

Drink to the Dead

Clutch

If knee-deep in cat nip
At the old icebox
I recommend you whistle
And give the box three knocks
Should you be so lucky
To hear whisperin'
It is an invitation
For you to leap in

May you go marching in three measure time
Dressed up as asses, drunk to the nines
Swing from the rafters
Shouting those songs
Gone unsung for far too long

If boxing your shadow
At the wall full of moss
And antlers approach you
Then I am at a loss

May you go marching in three measure time
Dressed up as asses, drunk to the nines
Swing from the rafters
Shouting those songs
Gone unsung for far too long

Drink to the dead all you still alive
We shall join them in good time
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook
It's best to leap before you look
Drink to the dead all you still alive
We shall join them in good time
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook
It's best to leap before you look

If surrounded by toadstools
At the old green glen
I'm afraid there is little
That I can recommend
Save all of your courage
And sincere prayer
And where you go-a treadin'
Take the utmost care

So let us
Drink to the dead all you still alive
We shall join them in good time
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook
It's best to leap before you look
Drink to the dead all you still alive
We shall join them in good time
Should you go crossin' that silvery brook
It's best to leap before you look