

I Drink

Bobby Bare

He'd get home about five thirty
Fix a drink and sit down in his chair
Pick a fight with mama
Complain about us kids getting in his hair
At night he'd sit alone, smoke
I'd see his frown behind the lighter's flame
That same frown's in my mirror
I got my daddy's blood inside my veins

Fish swim, birds fly
Daddies yell, mamas cry
Old men sit and think
I drink

You got your chicken TV dinner
Six minutes on defrost, three on high
A beer to wash it down with
Then another little whiskey on the side
It's not so bad alone here
It don't bother me that every night's the same
I don't need another lover
Hanging round, trying to make me change

Fish swim, birds fly
Lovers leave, by and by
Old men sit and think
I drink

I know what I am
But I don't
I don't give a damn

Fish swim, birds fly
Daddies yell, mamas cry
Old men sit and think
I drink