As a young boy running down the road D C G D

No shirt on, dust on my clothes F C D

Manie would smile and wave.

He had an old pipe, he would load it up,

Prince Albert from a red tin cup

Tell me, boy you need a smoke.

His wife would run from the front door

Say Manie what are you asking for

You can be the one to tell his folks!

He made me who I am

He taught me ways of this land

Right or wrong

His spirit is this song

Once a month he would walk to town

Come back home, happy and drunk

His wife would say, you’re going straight to hell

He hid the bottle down the well

Keep it cool til it was gone

He would take a sip every night.

When the bottle was empty and needed disposed

He would hide it in his big smith coat

Walk to the river, throw it in.