Not Drunk Enough

Nick Roes

Mr. Bartender, now you donâ€™t know why
Iâ€™m sitting here with this look in my eye.
Youâ€™re always so anxious to fill my glass up,
And Iâ€™m just not the type that is able to stop.

Once I was somebody, sober and proud.
Now Iâ€™m a nobody, drunken and loud.
Oh, how I wish I could turn back the clock,
But Iâ€™m just not the type that is able to stop.

And Iâ€™ll get so drunk Iâ€™ll walk on to the street,
And start picking fights with the strangers I meet.
Iâ€™ll get so drunk that I wonâ€™t give a damn,
But not drunk enough to forget what I am.

Lifeâ€™s too much trouble, itâ€™s not worth the try.
I wish I was sober. I wish I could cry.
I wish I could drag myself out of this dive.
I wish I were deadâ€¦I wish I were alive.

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Youâ€™re always so anxious to fill my glass up,
And Iâ€™m just not the type that is able to stop.

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