

# Don't Start Me On The Liquor

## Violent Femmes

Don't start me on the liquor  
I'll drink it all down straight  
I'll make a toast to love  
But I drink the most  
When I got somebody to hate  
I'm an old man  
I got an old man's pain  
Will the morning  
Will the morning ever come again  
Well, I'm likin' lickin' a lotta liquor  
I'm drivin' down the drink  
I'll take a toast to life  
But I drink the most  
When my devil start to think  
I'm an old man  
I got an old man's pain  
Will the morning  
Will the morning ever come again  
Oh, I could drink, drink, drink  
So I can't think, think, think  
I got a hope or a home

In this life I'm all alone  
On this long cold lonely night of fright  
Followed by a lonely day  
'Til there's nothing left I can say  
Except I didn't know I was sick  
And so I got sicker  
He's a low down lying  
Peckerwood cotton picker  
Don't start me on the liquor  
I got nothing more to say  
I had a little money  
But it all flown away  
And I said oh man  
Oh, ain't that a shame  
Oh, I keep manin', I keep manin'  
Like I got an old man's pain  
Don't

Don't start  
Don't start me  
Don't start me on  
Don't start me on the  
Don't start me on the liquor

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