Whiskey On a Sunday

Introduction: ³ G | G* F#* F* I (**E**) (* single notes) Ε Δ Come day go day CHORUS: D G Wish in my heart it was Sunday Ε Drinking buttermilk through the week G And whiskey on a Sunday G He sits on the corner of old Beggar's Bush D On top of an old packing case He has three wooden dolls that can dance and can sing And he croons with a smile on his face **CHORUS** G Δ His tired old hands tug away at the strings D And the puppets they dance up and down A far better show than you ever would see D G In the fanciest theatre in town **CHORUS** G Α And sad to relate that old Seth Davy died D G In nineteen hundred and four The three wooden dolls in the dustbin were laid His songs will be heard nevermore **CHORUS** G Α But some stormy night if you're passing that way And the wind's blowing up from the sea You'll still hear the songs of old Seth on the wind D G As he croons to his dancing dolls three Ε Α CHORUS: Come day go day G D Wish in my heart it was Sunday Ε Drinking buttermilk through the week G And whiskey on a Sunday

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