Everything by the gallon Nothing at all half-way He said to me -I guess it's the only way Only way

And when I meet my dying day
I won't be watching the clock
Cause I've heaved, I've wept, I've overslept
And squeezed out Every drop
Of you dear lips

And it's out there
There'll be songs to sing
Lengths to go to
And this is just the beginning
I am on my feet
I'll be dancing slow

Piano interlude

And if my fine attention is turned Away from the task at hand Drink up, drink up If you call yourself a man Oh, a man

And when I'm meet my dying day
I won't be watching the clock
Cause I've heaved, I've wept, I've overslept
I've squeezed out
Every drop
Of you dear lips

Yes it's out there
There'll be songs, songs to sing
Lengths to go to
And this is just the beginning
I am on my feet
I'll be dancing slow

Wailing and piano