Three Sheets to the Wind

Jim Boyer

Had one too many one way conversations
with the licky licky lord
'till I grew a scissor tongue
and c-c-cut the cord
put the phone on the floor
detach the wires in my head
took awhile to accept that that line was dead
(chorus)
didn't never wanna not live forever x3
didn't never wanna not not wanna live
Nah, it didn't matter if the laughter didn't come after the bad joke,
if i was down with the filthy rich or flat broke,
accepted by the Aryans or black folk
cause i was carrying this weight until my back broke,
wasn't trying to be no hip hop god or raps G.O.A.T.
shootin to be a rock star like its my last hope
Eyeballin that pack of smokes DO ME IN!
graduatin on the crack coke DO ME IN!
knocked of a paddle boat in the middle of the castle moat
kings men are yelling GRAB THE ROPE!
three sheets to the wind three!
three sheets to the wind!

i talk like a sailor, my mother is one
that's why i got this sixth sense of direction and my split tongue
taught me how to go with the flow when the winds come
curled up in a ball and tried to hide inside a kick drum.
while the crew is gettin piss drunk i had to purify my own and drink up
i had to save and conserve recycle my salty words to keep the meat on my bones all pres-s-s-served.
(chorus)
It was a tug of war and we all faught together
'till we went our own way when the c-c-c-cord was severed
The stormy weather would begin, we'd all sucumb to this sin
any bar within reach, Three sheets to the wind
From a back pedal the backstroke got traded in my life jacket for a mask and cloak
Three sheets to the wind
I had to go, watch the sail grab the rope
See shanty ending on a sad note, three sheets to the wind
Malnutrition (Pull me in), Bad Religion (Pull me in), Fact or Fiction thats addiction

Three sheets to the wind
(chorus)
Pick it up, put it down
(chorus)
Three sheets to the wind

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