

Saints and Sinners

The Irish Rovers

Come all you saints and sinners
You drunkards and beginners
Life is short enough
To not enjoy it everyday
Embrace your guilty pleasures
Then take them at your leisure
For the road to hell is paved
With good intentions on the way

Whiskey rum and porter
Just what the doctor ordered
To keep you hale and hearty
And to set you fancy free
It makes the spirit jolly
And it cures the melancholy
Bereft of cares and worries
It's the barley bree for me

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Throw out your pills and potions
Your syrups and your lotions
Your physics and your tonics
They will never do the job
And if you have the tension
It's best you pay attention
Kick up your heels and sip a glass
Of nectar from the gods

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There's some that never try it
Dispute it and deny it
They'd never let it pass their lips
It's poison so they think
There's pious men aplenty
Who's hearts are cold and empty
They think they'll get to heaven
If they shun the devil's drink

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There's others with the thinking
That there's goodness in the drinking
It gives a man the courage
Just to stem the coming tide
If you're running out of patience
At your trials and tribulations
A drink or two will do no harm
At least you know you tried

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