

Two Shots Of Happy, One Shot Of Sad

Matt Dusk

Two shots of happy, one shot of sad
You think, I'm no good, I know I've been bad
And took you to a place, now you can't get back
Two shots of happy, one shot of sad

Walked together down a dead end street
We were mixing the bitter with the sweet
And don't try to figure out, what we might have had
Just two shots of happy, one shot of sad

I'm just a singer, some say a sinner
Rolling the dice, not always a winner
You say I've been lucky, well I've made my own
Not part of the crowd, but not feeling alone

Under pressure, but not bent out of shape
Surrounded, we always found an escape
You drove me to drink, but, hey, that ain't so bad
Two shots of happy, one shot of sad

Guess, I've been greedy all of my life
Greedy with my children, my lovers, my wife
Greedy for the good things as well as the bad
Two shots of happy, one shot, one shot of sad

Maybe it's just talk, saloon singing
The chairs are all stacked, the swingings stopped swinging
You say, I hurt you, you put the finger on yourself
Then after you did it, you came crying for my help

Two shots of happy, one shot of sad
I ain't complaining, baby, I'm glad
You call it a compromise, well, what's that?
Two shots of happy, one shot of sad
Two shots of happy, one shot of sad