

Drunched In Crumbs

Albert Hammond Jr.

We walked a little drunk
Two sides to a tune
Three flights of stairs
Never felt so good
So we carried on, so we carried on You're under 21
Like the barrel of a gun your mouth is full of words
You've clipped my hand with a bang bang I've been dragging on
Livin' in a competitors home
Pressing my lips to you
Want her to consider the view Put away all your good words
Decorating something you've heard
Too many rooms lived in sin
I heard the army again and again
The photo was precise
But none of it was right
I'm so unfit
Like a pig in shit
I feel at home at times Seeing that I've walked too far
I've come too fast
I've shown you all a blast and now I'm somebody's fault You're somebody's fault, you're somebody's reason
too Put away all your good words
Decorating something you've heard
Too many rooms lived in sin
I heard the army again and again Well I've been dragging on
Livin' in a competitors home
Pressing my lips to you
Want her to consider the view
I've been dragging on
Livin' in a competitors home
Pressing my lips to you
Want her to consider the view Put away all your good words
Decorating something you've heard
Too many rooms lived in sin
I heard the army again and again "And when she was gone
It's just as they say she was gone"
Although you are persistent your arms don't give much lifting
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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