

# Nazareth, Local Still

It's three o'clock in the morning  
And they're sayin' you've had enough  
But you want another drink  
Good old north or southern stuff  
You're a boy from way down south  
Folks from the old north  
And it's friday night  
It's party night for you

King George he sent the excise men  
The yankee revenuers  
It don't matter what they try  
They'll never stop the brewin'  
Because a man will take a glass  
To make his spirits fly  
On a friday night  
It's party night for you

They bring out laws and taxes  
Try to cut you down  
If you can't go to the corner bar  
Then you'll go underground  
So come on down to your local still  
And buy yourself a thrill  
On a friday night  
It's party night for you

\* Whiskey the water of life  
There's more to it than the pourin'  
Oiled the reel on the fiddle bow  
And sent the music soarin'  
My old man and his old man  
They knew what they were doin'  
Lovin' malt from the old land  
And the corn from tennessee

If you're feelin' lowdown  
You don't need no pill  
Come along and join the clan  
Support your local still  
You can win your bar-room blues  
Find that hazy delight  
On a friday night  
It's party night for you

repeat \*

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(written and arranged by Nazareth)  
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