

Sober Song

Slobberbone

Hey I been drinkin', I bet you couldn't tell
The way I'm stinkin', as if you couldn't smell
But what I'm thinkin', you just can't ever tell
And that's the way that I want it to stay.

And now I'm sinkin', guess once again I fell
My head is shrinkin', where once it used to swell
Your friends are winkin', but they can all go straight to hell
I'm tired of them and their condescending grins.

You say I'll never find the answers to what's on my mind
Waiting in the bottom of some glass
And I must agree with you, your words, they all ring true
The answer's in the liquor -- make it last.

That's all I'm trying to do is make it ...

Last night I saw you ... with some boy from town
And I didn't want to ... so I drank a few more rounds
And I tried to call you ... but he said you weren't around
And I know that he lied, but you can't say I didn't try.

So I kept boozin' ... 'til the night wore thin
While you kept smoozin' with all kinds of men
I guess I'm losin' that precious upperhand
But that's O.K. I don't need it much these days.

See, there's this friend of mine -- he's always by my side
He gives me a place to go when things get bleak
He's always there for me ... He rubs my eyes for me
Gives me strength when I'm feelin' weak ...

He makes me numb when I feel like a freak.

You say I'll never find the answers to what's on my mind
Waiting in the bottom of some glass
And I must agree with you, your words, they all ring true
The answer's in the liquor -- make it last.

That's all I'm trying to do is make it last ...

You say he's good to you, but I do things he'd never do
There's a certain kind of love you can't dispute
I'll bum you smokes ... I'll buy you beer ...
I'll pick you up off the back porch, dear ...
Hold your hair when you have to puke ...

That's what I'm trying to tell you ...

That I've been drinkin', I bet you couldn't tell
The way I'm stinkin', as if you couldn't smell
But what I'm thinkin', you just can't ever tell
And that's the way that I want things to stay.

And now I'm sinkin', guess once again I fell
My head is shrinkin', where once it used to swell
Your friends are winkin', but they can all go straight to hell

There thinkin' I should just move on, give up the wine and beer
But drinkin' ain't the only reason that I loved you, dear
So why should I give up the only thing I like to do?

There's just no gettin' sober over you ...

No gettin' sober over you