

The Whisky Song

Words by Dave Boulton

Music by Jeff Parton

(add capo to taste)

Now you've often heard mention that whisky is the drink of the great and the good
It's apparently apt to make some people frisky - the way that it tastes I'm amazed that it could
Some say there's a tang of the peat or the heather, the truth of the matter to me
Is regardless what's used in the mash and the making it all ends up smelling and tasting like Wee
So take heed of these wise words of warning before you're debased and destroyed.
And consider this list before you're too pissed to remember the ones to avoid

CHORUS:

Strathspey and Scapa and Springbank - Tormore and Teachers as well
McDuff and McAllan Glenmorvan Glendullen and Bunnhbain, Bracla and Bells
Kinloch and Kinlaith and Kininvie, Talisker Tamdhu and Powers
Invergordon and Brora and Glenord 'n Jura, Benriach and Brusna and Grouse

I think I'm allergic to whisky - I'd say that there's hardly a doubt
I can drink Newky Brown, Ruddles County and Guinness with no side effects that I need to recount
I can drink 'em in pints and in quarts and in gallons with no unforeseen repercussions at all
But I only had one single pint of malt whisky and redecorated my mother-in-law's hall
So steer clear of that Devil's brew whisky or your fortune is forfeit and lost
Take heed what I've said, avoid getting slayed and shun those below at all cost.

The first time you get drunk on whisky it's like something's scrambled your brain
Your head will be aching your knees will be shaking confirming the view there's no grain without pain
To be honest the second time's not a lot better, the third and the fourth are just dire
So don't let them assure you that you'll get to like it - it isn't a taste that you'd wish to acquire
So decline every dram that you're offered for it weakens your will and resolve
And your voice becomes slurred and your vision too blurred to make out all the culprits involved