

Been drunk so long, like almost out of spite
We've been roughhousing tonight, and I fell under the knife

Hey, I feel like talking again
But the room is circling like some kinda ride
I stayed out till morning again
And I get to wondering as to why

Yeah, with your deep blonde hair, you can't fight fair
What do I do?
You and your dead blank stare, I still play the fool with [?] t
o lose

Yeah sometimes we take pictures, they just don't turn out right
But I still can see the shape of you, up against that campfire
light

Woah oh, I want to go back to that night
I wanna go back there with you
And I can't tell if nothing's changed, if it's the same
I hear your name, I look for you

I hear your name and I stand up
I don't care if I fall again
Yeah, 'cause I got so much life to live
I don't care how many times I trip
Or bruises, cuts, or busted lips
It's loser's cup, give me a sip

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