

# Drunk Again

William Clark Green

The phone rings  
I don't wanna talk to you  
Don't you know that I'm trying my best  
To keep it between the lines  
I never thought it would hurt so bad  
I never knew it would kick my ass  
I called you a bitch one time  
I wish I never had

If the river was a highway  
Going to another town  
White lines and by-ways  
[?] up and drink it down  
I got checks that bounce  
You moved out on a house that's foreclosed now  
And keep wondering how  
I keep wondering why

Why I'm getting drunk again  
Get three sheets to the wind  
Write two sheets full of hymns  
I don't understand it  
All my friends  
They've moved on and are having kids  
They all ask how I live like this  
So now I'm wondering  
Why I'm getting drunk again

I remember it was just a game  
Back in our younger days  
We held on to a hurricane  
And then I drowned  
If your water  
I'm gasoline

Mixed n a way I never seen  
I never thought I could be so mean  
As I am now

I guess I'm gonna get drunk again  
Get three sheets to the wind  
Write two sheets full of hymns  
I don't understand it  
All my friends  
They've moved on and are having kids  
They all ask how I live like this  
So now I'm wondering  
Why I'm getting drunk again

Gonna get drunk again  
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Why I'm getting drunk again

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Why I'm getting drunk again

Gonna get drunk again