

Robert Calvert, Voyaging To Vinland

Volstead, Volstead
we don't think much of your act
it isn't funny, it's losing money
we reckon you ought to be sacked.
Volstead, Volstead
Prohibition must go
Volstead, Volstead Volstead O voodoo do
Volstead, Volstead
Why make a song and a dance
about people drinking, it's not good thinking
you don't stand the ghost of a chance
Volstead, Volstead
Volstead say don't you know
Volstead, Volstead Volstead O voodoo do
The Chicago pianos are starting to play
ukelele music is having its say
the machine-gun maestros are winning the day
John Barleycorn's here to stay
Volstead, Volstead
Capone is running this town
with personal charm he
has gathered an army
that could drag the government down.
Volstead, Volstead
Prohibition must go
Volstead, Volstead Volstead O voodoo do