

Help Your Friends Get Sober

RØRY

Jimmy's got depression, he's got some shit at home
All his friends are texting, they know where to go
There's a party on the east side of town
We'll get some bags and some beers and we'll talk it all out

But where does he go when the party's over?
When he's coming down and he's never been lower?
It's hard to say, but you're digging his grave, oh oh
Help your friends get sober

In December, just gone, I lost a friend
I remember the last thing he said
"Where do I go now the party's over?"
Fuck, help your friends get sober

Her daddy died in April, and Sarah never healed
Credit cards on tables, all over drawn but she'll
Grab a round of drinks from the promoter she knows
Then move on to the strip club 'cause they never close

But where does she go when the party's over?
When she's coming down and she's never been lower?
It's hard to say, but you're digging her grave, oh oh
Help your friends get sober

In December, just gone, I lost a friend
I remember the last text he sent
"Where do I go now the party's over?"
Fuck, help your friends get sober

Whoa oh, whoa oh, whoa oh
Help your friends get sober
No more Fridays to Sunday nights
No more "one more" to feel alright
No more Fridays to Sunday nights
No more "one more" just to feel alright

But where do we go when the party's over?
When we're coming down and we've never been lower?
It's hard to say, but we're digging our graves, oh oh
Help your friends get sober
In December, just gone, I lost a friend
Got a call from his mom, saying, "Jimmy's dead"
Where do we go now the party's over?
Fuck