

These Times Have Got Me Drinking / Tripping Up The Stairs

Flogging Molly

These times have got me drinking
As I'm tripping up the stairs
To an empty room left haunted
By a ghost who once lived there
Now I'm tripping up the stairs

Through a sea of faceless bottles
And the stench of the afternoon
I crawl into this coffin
Sure I was dead before I knew

Morning starts with sunset
As the darkness fills my eye
It's been so long since another soul
Occupied this life

So I head downstairs to a familiar friend
Who'll comfort, maybe talk
About our roads less traveled
And to the best times we ever had
And to the best times we ever had

These times have got me drinking
As I'm tripping up the stairs
To an empty room left haunted
By a ghost who once lived there

Peace be with the troubled
As the these times now make it clear
And try forget till it's over
When the last call splits your ear

These times have got me drinking
As I'm tripping up the stairs
Never asked for the perfect saviour
Never wanted though I cared
Now I'm tripping up the stairs

So I'll crucify another
To nail away the fear
But don't pity me, I'm just broken
Who'll be the next brave volunteer
Who'll be the next brave volunteer

These times have all us drinking
As we're tripping up the stairs
To an empty room left haunted
By a ghost who once lived there

These times have got me drinking
As I'm tripping up the stairs
Never asked for a perfect saviour
Never wanted though I cared
Now I'm tripping up the stairs

Mind yourself

(The best times we ever had)