

# Beautiful South, Liar's Bar

Beautiful South  
Blue Is The Color  
Liar's Bar

Well sitting in a bar alone where no-one knows your name  
Is like laying in a graveyard wide awake  
You're scared that if you cough or yawn, you might wake up the dead  
So pretend to read a paper or just drink instead

I'm a stand-up comedian, but I'd sit down if I could  
The world just seems to want folk like me to stand  
And the punch-lines seem to disappear like clouds across the sky  
And the laughter could be real or could be canned

Rum by the kettle drum  
Whiskey by the jar  
At Liars' Bar

Well living with a lying man could never really hurt  
But living with a drunk, well no-one deserves  
And you're looking for your husband, you're not sure he's still alive  
Don't bother with the cemetery, he'll be down at liar's dive

I'm a travelling businessman, I just stopped in for one drink  
You'll find that I'm not like the other men  
Their noses are red, whilst mine is only pink  
And they didn't choose their drink, their drink chose them

Rum by the kettle drum  
Whiskey by the jar  
At Liars' Bar

And the grave-digger's smiling, at his reflection in his spade  
He's visiting the seediest, the shallowest of graves  
The vocal chords of elephants, and the characters of mice  
They're singing "whisky, whisky", so good they named it twice

Well don't pass buildings with lights on, if I said that I did I'd have lied  
'Cause what looks like a Chinese restaurant, may have Chinese New Year inside  
And son all my life I've been searching, the bars I've been in I forget  
The lights outside ever brighter, but a light on the inside not yet

Rum by the kettle drum  
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And he's a world-wide traveller, he's not like me or you  
But he comes in mighty regular, for one who's passing through  
That one came in his work clothes, he's missed his last bus home  
He's missed a hell of a lot of buses, for a man who wants to roam

If I look rough I am rough  
If I look sad I am  
If I look broke am I broke  
Just a broke down piece of man

I've turned over enough leaves, to fill an autumn  
and if I had one final wish  
I'd be your slave for a decade, if you could take me away from this  
If you took me away from this, I'd be different you'd see  
'Cause I didn't choose the drink, a drink just chose me

Rum by the kettle drum  
Whiskey by the jar  
At Liars' Bar

Well I'm smoking like a chimney  
And I'm drinking like a fish  
At Liars' Bar