

Where'd You Get The Liquor

The Felice Brothers

Old man Peter was a mighty man
Combed his hair with a frying pan
Washed his head in a wagon wheel
Died with a toothache in his heel

Sally, you just ain't no dog gone good
But I wouldn't get rid of you, Sally, if I could
Don't you send me no foul prayers
We'll play in a band while your little feet dance

I come home 'round a quarter to four
Saw you threw my food all over the floor
I see you walking down the street with a bottle in your hand
Looking for another drunkard to raise some sand