

# Robert Calvert, Voyaging To Vinland

Volstead, Volstead  
we don&#039;t think much of your act  
it isn&#039;t funny, it&#039;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&#039;s not good thinking  
you don&#039;t stand the ghost of a chance  
Volstead, Volstead  
Volstead say don&#039;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&#039;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