

## Spilt Beer

Days N' Daze

I've been a lot of fucking places  
But they're all pretty much the same  
I've met a whole shit load of people  
And only a handful  
Don't drive me completely insane  
And I've got a lot of bullshit problems  
So does everybody else  
It's hard to find the energy to solve them  
It's easier to hide out and sleep in the van by myself  
And it seems like nothing ever works out right

Every day can't be the best day  
In fact a lot feel like the worst  
The stress puts pressure  
On the inside of my skull I swear to God my head is gonna burst  
And every time the clouds clear up  
The sun comes out  
And I think that I'm okay  
Another dark cloud comes rollin' in  
To rain on my fucking parade  
If there's a God it must hate me  
Cause nothing ever works out right

When all the beer is spilled  
I won't just sit and cry about it  
I got a good head on my shoulders  
And I'm capable  
So it's back to the grindstone, square one, drawing board  
I'll make it work this time  
Go!

Parking ticket!  
Lost the keys!  
Sticky valve!  
Broken strings!  
I hate my friends and they hate me  
There's not enough ramen left to eat  
Spange up change to buy some booze  
Forget for a minute that we're born to lose

When life gave you lemons  
But you lost your lemons  
So now you're fucked  
Cause nothing works out right!

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I got a good head on my shoulders  
And I'm capable  
So it's back to the grindstone, square one, drawing board  
I'll make it work this time

When all the beer is spilled  
I won't just sit and cry about it  
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