

Something Loud

Hanson

I go down to the river of life
Every night for a cure to my worrying mind
Though the drinks are always on the house
They'll be serving you sorrow, watching you drown
For the man with a curious soul
Every drink has a price, if you swallow it whole
For the ones, who like it strong
In every pull from the draft... you'll say

Give me something stronger
Pour some holy water
Baptize me in fire
Give me something loud

Every night at the river of life
There's a lonely musician selling his strife
In the corner is a Lady in black
And a con-artisan is drawing a blank
Every pint is a picture of home
And if you're a regular here you're probably drinking alone
For a stiff drink, you're out of luck
In every pull from the draft... you'll say

Give me something stronger
Pour some holy water
Baptize me in fire
Give me something loud

You'll find friendly in short supply
'Cause the price of admission will bleed you dry

Give me something stronger
Pour some holy water
Baptize me in fire
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