

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

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  
Just a cold Rheingold beer that went down fine (x2)

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

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