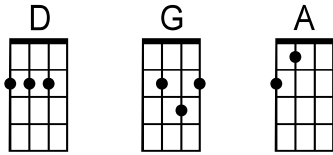


## Streams of Whiskey

### The Pogues



Intro: [D] [G][A], [D] [A][D]

Last [D] night as I slept I [G] dreamed I met with [D] Behan  
i shook him by the hand and we [G] passed the time of [A] day  
When [D] questioned on his views on the [G] crux of life's phil [D] osophies  
He [D] had but these few [G] clear and [A] simple words to [D] say

#### Chorus

I am [D] going, I am [G] go [D] ing,  
Any which way the wind may be [G] blow [D] ing  
I am [D] going, I am [G] go [D] ing,  
Where streams of [G] whiskey are [A] flow [D] ing

I have [D] cursed, bled and sworn, Jumped [G] bail and landed [D] up in jail  
Life has [D] often tried to stretch me, but the [G] rope always was [A] slack  
And [D] now that I've [A] pile, I'll [G] go down to the [D] Chelsea  
I'll [D] walk in on my [G] feet, but I'll [A] leave there on my [D] back

#### Chorus

Oh the [D] words that he spoke, seemed the [G] wisest of phil [D] osophies  
There's [D] nothing ever gained by [A] [G] wet thing called [A] A tear  
When the [D] world is too dark and I [G] need the light in [D] side of me  
I'll [D] walk into [A] bar and drink [A] fifteen pints of [D] beer

#### Chorus x2