

# Pour Me

## Hollywood Undead

Pour me, pour me, pour me another  
It holds me, holds me, like no other  
One more drink, then I swear that I'm going home  
Truth is that I don't really have a place to go  
So pour me, pour me, pour me another I wake up right about the mid-afternoon  
With the sun in the sky, the night's coming soon  
And I walk to the mirror just to fix myself  
Yeah, life gets harder when you love nothing else So I pick my pills from the counter drawer  
Pick my self esteem up off the fucking floor  
I guess I'm a man of no recourse  
'Cause I cracked another bottle, got no remorse And I'll say a little prayer for the child in me  
I swear I used to be what I truly believed  
That I'm not just a man with these broken dreams  
That even I can go to heaven if a part decease, so Pour me, pour me, pour me another  
It holds me, holds me, like no other  
One more drink, then I swear that I'm going home  
Truth is that I don't really have a place to go  
So pour me, pour me, pour me another People get sick and then watch you bleed  
When you fall from the top, boy, you better believe  
That the bottom they got just, yeah, just what you need  
But at the bottom you can't swim, 'cause you drank up the sea When we stop and we look up to the sky  
They don't ask any questions, they ask us, "Why?"  
Don't have any answers, don't know what to say  
Our knees are getting tired, too tired to pray That's when we laid down, end of the road  
We all seem to walk, against the walk it alone  
And I'm not just a man with these broken dreams  
Even I can go to heaven if a part decease, so Pour me, pour me, pour me another  
It holds me, holds me, like no other  
One more drink, then I swear that I'm going home  
Truth is that I don't really have a place to go  
So pour me, pour me, pour me another Time just seems to go on and on  
On and on, and on and on  
Life inside a bottle all along  
All along, the bottle's gone I'm not just a man with these broken dreams  
Even I can go to heaven if a part decease  
What's left inside a bottle if it's gone? One more song and I'm finally free  
I'll meet you here in heaven, between the sea  
'Cause I'm not just a man with these broken dreams  
That even I can go to heaven if a part decease, so Pour me, pour me, pour me another

It holds me, holds me, like no other  
One more drink, then I swear that I'm going home  
Truth is that I don't really have a place to go  
So pour me, pour me, pour me another Pour me, pour me  
Pour me, pour me, pour me another  
Pour me, pour me  
Pour me, pour me, pour me another

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