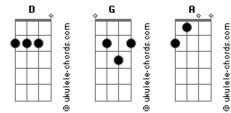
The Pogues - Streams Of Whiskey

Tom: D DGD Last night as I slept I dreamed I met with Behan G A I shook him by the hand and we passed the time of day DGD When questioned on his views on the crux of life's philosophies DGAD He had but these few clear and simple words to say I am going, I am going, Any which way the wind may be blowing I am going, I am going, Where streams of whiskey are flowing I have cursed, bled and sworn, Jumped bail and landed up in

jail Life has often tried to stretch me, but the rope always was slack And now that I've a pile, I'll go down to the Chelsea

Acordes



I'll walk in on my feet, but I'll leave there on my back

Chorus 2

Inst D D D G A D D G D

Oh the words that he spoke, seemed the wisest of philosophies There's nothing ever gained by a wet thing called a tear When the world is too dark and I need the light inside of me I'll walk into a bar and drink fifteen pints of beer

Chorus 3

Chorus 4

Outro D D D G A D D G D