

Whiskey On A Sunday

Words & music by Glyn Hughes

Verse

He sits on the corner of old Beggar's Bush 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

Come day, go day,
Wish in my heart it was Sun - day
Drink - ing but - ter - milk through the week And
whis - key on a Sun - day.

2. His tired old hands tug away at the strings
And the puppets they dance up and down
A far better show than you ever would see
In the fanciest theatre in town

CHORUS

3. And sad to relate that old Seth Davey died
In nineteen hundred and four
The three wooden dolls in the dustbin were laid
His songs will be heard nevermore

CHORUS

4. But some stormy night when you're passing that way
And the wind's blowing up from the sea
You'll still hear the song of old Seth on the wind
As he croons to his dancing dolls three

CHORUS