

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

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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