

I'll Drink to That

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Standing stiff on a cliff, and I'm not gonna leap.
Checked out the water, but it's much too deep.
No going back, no turning around.
I'll stay here and wait.
God, I hope that I'm found.
My thoughts were in knots, I couldn't get to sleep.
Went up to the attic to see what to keep.
Threw out the useless and now it's bone-dry.
But I still couldn't die, couldn't figure out why.
The place is packed, I needed that.
A bottle cracked, I'm glad for that.
A good night's rest, forget about that.
I feel alive in this dive, so I'll drink to that.
The attic was empty and my eyes were shut.
I had to do something but I didn't know what.
The darkness was nice but it wasn't enough.
The clock wasn't stopping so I had to get tough.
The place is packed, I needed that.
A bottle cracked, I'm glad for that.
A good night's rest, forget about that.
I feel alive in this dive so I'll drink to that.
Got up and out,
And found out it was raining.
The car lived then died, but I wasn't complaining.
Hell bent for action, some had to be out there.
I walked then I ran, hoping something was somewhere.
Before too long, it didn't take long,
This place came along and I ended up here.
The place is packed, I needed that.
A bottle cracked, I'm glad for that.
A good night's rest, forget about that.
I feel alive in this dive so I'll drink to that.