

# Have a drink on me

In eighteen eighty down the dusty road  
along came a miner with a big fat load,  
**hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me.**

He was caked in dirt from his head to his foot,  
his hair so black that it looked like soot,  
**hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me.**

**Have a drink, have a drink, have a drink on me,  
ev'rybody have a drink on me. Hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me.  
Have a drink, have a drink, have a drink on me,  
ev'rybody have a drink on me. Hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me.**

Well he reined in his mool and hitched it to the rail  
and he said: „Oh Farah, it's the end of the trail!“  
**hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me.**

Well, he rambled down to the old saloon.  
He said: I not worth a fillip and it ain't quite soon.  
**hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me.**

**Have a drink, ...**

Well, I've just got a letter, from down in Tennessee.  
It said: my uncle died and left an oilwell to me,  
**hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me.**  
I've been diggin' all my life and I nearly got to hell,  
but my uncle dug potatoes and he struck an oilwell,  
**hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me.**

**Have a drink, ...**

**(Ledbetter/Lomax/Buchanan/Donegan)**