Nick Cave, Rye Whiskey

Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds, I know you most of all
You've robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold
And Whiskey, you villain, you've been my down-fall
You've cuffed and you've kicked me but I loved you of old

Oh Whiskey, Rye Whiskey, Whiskey I cried
If I don't get rye Whiskey I surely will die

Well I go yonder mountain and build me a still
And I send you a gallon for a five dollar bill
Well it's beefcake when I'm hungry, Whiskey when I'm dry
And it's greenbacks when I'm hard off and hell when I die

If the sea were made of Whiskey and I was a duck
I'd swim to the bottom and never come up
Oh, but the sea ain't made of Whiskey and I ain't a duck
So I play Jack Of Diamonds and trust on my luck