

The Pogues - Streams Of Whiskey

Tom: **D**

D G D
 Last night as I slept I dreamed I met with Behan
G A
 I shook him by the hand and we passed the time of day
D G D
 When questioned on his views on the crux of life's
 philosophies
D G A D
 He had but these few clear and simple words to say

I am going, I am going, Any which way the wind may be blowing
 I am going, I am going, Where streams of whiskey are flowing

I have cursed, bled and sworn, Jumped bail and landed up in
 jail
 Life has often tried to stretch me, but the rope always was
 slack
 And now that I've a pile, I'll go down to the Chelsea

I'll walk in on my feet, but I'll leave there on my back

Chorus 2

Inst **D D D G A D D D G D**

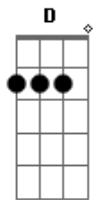
Oh the words that he spoke, seemed the wisest of philosophies
 There's nothing ever gained by a wet thing called a tear
 When the world is too dark and I need the light inside of me
 I'll walk into a bar and drink fifteen pints of beer

Chorus 3

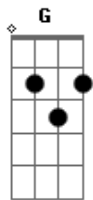
Chorus 4

Outro **D D D G A D D D G D**

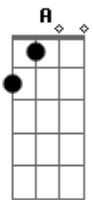
Acordes



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