

# 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 dying I 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 eyes You drink 'cause you're lonely  
You drink 'cause you're sad  
You always claim every party  
Was the best time you've ever had You 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 eyes Of all of the things I could become  
A lonely drunkard isn't one  
For which I would've wished  
When I was young But 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 delay We drink 'cause we're scared that  
If we should stop  
The good times will go away  
But the bad times will not And 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 eyes The next round's on me  
The 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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The next round's on me  
The next round's on me

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