

# .38 Special

Wesley Willis

Well I'm drinking by myself  
While everybody else  
Sings songs down in the park  
Brown paper bagging it after dark  
But it's a plastic bag for me  
Carrying my groceries  
A few cans of champagne  
Chose the high life for the rain And the door man calls my name  
Good old Joe sure knows my game  
Though he says it's the youth to blame  
I can't say I feel the same See I'll be nursing number one  
And too soon beer two is done  
And then it's three, four, five, six  
And they're all empty again And still half the flask  
I always forget I have  
Sitting in in my office with my .38 special revolver Still half the flask  
I always forget I have  
Sitting in in my office with my .38 special revolver (x3) Looking back through another empty glass  
To the past when I was so small  
Peeking over the counter that was too tall  
Stealing my first sip of alcohol  
This could be my last slug of it all There's still half the flask  
I always forget I have  
Sitting in my office with my .38 special revolver Still half the flask  
I always forget I have  
Sitting in in my office with my .38 special revolver (x5) If the dead haunt the places  
Their bodies are found  
Chamber me one last round to see  
If my luck will keep  
If my luck will keep  
Oh yes chamber me  
One last round to see  
If my luck will keep this gun company Drinking by myself  
While everybody else  
Is passed out in the park  
Or going home in police cars  
They sing Oh la da da oh la la la (x12)

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