

# Happy Hour (Is The Saddest Time Of The Day)

Ray Stevens

We used to get hammered ev'ry afternoon at five  
And for two hours we'd keep pourin' 'em down  
Doubles for two dollars till we could barely survive  
Then we'd walk out the door and weave all over town

We were ripped, we were staggered, we were hopelessly blind  
We were drunk on love and anything else we could find  
But then you sobered up and you drifted away  
Now happy hour (happy hour) is the saddest time of the day

Oh, can't you remember the good times we had  
With you singin' up at the bar  
We would have been terrors out on the road  
But we never could locate the car

We were ripped, we were staggered, we were hopelessly blind  
We were drunk on love and anything else we could find  
But then you sobered up and you drifted away  
Now happy hour (happy hour) is the saddest time of the day

Oh darlin', how could you leave me after all the good times we had?  
Remember the time you set my car on fire?  
After you caught me in the back seat with a cocktail waitress  
Heh-heh, you talk about a hot date, whooo!  
We nearly melted in each other's arms  
And the way you used to light the filter tip end on your cigarette  
And then smoke it right down, heh-heh  
Said it reminded you of Cleveland  
Or the way I used to stagger into the wrong restroom all the time  
That's how we met, up close, personal  
Or the quiet times when we'd stop to get pizza  
And go home and have nightmares together  
Remember the New Year's Eve when you passed out in your ice cream?  
Nearly froze to death!  
Boy, we're talkin' fun! How could you leave all that?  
I mean it's not as though we were alcoholics  
Ten or fifteen cocktails before dinner  
A couple o' bottles o' wine, some brandy nightcaps  
We knew our limits  
Now, now we don't even speak the same language  
I speak tequila and you speak Perrier  
Might as well be Greek to me

Now I sit drinkin' your doubles and mine  
With a million memories, take your pick  
And the tears start fallin' like Thunderbird wine  
Just can't go on, I think I'm gonna get sick

We were ripped, we were staggered, we were hopelessly blind  
We were drunk on love and anything else we could find  
But then you sobered up and you drifted away  
Now happy hour (happy hour) is the saddest time  
Yes, happy hour (happy hour) is the saddest time  
Whoa-oh, happy hour (happy hour) is the saddest time  
Of the day