

Wake Up In The Gutter

Those Poor Bastards

Going into town to raise a ruckus
Got fifty dollars to my worthless name
Don't care if the sun come up tomorrow
Tonight I gotta try to ease the pain
I'll drink, drink, and wake up in the gutter

Find a table in the darkest corner
There I'll sit and whistle lonesome tunes
I'm looking for a face with lines of worry
Who's sick of wasting time on brainless goons
I'll drink, drink, and wake up in the gutter

Honey, it feels good to be so hollow

Nothing left inside but twelve cheap beers
Put a nickel in that dusty jukebox
And waltz alone into the pit of tears
Drink, drink, and wake up in the gutter

How come you don't never say you hate me?
I see that venom dripping from your fangs
If you wanna kill me dear, just kill me
You could be the belle of a woman's chain gang
Drink, drink, and wake up in the gutter