

Drink To Me Babe Then

A.C. Newman

Come to me, please, all these years fall through,
Through the cracks and now this perfect view,
On the upside, both sides win.
On the downside, we buy, we pull through,
Through the pouring choices rich kids choose,
On a landslide, you ride in.

Drink to me, babe, then. Think of me, babe, then.
Lady, we both know what the scores don't show,
Drink to me, babe, then.

Now it's come home, held on, held the truth,
Like a threat to point-blank eyes as proof,
You were too shy to lie to.
We're offended, shocked our plan would fail,
Now you've wandered farther from the trail,
On a landslide, you ride in.

Drink to me, babe, then. Think of me, babe, then.
Lady, we both know what the scores don't show,
Drink to me, babe, then.