

## (Come On In) The Whiskey's Fine

Mark Chesnutt

Me and my cousin Lendyl  
Got lost hunting Coon  
In the Carolina Mountains  
Somewhere outside of Boone  
We were just about to panic  
When 'ol Lendyl saw the sign  
It said, "Come on in! The whiskey's fine."

That old shack looked abandoned  
Roof all fallin' in  
Just some petrified planks  
And some rusty ol' tin  
We both likely crapped our britches  
When a voice from inside  
Yelled, "Come on in! The whiskey's fine."

Then those swinnin' doors opened  
He staggered out on the porch  
Dressed just like Davey Crocket  
Beard clear down to the floor  
He said, "The band's drunk, beer's skunked,  
And we ain't got no wine,  
But come on in! The whiskey's fine."

We peeked in over his shoulder  
And the first thing that we saw  
Was a boy pickin' a banjo  
In a pair of overalls  
He said, "That boy is half crazy,  
Plays the same song all the time,  
But Hey come on in! The whiskey's fine."

"The food will make you sick,  
The air will make you choke,  
The waitress ain't a-workin',  
And the Jukebox is broke."

He said, "the band's drunk, beer's skunked,  
And we ain't got no wine,  
But come on in! The whiskey's fine."

He said, "The pinballs won't roll,  
The pool-table rocks,  
And it hotter than two rats in heat,  
Inside an old wool sock."

"I wouldn't drink the water,  
It tastes like turpentine,  
We're WAY overpriced,  
And a little hard to find."

"The band's drunk, the beer's skunked,  
And we ain't got no wine,  
But come on in! The whiskey's fine."

"Ya'll come on it! The whiskley's fine!"  
"Ya'll come on in!"

Aawwww, The whiskey's fine!"