

Sorry for Everything

Those Poor Bastards

I went and stole myself the devil's heart
'Cause mine was pulverized and crushed
Then I drank all the whiskey in this town
Still I could not get enough

And I know that it's too late
But I'm sorry for everything

And now I'm stuck out here all by myself
It's hard to fill the empty hours
I'd like to force some gal to stay with me
But I just haven't got the power

And I know that it's too late
But I'm sorry for everything

You cannot live in constant solitude
Or your mind will surely bust
The rain will fall down on your withered soul
And then your bones will start to rust

And I know that it's too late
But I'm sorry for everything