

The Er-I-Ee Was A'rising

Bobby Darin

We were forty miles from Albany
Forget it I never shall
What a terrible storm we had one night
On the ER-I-EE Canal

We were forty miles from Albany
Forget it I never shall
What a terrible storm we had one night
On the ER-I-EE Canal

Ooh... the ER-I-EE was risin'
And the gin was gettin' low
And I scarcely think
We'll get a little drink
'Til we get to Buffalo
'Til we get to Buffalo

We were loaded down with barley
And the crew was full of rye
And the captain he looked down at me
With a strange look in his eye

The ER-I-EE was risin'
And the gin was gettin' low
And I scarcely think
We'll get a little drink
'Til we get to Buffalo
'Til we get to Buffalo

Now... the cook she was a grand old gal
She wore a ragged dress
So we hoisted her upon the pole
As a signal of distress

The ER-I-EE was risin'
And the gin was gettin' low
And I scarcely think
We'll get a little drink
'Til we get to Buffalo
'Til we get to Buffalo

Now... the girls they're in the Police Gazette
And the crew wound up in jail
And I'm the only son of a sea cook
Left to tell the tale

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'Til we get to Buffa... get to Buffalo
Get to Buffalo

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