

Rye Whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I crave,
If I don't get rye whiskey I'll go to my grave.

I eat when I'm hungry, and drink when I'm dry,
And if whiskey don't kill me I'll live till I die.

Way out on Clinch Mountain I wander alone,
Drunk as the devil and can't find my home.

Jack o' diamonds, jack o' diamonds, I know you from old,
Robbed by poor pockets of silver and gold.

I tune up my fiddle I rosin my bow,
I make myself welcome where ever I go.