

Little Drunk Fists

Slobberbone

Little drunk fists across the tip of my chin
Guess I should've known that they'd be there again
Little drunk fists across the width of my jaw
Gets sometimes to where I just don't feel them at all
That's OK, I can wait another day
For these stupid concessions to be made
And you weren't to blame
We put Jack and Johnny Walkers' names
In the policeman's notebook when he came
Little drunk fists need some time to their own
Went out to meet some friends but ended up all alone
Little drunk fists find and pick up a phone,
But fumble on the numbers when they try to dial home
Little drunk fists reach for just one more round
But end up buying a sixth when the fifth hits the ground
Little baby fists touch my face; clutch my nose,
Though they'd rather touch their mother's, but she don't
know
Little drunk fists drove the car home last night,
Turned left on Oak Street when they should have turned
right