

Oh, he [D] sits at the corner of [Em] Beggars Bush
A[A]stride of an old packing [D] case
And the [D] dolls at the end of the [Em] plank were dancing
As he [A] crooned with a smile on his [D] face

Chorus: La la la [Bm] la, come day, [Em] go day
[A] Wishing me heart it was [D] Sunday
La la la [Bm] la, drinking buttermilk [Em] all the week
And it's [A] whiskey on [A7] a [D] Sunday

His [D] tired old hands from the [Em] wooden beam
And the [A] puppets they danced up and [D] down
A [D] far better show than you [Em] ever will see
In the [A] fanciest theatre in [D] town

Chorus: La la la [Bm] la, come day, [Em] go day
[A] Wishing me heart it was [D] Sunday
La la la [Bm] la, drinking buttermilk [Em] all the week
And it's [A] whiskey on [A7] a [D] Sunday

In nine[D]teen-o-two, old [Em] Seth Davy died
His [A] song, it was heard no [D] more
His [D] three dancing dolls in the [Em] dustbin were thrown
And the [A] plank went to mend the back [D] door

Chorus: La la la [Bm] la, come day, [Em] go day
[A] Wishing me heart it was [D] Sunday
La la la [Bm] la, drinking buttermilk [Em] all the week
And it's [A] whiskey on [A7] a [D] Sunday

On [D] some stormy night if you're [Em] passing that way
With the [A] wind blowing up from the [D] sea
You may [D] still hear the song of [Em] old Seth Davy
As he [A] croons to his dancing dolls [D]three

Chorus: La la la [Bm] la, come day, [Em] go day
[A] Wishing me heart it was [D] Sunday
La la la [Bm] la, drinking buttermilk [Em] all the week
And it's [A] whiskey on [A7] a [D] Sunday

