

Misery And Gin

Billy Dean

Memories and drinks don't mix to well
Jukebox records don't play those wedding bells
Looking at the world through the bottom of a glass
All I see is a man who's fading fast

Tonight I'll need that woman again
What I'd give for my baby to just walk in
To sit down beside me and say it's all right
And take me home and make sweet love to me tonight

But here I am again mixing misery and gin
Sittin' with all my friends and talking to myself
I look like I'm having a good time
But any fool can tell that this honky-tonk heaven
Really makes you feel like hell

I light a lonely woman's cigarette
And we start talkin' about what we want to forget
It seems her life story and mine are the same
Both lost someone and only have ourselves to blame

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