Whiskey On A Sunday  Glen Hughes  1959

He [C] sits on the [Am] corner of [Dm] Bevington [F] Bush,  
And the [Am] dolls at the end of the [Dm] plank were [F] dancing  
As he [G] crooned with a smile on his [C] face  
la la la la

[Am] come day [Dm] go day,  
[G] wishing my heart it was [C] Sunday  
la la la la
[Am] drinking buttermilk [Dm] all the week  
[G] whiskey on a [C] Sunday

His tired old [Am] hands from the [Dm] wooden [F] beam  
And [G] the puppets they danced up and [C] down  
A far [Am] better show [Dm] that you ever will [F] see  
At the [G] Pivvy or New Brighton [C] Pier  
la la la la

[Am] come day [Dm] go day,  
[G] wishing my heart it was [C] Sunday  
la la la la
[Am] drinking buttermilk [Dm] all the week  
[G] whiskey on a [C] Sunday

In 19[Am]02 old Seth [Dm] Davey [F] died  
And [G] his song was heard no [C] more  
The three [Am] dancing dolls in the [Dm] dustbin were [F] thrown  
And the [G] plank went to mend the back [C] door  
la la la la

[Am] come day [Dm] go day,  
[G] wishing my heart it was [C] Sunday  
la la la la
[Am] drinking buttermilk [Dm] all the week  
[G] whiskey on a [C] Sunday

On a [Am] stormy night down [Dm] Scotty Road [F] way  
With [G] the wind blowing up from the [C] sea  
You can [Am] still hear the sound [Dm] of old Seth [F] Davey  
As he [G] croons to his dancing dolls [C] three  
la la la la

CHORUS X2  Repeat last line to finish . . . .