

Streams Of Whiskey

The Pogues

D G D

Last night as I slept I dreamed I met with Behan

G A

I shook him by the hand and we passed the time of day

D G D

When questioned on his views on the crux of life's philosophies

D G A D

He had but these few clear and simple words to say

I am going, I am going, Any which way the wind may be blowing

I am going, I am going, Where streams of whiskey are flowing

I have cursed, bled and sworn, Jumped bail and landed up in jail

Life has often tried to stretch me, but the rope always was slack

And now that I've a pile, I'll go down to the Chelsea

I'll walk in on my feet, but I'll leave there on my back

Chorus 2

Inst D D D G A D D D G D

Oh the words that he spoke, seemed the wisest of philosophies

There's nothing ever gained by a wet thing called a tear

When the world is too dark and I need the light inside of me

I'll walk into a bar and drink fifteen pints of beer

Chorus 3

Chorus 4

Outro D D D G A D D D G D