Whiskey On A Sunday

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   C            Am          Dm     F          G                          C
He sits on the corner of Beggers Bush,the stride of an old packing case,
         Am                          Dm             F               G
And the dolls at the end of the plank were dancing,as he crooned wit a smile
        C
on his face.

Chorus
 Am        Dm        G                          C
Come day go day,wishing me heart it was Sunday,
 Am           Dm                 G                          C
Drinking Buttermilk all the week, Whiskey on a Sunday

His tired old hands from the wodde beam,
And the puppets they danced up and down,
A far better show than you ever will see,
In the fanciest theater in tow.

In nineteen O two old Seth Davy died,
And his song was heard no more,
The three dancing dolls in the dustbin were thrown,
And the plank went to mend the back door.

On some stormy night when your passing that way,
With the wind blowing up from the sea,
You can still hear the sound of old Seth Davy,
As he croons to his dancing dolls three.
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