

# Pogues, Streams Of Whiskey

Last night as I slept  
I dreamt I met with Behan  
I shook him by the hand and we passed the time of day  
When questioned on his views  
On the crux of life's philosophies  
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

Because 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

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

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