

Smuggler's Booze

Paddy and the Rats

Make our way to Atlantic City to make a good bargain
With Nucky Johnson in prohibition
Wit hundred barrels of whiskey on the board we sail away
As bootlegging our liquid gold for god we pray

Away, away
We sail far away
We're drinking all the fucking way and sail far away

Saile seven hellish months by sea and as we called at a port
Poor Mickey McGee has kicked the bucket
For Cactus Wine, sweet Mule Skinner and chewing tobacco
We've traded our booze with a barbed cowboy

Away, away
We sail far away
We're drinking all the fucking way and sail far away

After one year Jimmy became an obsessive gambler
And Sally was locked up for prostitution
The whole smuggler gang has buried six feet under
And I drank our cheap booze with the bartender