Fall for the Drinker

Boys Night Out

Another year, another year.
Raise your glass high.
Leaves will fall, the snow will fall.
Raise your glass high.
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind.One year, now.
We're all here, now.
Tonight, to hell with everything else.
We'll drink hard, we'll drink to ourselves.Raise your glass high...
To fallen friends,
To tragic ends,
To lovers lost,
Of a heart's exhaust,
To wasted time,
To wasting time.
(Raise your glass high)
To money gained,
To money spent,
A whim's in need of a real intent. (wrong)
To it's resolving arguments.One year, now.
We're all here, now.
Tonight, to hell with everything else.
We'll drink hard, we'll drink to ourselves.Here's to a hundred years,
And if the drink should fall...
Let it fall for the drinker,
Let it fall...
Fall.Tonight, to hell with everything else.
We'll drink hard, we'll drink to ourselves.

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