

# I Drink

Tim McGraw

He'd get home at five-thirty  
Fix a drink, and sit down in his chair  
Pick a fight with momma  
Complain about the kids getting in his hair  
At night he'd sit alone and smoke  
I'd see the frown behind the lighters flame  
Now that same frowns in my mirror  
I got my daddy's blood, inside my veins

Fish swim, birds fly  
Daddy's yell, momma's cry  
Old men, sit and think  
I Drink

Chicken TV dinners  
Six minutes on defrost, three on high  
Beer to wash it down with, then another  
Some whiskey on the side  
It's not so bad alone here  
It don't bother me that every nights the same  
I don't need another lover, hanging around  
Trying to make me change

Fish swim, birds fly  
Lovers leave, by and by  
Old men, sit and think  
I Drink

I know, what I am  
But I don't, I just don't give a damn

Fish swim, birds fly  
Daddy's yell, momma's cry  
Old men, sit and think  
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