

# Drunched in Crumbs

## Albert Hammond Jr.

We walked a little drunk  
Two sides to a tune  
Three flights of stairs  
Never felt so good  
So we carried on, so we carried on  
You're under 21  
Like the barrel of a gun your mouth is full of words  
You've clipped my hand with a bang bang  
I've been dragging on  
Livin' in a competitors home  
Pressing my lips to you  
Want her to consider the view  
Put away all your good words  
Decorating something you've heard  
Too many rooms lived in sin  
I heard the army again and again  
The photo was precise  
But none of it was right  
I'm so unfit  
Like a pig in shit  
I feel at home at times  
Seeing that I've walked too far  
I've come too fast  
I've shown you all a blast and now I'm somebody's fault  
You're somebody's fault, you're somebody's reason  
too  
Put away all your good words  
Decorating something you've heard  
Too many rooms lived in sin  
I heard the army again and again  
Well I've been dragging on  
Livin' in a competitors home  
Pressing my lips to you  
Want her to consider the view  
I've been dragging on  
Livin' in a competitors home  
Pressing my lips to you  
Want her to consider the view  
Put away all your good words  
Decorating something you've heard  
Too many rooms lived in sin  
I heard the army again and again  
"And when she was gone"  
It's just as they say she was gone"  
Although you are persistent your arms don't give much lifting  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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