

## Tipsy

Wheatus

You're tipsy but you're sound, my friend  
You made a couple pounds and then you thought about it  
And having some was really nice  
But you could only recognise the ones who live without it  
Well could it be when you were burned before  
You learned something about the score  
That rich men can afford

So have a drink on me  
And never be afraid to see  
Your world for what it is  
All the happy little kids  
Guess that's not really how you live  
I smile when I heard you say  
That you would not play the game  
When all the suffering you see, and it is real  
Man, you make me tipsy, but you're sound

You would never ever know  
What it felt like down below  
Not unless you've been there  
So think of it as a special gift  
You only know how hard you have to lift  
To make some real repairs  
No it's not some little penny wish  
And I know you won't get over it  
Just don't think you're alone

And have a drink on me  
'Cos I'm kinda starting to see  
Your world for what it is  
All the spotlight and the biz  
Guess that's not really how you live  
You never read every sign [?]  
All the short and painful lives  
Of those for whom you cry out loud  
Cause you're afraid that they will have to go without  
Every single precious joy that you have found  
Man, you make me tipsy, but you're sound

There is no X to mark your spot  
And no god to thank for what you've got  
It's only us upon this rock  
And when the truth of who we are gets you down  
And you're noticing the outsiders in every single town  
And you know exactly why they can't afford to come around  
And you think you may do something that is risky and profound  
Well then maybe you and me should sit and have another round  
'Cos man you make me tipsy, man you make me tipsy  
Man you make me tipsy, but you're sound!