

Whiskey on a Sunday

He [C] sat on the corner of [D7] Bevington Bush
[G7] 'stride an old packing [C] case
And the [C] dolls at the end of the [D7] plank went dancing
And he [G7] crooned with a smile on his [C] face (run to) [A7]

Come day, [D7] go day
[G7] Wish in me heart for [C] Sunday (->) [A7]
[A7] Drinking buttermilk [D7] all the week
[G7] Whiskey on a [C] Sunday

His [C] tired old hands banged the [D7] wooden plank
And the [G7] dolls they danced the [C] gear
A far better [C] show than you [D7] ever you'll see
At the [G7] Pivvy or the New Brighton [C] Pier (->) [A7]

Come day, [D7] go day
[G7] Wish in me heart for [C] Sunday (->) [A7]
[A7] Drinking buttermilk [D7] all the week
[G7] Whiskey on a [C] Sunday

But in [C] nineteen-o-two old Seth [D7] Davy died
And his [G7] song it was heard no [C] more
The three [C] dancing dolls in a [D7] jowler bin ended
And the [G7] plank went to mend a back [C] door (->) [A7]

Come day, [D7] go day
[G7] Wish in me heart for [C] Sunday (->) [A7]
[A7] Drinking buttermilk [D7] all the week
[G7] Whiskey on a [C] Sunday

But on [C] some stormy nights down [D7] Scotty Road way
With the [G7] wind blowing up from the [C] sea
You can [C] still hear the song of [D7] old Seth Davy
As he [G7] croons to his dancing dolls [C] three (->) [A7]

Come day, [D7] go day
[G7] Wish in me heart for [C] Sunday (->) [A7]
[A7] Drinking buttermilk [D7] all the week
[G7] Whiskey on a [C] Sunday