

Pints of Guinness Make You Strong

Against Me!

Evelyn sits by the elevator doors.
It's been 37 years since James died on St. Patrick's day in 1964.
She could not hold it against him.
There were times there was nothing she could do
but lie in bed all day besides a picture of them together.
- picture of better days. And just like James, I'll be drinking Irish tonight.
With the memory of this last work week will be gone forever.
Evelyn I'm not coming home tonight!
If we're never together...
If I'm never back again...
Well I swear to god that I'll love you forever!
Evelyn, I'm not coming home tonight! In all the years that went by she said she'd always love him.
And from the day that he died she never loved again.
And in his wallet she kept on her nightstand an AA Card and a lock of red hair.
Kept secrets of pride locked so tight in her heart -
killed part of her before the rest was gone. She said: "If I would have known just how things would have ended
up
I just would have let myself die." And just like James, I'll be drinking Irish tonight.
With the memory of this last work week will be gone forever.
Evelyn I'm not coming home tonight!
If we're never together...
If I'm never back again...
Well I swear to god that I'll love you forever!
Evelyn, I'm not coming home tonight!

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