

## DoubleWhiskeyCokeNolce

Dillinger Four

Some times it's simplenet things that make it hard  
Spoiled baby tee's with credit cards  
Overtime always on my mind  
Could have beens eating away inside now  
Praise God and pass the bottle of Beam  
Because tonight I can't seem to say what I mean  
Don't know if I would even if I could, Amen.  
Somehow this seems like borrowed time  
Pay it no mind, Everything is find  
But sometimes I'd rather hear laughter  
While this whole place died.  
A Johnny Jump-Up is a lovely thing  
A pint of cider and some whiskey  
I had four dead inside of me  
Just to hear this jack-ass sing his line about  
How he used to hang out somewhere "back in the day"  
Knowing terms only an asshole would say  
So I sat there drinking more  
Thinking about drinking more  
Nelson Algren came to me  
And said clebrate the ugly things  
The beat up side of what they call pride  
Could be the measure of what they call pride  
Could be the measure of these days  
God save Otis Redding because I know he's never gone  
As sick falls from this mouth hear me sing it wrong  
Is it "cigarettes and coffee" now or dreams to be remebered  
I'll leave regrets for dead and sing along  
So I'm reaching for the phone, I don't want to be alone  
I want to get some friends ehre tonight  
I got a basement full of booze and some blues to lose  
I'll ignore the whole world tonight  
It will be alright.