Bar And The Beer

The White Buffalo

Some one to follow, someone to fear Keeps me in line, keeps me in gear But the hand that lashed out brought me to tears That's why I am drinking up all of theses beers

The bar and the beer keeps me coming back to here This drunken stupor is not what it seems It helps me laugh, helps me dream

I had a fight with the woman so I stop in to think I have my psychologist poor me drink My head is clouded so it's plain to see We'll work things out, the bottle and me

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