

# Not Drunk Enough

[Nick Roes](#)

Mr. Bartender, now you don't know why  
I'm sitting here with this look in my eye.  
You're always so anxious to fill my glass up,  
And I'm just not the type that is able to stop.

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

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

Life's too much trouble, it'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 dead—I wish I were alive.

Mr. Bartender, now you don't know why  
I'm sitting here with this look in my eye.  
You're always so anxious to fill my glass up,  
And I'm just not the type that is able to stop.

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