

Man That Who Waters The Workers' Beer
(Paddy Ryan)

Chorus

I am the man, the very fat man,
That waters the workers' beer.
I am the man, the very fat man,
That waters the workers' beer.
And what do I care if it makes them ill,
If it makes them terribly queer.
I've a car, a yacht, and an aero plane,
And I waters the workers' beer.

Now when I waters the workers' beer,
I puts in strychnine
Some mentholated spirits,
And a drop of kerosene
Ah, but such a brew so terribly strong,
It would make them terribly queer
So I reaches my hand for the watering-can
And I waters the workers' beer

Chorus

Now a drop of good beer is good for a man
When he's tired, thirsty and hot
And I sometimes have a drop myself,
From a very special pot
For a strong and healthy working class
Is the thing that I most fear
So I reaches my hand for the watering-can
And I waters the workers' beer

Chorus

Now ladies fair, beyond compare,
Be you maiden or wife
Spare a thought for such a man
Who leads such a lonely life
For the water rates are frightfully high,
And the meth is terribly dear
And there ain't the profit there used to be
In watering the workers' beer

Chorus