

Sometimes

The Inchtaborables

Sometimes I'm drinking more than I would do
Lost my direction I don't know what I knew
Sometimes I'm thinking that we only were
Born for destruction
And then I know it isn't true
Sometimes I'm running far away
From all these empty lost years
Sometimes I'm proud about my roots
Sometimes I'm going to the future
I would like to live in
But then I'm sure there is no room

If you would ask me what you could do
Against your depressions
I'd answer you you have to drink
If you would show me all destructions
That are still around us
I'd give you glasses made in pink
If you would thank me for the many years
We are together
I would ask: hey who are you?
If you would tell me something 'bout
The time when I'm a grandpa
I'd take you to where crosses grow