

## The Old Black Rum (Great Big Sea)

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I drank sixteen doubles for a price of one,  
tried to find the courage to talk to one.  
I asked her for a dance, not a second glance,  
my night had just begun.  
When I drink to the father or the **Holy Ghost**,  
I'm kneeling at the altar of my nightly post.  
So I'll raise the glass. Not the first or last  
come join me in this toast.

—> Because the old black rum's got a hold of me  
like a dog wrapped round my leg.  
And the old black rum's got a hold of me,  
whell I live for another day, hey,  
whell I live for another day.

Well, the Queen of George Street just came walking on by,  
**walking on by** with some guy, who don't care  
that she stood in line, since **half past nine**  
and spent three hours on here hair (**on here hair**).  
My friend is looking at me with an evil grin.  
I think a bloody raked might soon begin.  
I must have said something to the George Street Queen,  
the boys are joining in.

Ref.:

So I drank all of my money and I slept out in the rain.  
Every day is different, but the night are all the same.  
You never **see the sun. On the old black rum,**  
but you know I'm gonna do it again (**Yeah, Yeah**).

Because the old black rum's ... —>

Because the old black rum's —>  
hey, when I live for another day.