

Nazareth, Demon Alcohol

Hard times comin' so the messenger said
Better guard your liquor like your own homestead
Took it under cover, then we took it underground
In temptation, we had another round
Governor came, bout eleven or twelve
Under so much pressure, couldnt help himself
Word got out to the national guard
Spread like a fire in a lumber yard

Saddle up boys, and call up the mission
A hundred strong in the providence hall
Pray boys for the prohibition
Damn that demon alcohol

Cavalry came, and we were tumblin? dice
Wouldnt let them in cos they wouldnt ask nice
Drank to the health of friends and foe
Thanks to the lord, but he never did show
Second wind gone as the second wave came
Manned in command, in the presidents name
Kept at bay, kept knockin? at the door
Couldnt care less cos we all wanted more

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Dried up supplies till the morning sun
Never realized where it all couldve gone
List up boys, its plain to see
Hell is merely sobriety

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The saddle up, boys
You better pray, boys
Saddle up, boys
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Damn that demon alcohol.