

Doublewhiskeycokenoice

Dillinger Four

Some times it's simple things that make it hard
Spoiled baby tee's with credit cards
Overtime always on my mind
Could have been eating away inside now
Praise God and pass the bottle of Beam
Because tonight I can't seem to say what I mean
Don't know if I would even if I could, Amen.
Somehow this seems like borrowed time
Pay it no mind, Everything is find
But sometimes I'd rather hear laughter
While this whole place died.
A Johnny Jump-Up is a lovely thing
A pint of cider and some whiskey
I had four dead inside of me
Just to hear this jack-ass sing his line about
How he used to hang out somewhere "back in the day"
Knowing terms only an asshole would say
So I sat there drinking more
Thinking about drinking more
Nelson Algren came to me
And said celebrate the ugly things
The beat up side of what they call pride
Could be the measure of what they call pride
Could be the measure of these days
God save Otis Redding because I know he's never gone
As sick falls from this mouth hear me sing it wrong
Is it "cigarettes and coffee" now or dreams to be remembered
I'll leave regrets for dead and sing along
So I'm reaching for the phone, I don't want to be alone
I want to get some friends here tonight
I got a basement full of booze and some blues to lose
I'll ignore the whole world tonight
It will be alright.

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