Drunk Without Drinking (feat. Tim Rutili)

Buck 65

Hey boys, I've come a long way
Along in the sun and the rainWhat am I doing here? No-star hotel
Wasting my wealth
Telling myself to go to hell
Arm in a cast, heart like a corncob
Do noyt disturb sign hangin' on the door knob
Brain unplugged, my whole life in my luggage
My cruelty is dependable
And my ugliness is rugged
Smoke still slow dances out of my barrel
In the distance I can hear a kid
Singing a Christmas carol
And this is terrible, gorgeous and sinister
The pillow still smells like the secrets of my visitor
Nobody needs to know about this kind of thing
Blood on my back from the attack of her diamond ring
Me of all people, my mind's in a tail-spin
I'm just a door-to-door encyclopedia salesman
Part of me feels like dirt, the rest doesn't
She said I'm a way better lover than her husbandI've had a whole lot of fights
Along in the sun and the rainWhere am I going? Backwards to nowhere
In another man's shoes instead of my own pair
I promised discretion and to be at her beck and call
I look like a dandelion and feel like a wreckin' ball
I ran out of wishes and then she came to offer hers
Lookin' at myself in the mirror
I'm at a loss for words
I'm good at my job, goin' out of my mind kinda
Holding my face in my hands like fine China...
I've seen a whole of towns
Along in the sun and the rainWe met up again, went undercover literally
I told her about Cuba, I told her about Italy
Physics and photography, a little Russian history
Everything about her to me was such a mystery
I gave her the once over
She gave me the blood blister
She had no idea that I was fallin' in love with her
Call me mister
Crucial inspiration

All she wanted was my lust and useful information
What am I putting myself through this crap for?
Feels like I'm standing on top of a trap door
Lost at sea, tangled up in golden hair
Scavenger-hunter my life is a folding chair
My daily routine is down to a system
I give regular people truth and wisdom
That's what I do, it's my job, the prophet/profit
I can see the future and make money off itI've kissed a whole lot of lips
Along in the sun and the rain

Songwriters
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