

## Drink Up And Go Home

**Bobby Bare**

You sit there a crying cry in your beer  
You think you got troubles well my friend listen here  
Don't tell me your troubles I got enough of my own  
Be thankful you're living, drink up and go home.

I'm fresh out of prison, six years in the pen  
Lost my wife and fam'ly no one to call friend  
Don't tell me your troubles I got enough of my own  
Be thankful you're living, drink up and go home.

Now there stands a blind man a man who can't see  
Yet he's not complaining why should you or me  
If you'd look around you I'm sure you would find  
There's folks who got troubles worse than yours and mine.

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