

# Demon Alcohol

Nazareth

Hard times comin' so the messenger said  
Better guard your liquor like your own homestead  
Took it under cover, then we took it underground  
In temptation, we had another round  
Governor came, 'bout eleven or twelve  
Under so much pressure, 'couldn't help himself  
Word got out to the national guard  
Spread like a fire in a lumber yard

Saddle up boys, and call up the mission  
A hundred strong in the providence hall  
Pray boys for the prohibition  
Damn that demon alcohol

Cavalry came, and we were tumblin' dice  
Wouldn't let them in 'cos they wouldn't ask nice  
Drank to the health of friends and foe  
Thanks to the Lord, but he never did show  
Second wind gone as the second wave came  
Manned in command, in the president's name  
Kept at bay, kept knockin' at the door  
Couldn't care less 'cos we all wanted more

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Pray boys for the prohibition  
Damn that demon alcohol

Dried up supplies 'till the morning sun  
Never realized where it all could've gone  
List up boys, it's plain to see  
Hell is merely sobriety

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The saddle up, boys  
You better pray, boys  
Saddle up, boys  
You better pray, boys  
Damn that demon alcohol.