

Had a beer at the bar, couple dollars, down at the boot
Then another one, for fun, cause Friday night told me to
When on came a song, took me back in time
You, me, another city and another life, started
Thinking, I should stop thinking, about you
But it all went to hell when the shots
Hit my head, hit my heart

Now I'm drinking, and I'm thinking, about you
And we all know the trouble Imma get into tonight
Unless I fight, back against these demons of mine
So take this fucking phone from my hand
Before I break down, call medicine man

Bartender knew, she's seen every kind of blues
I tried to play it cool, but she knows all about you
How I saved every last second of our life
From off-hand hello to all-night goodbye
In a permanent, corner pocket of my mind
But I hear certain songs, and hell sometimes
I start drinking, and I start thinking, about you
I start drinking, and I start thinking, about you
And it always ends up with shots
Hitting my head, hitting my heart

Now I'm drinking, and I'm thinking, about you
And we all know the trouble Imma get into tonight
Unless I fight, back against these demons of mine
So take this fucking phone from my hand
Before I break down, call medicine man