

Happy Hour

Matthew Ryan

Well the clocks are quiet
Little Joe's in jail
He got stopped late Sunday
Piss drunk and ordinary
Took a swing, no bail

And Clyde only smiles
When Mary Anne is here
You know she married too young
To a poor anyone
For money, for fear

It's happy hour
The music is loud
It's happy hour
Tell a joke
Light a smoke
Just let the day go for now

Now things aren't the same
Since Toby was killed
For a while we assumed
He got fed up and moved
For his dream in Nashville

But we're all moving targets
And it's all for sale
Either a pearl shaped pill
Is killing your will
Or you're tooth and nail

It's happy hour
The music is loud
It's happy hour
Tell a joke
Light a smoke
Just let the years go for now
Just let the years go for now

Now it's barely dark out
But it's falling light
Maybe I should go
Settle in at home
I could sit and write all night

But I've got trouble
That don't let me move
If you had everything you wished for
Then what would you live for
And what would you lose?

It's happy hour
Voices get loud
It's happy hour
Tell a joke
Light a smoke
Just let your dreams go for now

Just let your dreams go for now