

The last horizons I can see
Are filled with bars and factories
And in them all we fight to stay awake

I drink enough of anything
To make this world look new again
Drunk, drunk, drunk in the gardens and the graves

She had nothing left to say
So she said, 'She loved me'
I stood there grateful for the lie

I drink enough of anything
To make this girl look new again
Drunk, drunk, drunk in the gardens and the graves

Turn summer trees to bones and ice
Turn insect songs against the night
With words we build and words we break
I'm drunk, drunk, drunk in the gardens and the graves

Maybe I could use you to reassure myself
I wouldn't wish this indecision on anybody else
I drink enough of anything to make this world look new
And when sin smiles, how could it be wrong?

The last horizons I can see
I now resigned to memories
I never thought I'd still be here today

I drink enough of anything
To make myself look new again
Drunk, drunk, drunk, in the gardens and the graves