

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 conegregation 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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