

Heather Alexander, Brannigan's Special Ale

Within the town of Sutter Down,
there is a tavern tale--
You never do think you to take a small drink you
of Brannigan's Special Ale--
Start seein' things real funny,
and given half a chance,
Start swirling around and you'll then tumble down
and the mice on your head will all dance!

You'll see unicorns and dragons,
and a castle made of gold--
A feast of all feasts with fantastical beasts,
of the likes which you've never been told--
You'll fly on a magic carpet,
on a purple sea you'll sail--
You can talk to the fish because you had the wish,
to drink Brannigan's Special Ale!

You may be a rich and noble king,
in a castle great and grand--
You dare not go to sleep when you're counting the sheep,
of all the herds in the land--
The count is on a parchment,
which is stolen by a gale--
Losing count is quite dread, now you're losing your head,
all from Brannigan's Special Ale!

You may be a powerful wizard,
and know every kind of spell--
You know all of the names of the demons in flames,
even those who would never dare tell--
A beautiful lady seeks your craft,
to make her skin more pale--
But your spell has gone wrong, now her nose is too long,
all from Brannigan's Special Ale!

Perchance within this drunken dream,
you'll think yourself a knight--
Whose been knocked off your horse, but it's all in due course,
your opponent has won the fight--
She strips off all her armor,
removes her dress of mail--
Try hard not to stare because you took the dare,
to drink Brannigan's Special Ale!

I'm telling you my young friends,
here's not that can avail,
You'll be lost forever, that's why you should never
Drink Brannigan's Special Ale!