

## Drunched In Crumbs

Albert Hammond, Jr.

We walked a little drunk two sides to a tune  
Three flights of stairs never felt so good  
So we carried on, so we carried on

You're under 21 like the barrel of a gun  
Your mouth is full of words  
You've clipped my hand with a bang bang

I've been dragging on  
Livin' in a competitors home  
Pressing my lips to you  
Want her to consider the view  
Put away all your good words  
Decorating something you've heard  
Too many rooms lived in sin  
I heard the army again and again

The photo was precise, but none of it was right  
I'm so unfit like a pig in shit  
I feel at home at times  
Seeing that I've walked too far  
I've come too fast I've shown you all a blast  
And now I'm somebody's fault  
You're somebody's fault,  
You're somebody's reason too

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And when she was gone  
It's just as they say she was gone  
Although you are persistent  
Your arms don't give much lifting