Ballantines

Doble V

It must be hard ringing the bells
Of doors that don't swing wide anymore
It must be hard hearing the sound
Of voices just inside of the door
A man who couldn't hold your coat
Who's hung on ever antidote
So it must be hard watching the fellows gloat
Ballantines
It must be hard seeing the same old crowd
Just pass you by in the street
It must be tough knowing your stuff
Could only horrify the elite
You cut off everyone you know

Boy you told `em all where to go
Now it must be hard getting the same revoke
Ballantines
Well, patrons at the bar in Lexington Kentucky
Who sprung for every drink you downed
With things the way they are it's not that kind of party
If what you've got might just be good (?)
The fat cows won't be getting thin
Seeing the kind of jam you're in
Though the angels dance on the head of another pin
Ballantines
Ballantines
Ballantines

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/