

BEER FOR MY HORSES

Intro: 8 measures

Well, a man come on the 6 o'clock news,
Said somebody's been shot, somebody's been abused.
Somebody blew up a building, somebody stole a car.
Somebody got away, somebody didn't get too far, yeah.
They didn't get too far.

1 2 3 4

Grandpappy told my pappy: "Back in my day, son,
A man had to answer for the wicked that he done.
Take all the rope in Texas; find a tall oak tree,
Round up all of them bad boys, hang them high in the street,
For all the people to see"

1 2 3 4

"That justice is the one thing you should always find.
You got to saddle up your boys,
You got to draw a hard line.

When the gunsmoke settles, we'll sing a victory tune.
We'll all meet back at the local saloon,
We'll raise up our glasses against evil forces,
Singing: "Whiskey for my men, stop beer for my horses."

Interlude: 4 measures

We got too many gangsters doing dirty deeds,
We got too much corruption and crime in the streets.
It's time the long arm of the law put a few more in the ground.
Send 'em all to their maker and he'll settle 'em down:
You can bet he'll set 'em down

1 2 3 4

Cause justice is the one thing you should always find.
You got to saddle up your boys,
You got to draw a hard line.

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We'll all meet back at the local saloon,
We'll raise up our glasses against evil forces,
Singing: "Whiskey for my men, beer for my horses."
"Whiskey for my men, beer for my horses."

Interlude: 6 measures

Justice is the one thing you should always find.
You got to saddle up your boys,
You got to draw a hard line.

When the gunsmoke settles, we'll sing a victory tune.
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