

Drunk Tank

Marc E. Bassy

Christmas Eve in the drunk tank, waiting
When I got out, you were standin' there
With a smile and a bottle of my favorite
Only woman that would even dare
Wish I could be like the other guys
And buy you all the finer things
But they don't know all your favorite songs
They don't play 'em on your heartstrings

I'm not a king
I can't give you much
But here in my double bed
I'ma love you twice as much
Someday, I'll write you ten number ones
For now in my double bed
I'ma love you twice as much
Oh, oh-oh, oh, yeah, twice as much

Worst snow since we moved to the city
Heater broke in the dead of night
Dragged the mattress to the living room, so we
Could see our breath in the Christmas lights
Wish I could give you everything you want
White boxes underneath the trees
But you know that don't keep you warm
'Cause real love always comes free

I'm not a king (I'm not a king)
I can't give you much (I can't give you much)
But here in my double bed
I'ma love you twice as much
Someday, I'll write you ten number ones
But for now in my double bed
I'ma love you twice as much (Twice as much)

You got be faded, cut out for me
Could be a blind man, you'd still be a sight to see
Every night on our backs, still we lie on this mattress
Feels like a dream

'Cause I'm not a king
I can't give you much (Give you much)
But here in my double bed
I'ma love you twice as much
Someday, I'll write you ten number ones
But for now in my double bed
I'ma love you twice as much (Oh, twice as much)