

Spirit in a Bottle

am
Let me fill your glass
G
and let sorrows pass
C G
for you never will be old:
C
Come on, sing my song,
G
your life won't be long:
am em
Soon you're dead, sweet prince, pale and cold.

C G
So let us now with every breath
am G
drink, and play a trick on death.
dm C
There's no need for you to cry:
G am
Raise your cup and drink it dry.

Let me fill your glass
and let sorrows pass
for you never will be old:
Come on, sing my song,
your life won't be long:
Soon you're dead, sweet prince, pale and cold.

All the world is moaning - well, then let in moan.
If you need more pleasure, you can take a loan.
I can be your friend in many shapes:
Made from hops, from barley and from grapes.

Let me fill your glass
and let sorrows pass
for you never will be old:
Come on, sing my song,
your life won't be long:
Soon you're dead, sweet prince, pale and cold.

It is poison that you think your life
Vicious poison that will end your strife
So you thought I was your friend, you fool?

Thought me light?
Think again! That isn't right!

Let me fill your glass
and let sorrows pass
for you never will be old:
Come on, sing my song,
your life won't be long:
Soon you're dead, sweet prince, pale and cold...
Dead, sweet prince, pale and cold....
dead, sweet prince, pale and cold...
Dead.