

# Pour Me Another

## Atmosphere

All she wanted was a little bit of solid  
Feels like love, it doesn't matter what you call it  
Heal those cuts or hide em underneath the polish  
Break another promise and take me as a hostage (take me)  
Hold your job down and let the zombies crowd around  
Thankin' mommy's god that it's a cop's town  
Keep it safe for me while I chase a fantasy  
Swerving through the galaxy, searching for a family  
Happily surrounded by planets and stars  
She was stuck uptown, you was landing on Mars  
It's all fucked up now, caught your hand in the jar  
Another small step back for the man at the bar (hey bartender)  
Spill a little bit of blood on the street  
For the love that goes to those who they drink too much  
And hold your own glass up to the heavens  
Take a little time and try to count the seconds

It goes, pour me another, so I could forget you now  
Pour me another, so I could come let you down  
Pour me another, so I can remember how  
True that I am to this addiction of you [2X]

Drink it all away, numb it down to none  
Stay awake tonight and wait for the sun  
You say you hate your life, you ain't the only one  
Let your frustration out the gate and watch the pony run  
One double, for the hungar and the struggle  
Two for the fool trying to pull apart the puzzle  
Three now I smile while I wait for your rebuttle  
By the fourth shot, I'm just another child in a bubble  
Trying to play with the passion and the placement  
Just to see what these people let him get away with  
Still trying to climb a mountain for you  
Hammer in my hand, still pounding on a screw  
She don't listen so he don't speak no more  
Nobody's winning 'cause neither is keeping score  
Don't wanna think no more, just let me drink some more  
Pour me another, cause I can still see the floor

Live life tipsy, Still if it don't fit right with me  
Kiss me whiskey, lift my lips, press to my angel  
Swallow it and leave her empty bottle on the table  
Let the past fall, making faces at that clock on the back wall  
Countdown to the last call, ask all these people that make sounds  
"How long does it take for the pace to break down"  
Another lonely little trophy  
If only I could walk a straight line, I'd make it home free  
And everybody in this bar thinks they know me  
And my story like "poor me" (yea, pour me another homie)  
I can count the days 'til you come back  
Or I can follow them sunrays down to the traintracks  
I can stumble drunk over hope and love  
Or I could keep drinking until I sober up (hey waitress)

Bottles and pints, and shots and cans  
Couches and floors, and drunk best friends  
Models and whores, and tattooed hands  
Cities and secrets and cats and vans  
Good times, laughter, bad decisions  
Strippers and actors, and average musicians  
Mornings after and walks of shame  
They bartender knows me by my real name  
Sing it