

## What It Is

## The Growlers

Thick heads oh you don't believe  
Until the spirit has crept in between your sheets  
Oh what it is  
Oh what it is

That's just a draft and you imagined a laugh  
Discredit the gasp for he's been pullin' the schnapps  
Oh what it is  
Oh what it is

From the patriarch to the man in the book  
Insane to the saints they have all been shook  
Oh what it is  
Oh what it is

Things aren't always what they seem  
Demons or ghosts or a rumpot's dream  
Sleep deprived or hypnotized  
Easy to throw aside until it's in your eyes

I am a man of no specific faith  
I have no knowledge of beyond the grave  
But I can't deny  
The dead don't always die  
I have seen a ghost and it was no mistake  
It was as clear as all the drinks I've drank  
But I swear I was dry  
The dead don't always die

I was no believer in the tales of fear  
To think that Lucifer was always here  
That may be a lie  
The dead don't always die  
Life is a blessin' 'til you meet your death  
Make good with your living breath  
Make good with life  
You may never die  
Eternal life