

A Cold Rheingold Beer with My Old Man

Zero Dark 30 Dec 2-12, 2018

He'd take the 7:40 local to the city every day	D G D
Get back on the dot 4:51	D A
I'd pick him up sometimes and if dinner wasn't waiting	Em A D G
We'd catch ourselves a quick one driving home	G D A
In a sleepy bar on Easton Ave, I can't recall the name	G A D G
By the banks of the old Raritan	Em D A
We'd kill a half an hour with a Giants-Dodgers game	G A D G
And I'd have a Rheingold beer with my old man	D A D

In the smoky bar an old guy would be studying the racing form
Working on a twenty-cent cigar
The Rheingold girl would wink at you from a poster by the door
And Casey would be wiping down the bar
There were pickled eggs in a big old jar, you could spin the bar stools round
And overhead a slow buzzing fan
On a black and white TV, I once saw Willie hit a triple
As I had a Rheingold beer with my old man

No craft beer, no diet beer, no fruity beer, no wine	G A Bm G
Just a cold Rheingold beer that went down fine (x2)	D A G/D A D

In those silvery years between the wars, if you had a thirst for beer,	Em A D G
That's all you'd have to say: "I'll have a beer."	G D A
No craft beer, no diet beer, no fruity beer, no wine	G A Bm G
Just a cold Rheingold beer that went down fine	D A D

If I ever get to heaven where the water tastes like wine	G A D G
And they ask me what I'll drink with the angel band,	Em D A
I'll say, "I think I'll take a rain check on the champagne divine	G A D G
I will have a Rheingold beer with my old man.	D A G
Just a cold Rheingold beer with my old man	D A D

My father died in 2001, just a couple of months before the 9/11 attacks. I wrote this tribute many years later, remembering a tradition we had shared decades before. In 1950s New Jersey Rheingold was the working man's beer of choice.