

# Grumpy

Ray Scott

Y'all I wake up and do my favorite drug, derived from a little  
brown bean  
I pour it in a cup and let it prop me up for the rough day ahead of me  
I've been in this rut plenty long enough, yeah I know what to expect  
And whether my day's hell or whether it goes well, well it's kinda up to me I guess

Giving a damn's getting harder all the time  
I hate the way it makes or breaks my state of mind  
I'm either fighting me a losing fight or I'ma staying out of the room  
Yeah some days I wake up Grumpy, some days I just let her sleep

Well if in this world's a more miserable girl, Lord I hope we never meet  
I seen her folks high-five when I made her my wife, I'd never seen a daddy so relieved  
And then fourteen guys with tears in their eyes said "Brother you a helluva man."  
I didn't know what they meant but that was way back then, now I think I understand

Yeah, giving a damn's getting harder all the time  
I'm gonna run outta cloud before I find that silver lining  
If you lived my life you'd empathize, buddy you'd surely see  
Why somedays I wake up Grumpy, some days I just let her sleep

(Ah pick a little)

Yeah and taking a drink's getting easier all the time  
I'm either doing something wrong or I ain't doing something right  
Some days I don't feel like fighting, some days I want a little piece  
So somedays I wake up Grumpy, some days I just let her sleep

Yeah somedays I wake up Grumpy, some days I just let her sleep

Shhhh