Whispers in a Shot Glass

Elway

Sit down if it suits you, darling.
Pour yourself a drink.
Because nothing gets you down when you're too drunk to think.I've got a two ton iron weight that weighs heavy on my spine.
I'd love to toss it on this table.
But now is not the time.It's too late to dream, boys.
She's already gone.
I've got nothing left but pain and grief.
So throw a record on.
And we'll sing until the sun comes up.
And we'll dance until we crash.
Until our sorrows are just whispers in a shot glass.
Sit down, sing me a song, girl.
Tell me how you feel.
Because we've been wearing these fucking goofy smiles
And we both know they're not real.
Maybe you could ease me of this pain.
I'd pluck the thorns right from your spine.
If I had the guts I think I have when I'm drunk,
Then I'd try to make you mine.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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