

Allison Moorer, Yessirree

I know a magical place to get a taste of a little heaven on earth
It's just a watering hole but many a soul go there to quench their thirst
When my whistle's dry there's nowhere that I can think of I'd rather be
It's called the blue moon tap room, yessirree, yessirree
It has thirty cent draws and that's because they only cost Tony two-bits
See it's Tony's joint and he makes it a point to let every poor bum get lit
He's a drunk's patron saint and he won't hesitate to fix you some supper for free
It's called the blue moon tap room, yessirree, yessirree
Each morning at eight it opens it's gates for all my buddies and me
With our foots on the rail and our buckets of ale we tell stories no one believes
We spit and we cuss at the lives that left us then toast to our freedom with glee
It's called the blue moon tap room, yessirree, yessirree
I sit tight each night til they turn up the lights empty my last one and leave
Then squint my eyes at the dawn in the sky as people walk by on the street
God only knows where it is they go but there's only one place for me
It's called the blue moon tap room, yessirree, yessirree