

Last Stand

American Aquarium

She was glassy eyed at the bar. Someone stole the keys to her heart. The neon lights they bent the bottles on the shelf so she bought another round to feel sorry for herself.

She'll drink when she's down. She'll drink when he's not around. She'll drink away her paycheck. She'll drink cause she's trying to forget.

On a barstool with time to pass, she peels away the label from a longneck glass. Her cheeks are as red as the leaves in the fall and she keeps looking down, expecting him to call

She'll drink when she's down. She'll drink when he's not in town. She'll drink away her paycheck. She'll drink cause she's trying to forget.

The bottle's on the desktop, the guitars in my hand. Like a five star general making his last stand. With every passing second, with every painful shot I realize just who I am and what I'm not.

I'll drink when I'm down. I'll drink when no one else is around. I'll drink every dime of my check. I'll drink cause I got so much to forget.