

Drunkard

Spirit

His coat was torn and tattered,
his face was full of red
And nothing seemed to matter,
as he put himself to bed
And he didn't know the meaning of it all

He wasn't home that evening
when his daughter came to call
And he didn't see the message
that she left upon the wall
And he didn't know the meaning of it all

He looked into the streetlamps,
all shinning in the rain
And he thought of all the faces
that he'd never see again

And he didn't know the meaning of it all