

Whiskey

Guttermouth

Do you know what I want
No I don't think you know what I want yea
Gotta think of me
When I think about us I think about everything Give it back your out of time
I've got a reason what was my crime
I'm not a puppet
Don't pull my string
I start thinkin then I'm drinkin
Gotta get away from everything yea No not tonight... Here we go again
You haven't got a clue you never comprehend yea
Playing games with my head
I think about me I think about na na nothing Now you know
I'm sick of you and I really ain't got nothing else to do yea
Have a drink with my friends
Now I see your face and I couldn't give a damn

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