No More Booze

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There was a little man and he had a little can
And he used to rush the growler,
He went to the saloon, on a Sunday afternoon,
And you ought to hear the bartender holler:

cho: No more booze, no more booze,
No more booze on Sunday,
No more booze, no more booze,
Got to get your can filled Monday.
She's the only girl I love,
With a face like a horse and buggy,
Leaning up against the lake
O fireman save my child!

The chambermaid came to my door
"Get up, you lazy sinner!
We need those sheets for table cloths
And its almost time for dinner."

From American Songbag, Sandburg
note: Another silly one, in the vein of Horse Named Bill and Ain't Gonna Rain. Rushing the growler is bringing a can or small bucket to the saloon to be filled with draft beer.
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