

# Misery and Gin

Billy Dean

Memories and drinks don't mix to well  
Jukebox records don't play those wedding bells  
Looking at the world through the bottom of a glass  
All I see is a man who's fading fast  
Tonight, I'll need that woman again  
What I'd give for my baby to just walk in  
To sit down beside me and say it's alright  
And take me home and make sweet love to me tonight  
But here I am again, mixing misery and gin  
Sittin' with all my friends and talking to myself  
I look like I'm having a good time  
But any fool can tell that this honky-tonk heaven  
Really makes you feel like hell  
I light a lonely woman's cigarette  
And we start talkin' about what we want to forget  
It seems her life story and mine are the same  
Both lost someone and only have ourselves to blame  
But here I am again, mixing misery and gin  
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