

Playin' for the Soul



My hat upon the floor and me fiddle to me chin
I start a lively jig to get 'em all a dancin'
For a dancin' means a drinkin' and a drinkin' means a tippin'
Tippin' keeps my purse from bein' empty

Everyone catches their breath as I change my tune to lovin'
I sing a sad lament to get 'em all a weepin'
For a weepin' means a drinkin' and a drinkin' means a tippin'
Tippin' keeps my purse from bein' empty

Again I change my tune to songs of fightin' and of warrin'
I sing a battle durge to get 'em all a stompin'
For a stompin' means a drinkin' and a drinkin' means a tippin'
Tippin' keeps my purse from bein' empty

The hour is growin' late and the crowd is growin' thin
The barkeep wants a coin to buy a bit o' drinkin'
Another for me meal and another me bed
And sadly now I see me purse is empty

But on the morn I'll travel to the nearest town I ken
I'll start a lively jig and get 'em all a dancin'
For a dancin' means a drinkin' and a drinkin' means a tippin'
Tippin' keeps my purse from bein' empty

Yes, playin' keeps my soul from growin' empty