

(Come On In) The Whiskey's Fine

Mark Chesnutt

Me and my cousin Lendyl
Got lost hunting Coon
In the Carolina Mountains
Somewhere outside of Boone
We were just about to panic
When 'ol Lendyl saw the sign
It said, "Come on in! The whiskey's fine."

That old shack looked abandoned
Roof all fallin' in
Just some petrified planks
And some rusty ol' tin
We both likely crapped our britches
When a voice from inside
Yelled, "Come on in! The whiskey's fine."

Then those swinngin' doors opened
He staggered out on the porch
Dressed just like Davey Crocket
Beard clear down to the floor
He said, "The band's drunk, beer's skunked,
And we ain't got no wine,
But come on in! The whiskey's fine."

We peeked in over his shoulder
And the first thing that we saw
Was a boy pickin' a banjo
In a pair of overalls
He said, "That boy is half crazy,
Plays the same song all the time,
But Hey come on in! The whiskey's fine."

"The food will make you sick,
The air will make you choke,
The waitress ain't a-workin',
And the Jukebox is broke."

He said, "the band's drunk, beer's skunked,
And we ain't got no wine,
But come on in! The whiskey's fine."

He said, "The pinballs won't roll,
The pool-table rocks,
And it hotter than two rats in heat,
Inside an old wool sock."

"I wouldn't drink the water,
It tastes like turpentine,
We're WAY overpriced,
And a little hard to find."

"The band's drunk, the beer's skunked,
And we ain't got no wine,
But come on in! The whiskey's fine."

"Ya'll come on it! The whiskey's fine!"
"Ya'll come on in!"

Aawwww, The whiskey's fine!"