

# I Don't Even Have To Ask

[Martha Scanlan](#)

I don't even have to ask  
who's beer is that  
I'm drinkin all alone  
I don't even have to care  
who set it there  
and who's not coming home Saturdays are used to be's  
like old Christmas trees  
when Christmas has come and gone  
used to be dressed up in lights,  
stayin up all night  
lit up till the dawn  
I could be out with the boys boondraggin on main street  
throwin dollar bills at some juke box bum, sayin  
play me some of that  
I,  
some of that  
I still miss someone And somehow packing up your things  
didn't seem to bring  
the peace that I'd hope to find  
cause what you you can't put in the truck  
what you can't pack up  
is the space that you leave behind I could be out with the boys boondraggin on main street  
throwin dollar bills at some juke box bum, sayin  
play me some of that broken congegration singin  
I still miss someone  
And I don't even have to ask  
who's beer's that  
I'm drinkin all alone  
I don't even have to care  
who set it there  
and who's not coming home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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