## The Pogues, Streams Of Whiskey

(Shane MacGowan)

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

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 go into a bar and drink Fifteen pints of beer