Drunkard

Spirit

His coat was torn and tattered, his face was full of red
And nothing seemed to matter, as he put himself to bed
And he didn't know the meaning of it allHe wasn't home that evening when his daughter came to call
And he didn't see the message that she left upon the wall
And he didn't know the meaning of it allHe looked into the streetlamps, all shinning in the rain
And he thought of all the faces that he'd never see againAnd he didn't know the meaning of it all
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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