

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
Get three sheets to the wind
Write two sheets full of hymns
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All my friends
They've moved on and they're having kids
They all ask how I live like this
So now I'm wondering

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Get three sheets to the wind

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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