The Next Round

The Wretched Ones

I drink because I'm thirsty
I drink because I'm dry
I'm not yet quite thirty
But I feel like I'm dyingI drink because I want to, I need to
I don't know what else to do with my time
I won't say it but you can see it in my eyesYou drink 'cause you're lonely
You drink 'cause you're sad
You always claim every party
Was the best time you've ever hadYou drink 'cause you're scared of a life
Of living off your own company
You won't say it
But I can see it in your eyesOf all of the things I could become
A lonely drunkard isn't one
For which I would've wished
When I was youngBut drink has drunk my days away
I tried to live like Hemmingway
Life just doesn't work that way
And pills don't kill the pain
They just delayWe drink 'cause we're scared that
If we should stop
The good times will go away
But the bad times will notAnd what if it's over and we're sober
And we still feel like we're fixing to die
What then? Don't say it
'Cause I can see it in your eyesThe next round's on me
The next round's on me
The next round's on me
The next round's on meThe next round's on me
The next round's on me
The next round's on me
The next round's on me

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