

Before I Break

Uncle Tupelo

On liquor I spent my last dime

Sunday mornin', eight a.m.
Just cursin' myself again
Drinkin' like each one might be my last
Blurred memories of makin' toasts
To the cheapest beer and talk show hosts
Funny then but that's fadin' fast

Here's to wakin' up at night
Half drunk in a ditch by the side of the road
You're still thinkin' that you can't go on like this
Headed for a break down

You keep sayin' thanks for tomorrow, 'cause I can't live
Thanks for tomorrow, 'cause I've had enough
Well, it'd do me just fine to make it through the night
On liquor I spent my last dime

A worried man drinks a healthy drink
But he drinks nine or ten
Until he's done
Then he'll tell you his life story
But he won't stop until
He's told to you and everyone

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