False Friends at the Bar

False Friends at the Bar
(Jim Ringer)

There's them that don't like me nor want me around
It's them, then, that's missing all the real joys I've found
For what are good friends for but the good things to share
They've drank my good whisky, my wine and my beer

Boys, when I've had money, I've often been found
Buying drinks for the house full and passing them round
And some that I've bought for, and treated them well
When my money's all gone, have consigned me to hell

There's them now that loves me and calls me a friend
So when I've got money, I'll be drinking with them
And all of you rounders can all go to hell
If my friends won't drink with me, well, I'll drink by myself

JN

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