

« Come Down to my Speakeasy »

A hidden place
Where lads have fun
A hidden place
Where hundreds run

A wooden floor
That smell of smoke
It's just a shot
It's just a poke

CHORUS : Come down to my speakeasy
Where both music and beers are real
Welcome to my speakeasy
Let's push on the whiskey Wheel

Under the hats
The tweeds and ties
Under the caps
The workers's smile

On the counter
The pints are fresh
Along the bar
The elbows rest

BRIDGE 1 : The cosy chairs
The atmosphere
Gets off the air
The stress and fears

CHORUS

BRIDGE 2 : The place to be
For any monkey
In winter time
Among his team

FIN = INTRO