
He could have called for help, but Lord, he never made a sound  
We all tried to rescue him but we didn't have no luck  
'Cause he'd dive to the bottom and we couldn't pull him up

It was a solemn occasion as his buddies gathered 'round  
They had to make arrangements for to put him in the ground  
When they took the dear departed over to the funeral place  
Took 'em half an hour to get that big smile off his face

Brother Daniels preached the funeral and he had some words to say  
About the life of Brother Clancy, oh yes, and how he passed away  
"Could it not have been avoided", said he, "that he met this tragic end?"  
"Well, preacher, he got up three times to go to the bathroom  
But he always jumped back in"

Oh, the day that Clancy drowned  
He was blowing pearly bubbles and a-swimming all around  
A-gurgling and a-giggling and a-wearing that silly grin  
Oh, but he fought us like a flounder when we tried to haul him in

Oh, the day that Clancy drowned  
He was blowing pearly bubbles and a-swimming all around  
A-giggling and a-gurgling and a-wearing that silly grin  
But he fought us like a flounder when we tried to haul him in

Oh, the day that Clancy drowned