The End of an Era

Raymond L. Antel III

Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1990/iss1/48
The End of an Era

Raymond L. Antel III

Mister greenhorn buckwheater
best listen to our song
cuz ya ain't gonna make it
unless ya tag along

To be a shantyman
ya gotta work real hard
an' ya gotta chew a plug
now drink up—take a slug

Here's a little story 'bout Bug House Lynch
a Dark Burley chew packed under Mick lips
A Michigan Jumper with his war shoes worn
He was carrying his balloon
made his way to the saloon
fished out his brass money
set his gaze on a corset and
bought himself a bottle...

A BOTTLE OF WHAT?
Chippeway Lightning, Tan Bark Whiskey
Tanglefoot, Red Eye, Smilo, Shinny, Whiskey
Hayward Lightning, Morning Shot, Mule
Rot Gut raw—Hot Slung Liquor
There ain't no way to get stewed quicker

Sterno Stiff and Skidded
he bagged a batch of rolls
and later picked a fight
with a big burley Blue Nose
Well, Bug House Lynch got put out on his keister
Town Clown locked him up and said,
"Now listen here mister—this here is my town
known as Hell's Half Acres
It's mean and it's rough—you'll not find one Quaker
But even still I'm the law and the law must be upheld
Lay down and sleep it off why don'cha rest a spell."

In the cell next door to Bug House Lynch
were a couple a frogs and he could tell by their stench
that they too were Skidded, quite Stewed and Sterno Stiff
They all exchanged greetin's and predicaments the same
Introduced themselves by givin' ink-slinger names

"Well I'm Winnipeg Blackie and this here's Caribou Bill
We went to see the Dentist and well, I guess we drank our fill
at the Juicery, the Pig's Ear and that other saloon
we was both packin' our balloons
and all we drank was a bottle..."

A BOTTLE OF WHAT?
Chippeway Lightning, Tan Bark Whiskey
Tanglefoot, Red Eye, Smilo, Shinny, Whiskey
Hayward Lightning, Morning Shot, Mule
Rot Gut raw—Hot Slung Liquor
We ain't never been stewed no sicker

They all laughed an shared a plug of some Nimrod special
and daydreamed of soft ladies down the street at the whore'all
A couple hours later Town Clown let 'em out
and together down the street the 3 Jacks made their way
packin' their balloons and talkin' of the days

When work was a'plenty for a hard-workin' jack
down the river, in the thick, sleepin' sound in the shack
A 5 A.M. Morning Shot and 2 quarts of grub
"We always had our fill"
The cookie never did us wrong—never ate no swill

But those days are gone and the
Spendin' the last of our brass r
"Barkeep set us up—my fellow and they each got a bottle...

A BOTTLE OF
Chippeway Lightning, Tan Bark Whiskey
Tanglefoot, Red Eye, Smilo, Shinny, Whiskey
Hayward Lightning, Morning Shot, Mule
Rot Gut raw—Hot Slung Liquor

And so the story goes about Bug House Lynch and his fellow jacks Winnipeg Blackie and Caribou Bill
and if you put your ear to the wall
I don't give a damn
For any damn man
Who don't give a damn
So out on his keister and said, here is my town
I'll not find one Quaker the law must be upheld and don't rest a spell."

House Lynch
I could tell by their stench quite Stewed and Sterno Stiff
and predicaments the same win' ink-slinger names

And this here's Caribou Bill
and well, I guess we drank our fill and that other saloon

BOTTLE OF WHAT?
Chippeway Lightning, Tan Bark Whiskey
Tanglefoot, Red Eye, Smilo, Shinny, Whiskey
Hayward Lightning, Morning Shot, Mule
Rot Gut raw—Hot Slung Liquor fool

And so the story goes about Bug House Lynch
and his fellow jacks Winniepeg Blackie and Caribou Bill

But those days are gone and the nineties leave us here
Spendin' the last of our brass money at the Pig's Ear
"Barkeep set us up—my fellow jacks and I"
and they each got a bottle...

I don't give a damn
For any damn man
Who don't give a damn for me...