

## Wake Up In The Gutter

Those Poor Bastards

Going into town to raise a ruckus  
Got fifty dollars to my worthless name  
Don't care if the sun come up tomorrow  
Tonight I gotta try to ease the pain  
I'll drink, drink, and wake up in the gutter

Find a table in the darkest corner  
There I'll sit and whistle lonesome tunes  
I'm looking for a face with lines of worry  
Who's sick of wasting time on brainless goons  
I'll drink, drink, and wake up in the gutter

Honey, it feels good to be so hollow

Nothing left inside but twelve cheap beers  
Put a nickel in that dusty jukebox  
And waltz alone into the pit of tears  
Drink, drink, and wake up in the gutter

How come you don't never say you hate me?  
I see that venom dripping from your fangs  
If you wanna kill me dear, just kill me  
You could be the belle of a woman's chain gang  
Drink, drink, and wake up in the gutter