

## 307 Ale

Tom Smith

There's many drinks you'll drink, me lads, on every world that's new.  
There's Saurian Brandy, Cranapple Schnapps, and a good old Tullamore Don't.  
There's Busch and Beck and Bud and Bock and others dark and pale,  
But I think you'll find the finest kind is Three-Oh-Seven Ale.

Am G Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads, Three-Oh-Seven Ale,  
Am G D G  
The finest drink that any bar has ever had for sale,  
C F C D G  
It'll lay your whole damn world to waste, it'll make you fit and hale,  
C F C Dm G C Am  
There's nothing that you'll ever taste like Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads,  
Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale.

C F C Dm G C  
It started out at M.I.T. one lazy summer day,  
C F C Dm G  
When a couple of the frat-boy techies started in to play,  
F C Dm G  
They'd caught up on their schedule with a couple hours to kill,  
C F C Dm G C  
So they fitted up the cyclotron and made themselves a still.

Am G Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads, Three-Oh-Seven Ale,  
Am G D G  
The finest drink that any bar has ever had for sale,  
C F C D G  
It'll lay your whole damn world to waste, it'll make you fit and hale,  
C F C Dm G C Am  
There's nothing that you'll ever taste like Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads,  
Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale.

C F C Dm G C  
They added choice ingredients to brew a little brew,  
C F C Dm G  
But they didn't know the wires were crossed in Chamber Number Two.  
F C Dm G  
A tiny bit of space got folded, things were looking queer --  
C F C Dm G C  
They turned the spout and then came out the world's first Hyper-Beer.

Am G Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads, Three-Oh-Seven Ale,  
Am G D G  
The finest drink that any bar has ever had for sale,  
C F C D G  
It'll lay your whole damn world to waste, it'll make you fit and hale,  
C F C Dm G C Am  
There's nothing that you'll ever taste like Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads,  
Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale.

C F C Dm G C  
It bubbled and it burbled and it glowed a fizzly green,  
C F C Dm G  
And what it did to test equipment, frankly, was obscene.  
F C Dm G  
It took awhile to find a vial it wouldn't burst to flame,  
C F C Dm G C  
Then they measured out its potency, and that's how it was named.

C F C Dm G C  
There's many drinks you'll drink, me lads, but this one beats them all:  
C F C Dm G  
One hundred fifty-three and one-half percent alcohol,  
F C Dm G  
A beer, brewed in a tesseract, that'll shoot you through the roof --  
C Dm G C  
And if you don't believe me, I've got lots and lots of proof.

Am G Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads, Three-Oh-Seven Ale,  
Am G D G  
The finest drink that any bar has ever had for sale,  
C F C D G  
It'll lay your whole damn world to waste, it'll make you fit and hale,  
F C  
It sticks to your mouth like library paste,  
F Em  
With a stronger kick than toxic waste,  
C G Am  
There's nothing that you'll ever taste  
Dm G C F C  
Like Three-Oh-Seven Ale!