.38 Special

100 Monkeys

Well I'm drinking by myself
While everybody else
Sings songs down in the park
Brown paper bagging it after dark
But it's a plastic bag for me
Carrying my groceries
A few cans of champagne
Chose the high life for the rainAnd the door man calls my name
Good old Joe sure knows my game
Though he says it's the youth to blame
I can't say I feel the sameSee I'll be nursing number one
And too soon beer two is done
And then it's three, four, five, six
And they're all empty againAnd still half the flask
I always forget I have
Sitting in in my office with my .38 special revolverStill half the flask
I always forget I have
Sitting in in my office with my .38 special revolver (x3)Looking back through another empty glass
To the past when I was so small
Peaking over the counter that was too tall
Stealing my first sip of alcohol
This could be my last slug of it allThere's still half the flask
I always forget I have
Sitting in my office with my .38 special revolverStill half the flask
I always forget I have
Sitting in in my office with my .38 special revolver (x5)If the dead haunt the places
Their bodies are found
Chamber me one last round to see
If my luck will keep
If my luck will keep
Oh yes chamber me
One last round to see
If my luck will keep this gun companyDrinking by myself
While everybody else
Is passed out in the park
Or going home in police cars
They singOh la da da oh la la la (x12)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/