

# Clutch, Drink To The Dead

If knee-deep in cat nip  
At the old icebox  
I recommend you whistle  
And give the box three knocks  
Should you be so lucky  
To hear whisperin'  
It is an invitation  
For you to leap in

May you go marching in three measure time  
Dressed up as asses, drunk to the nines  
Swing from the rafters  
Shouting those songs  
Gone unsung for far too long

If boxing your shadow  
At the wall full of moss  
And antlers approach you  
Then I am at a loss

May you go marching in three measure time  
Dressed up as asses, drunk to the nines  
Swing from the rafters  
Shouting those songs  
Gone unsung for far too long

Drink to the dead all you still alive  
We shall join them in good time  
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook  
It's best to leap before you look  
Drink to the dead all you still alive  
We shall join them in good time  
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook  
It's best to leap before you look

If surrounded by toadstools  
At the old green glen  
I'm afraid there is little  
That I can recommend  
Save all of your courage  
And sincere prayer  
And where you go-a treadin'  
Take the utmost care

So let us  
Drink to the dead all you still alive  
We shall join them in good time  
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook  
It's best to leap before you look  
Drink to the dead all you still alive  
We shall join them in good time  
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook  
It's best to leap before you look