

Still Drunk

Butch Walker

“It's my way or the subway..”, the taxi driver said
But I had a king's hangover the size of an elephant's head
“...so you can either spend your thirty bucks
Or be here left for dead..”
The light turned red

I hadn't seen her face since the Internet became a thing
I used to write her dirty letters
Sometimes she'd write back to me
We had sex on a brick wall of the public library
For all to see
...in 93

And I'm not still drunk
I can say it with a straight face
That I still find love
On a TV in a dark place
And I know it'll come
That feeling back to me
But until it does forgetting you is only a memory

Well she's drinking less and smoking more
Looks good for her age
But I can tell there's been some sad times
From the hard lines on her face
And just the way she said “I'll get the check”
I could tell she wasn't used to that

And I'm not still drunk
I can say it with a straight face
That I still find love
In a black room with a briefcase
And I know it'll come
That feeling back to me
But until it does forgetting you is only a memory

And I fall victim to these serpentines
Their writhing bodies break my knees
I let them do just what they please
With me, it's hard to fight
I swear upon my daddy's grave
I can get it right

I still drive up and down the coast and people watch
Every now and again
See the backs of couple's heads as they face the water
For the love they just fell in
Or the love one just fell out of
Brother I know where you've been
Where have I been?

Cuz I'm still drunk
But I can say it with a straight face
That I still find love
Even with these lines on my face
And I know it'll come
That feeling back to me

But until it does forgetting you is only a memory
Is only a memory
Only a memory