

Ballantines

[Aimee Mann](#)

It must be hard ringing the bells
Of doors that don't swing wide anymore
It must be hard hearing the sound
Of voices just inside of the door
A man who couldn't hold your coat
Once hung on ever antidote
So it must be hard watching the fellows gloat
Ballantines It must be hard seeing the same old crowd
Just pass you by in the street
It must be tough knowing your stuff
Could only horrify the elite
You cut off everyone you know
Boy you told `em all where to go
Now it must be hard getting the same heave-ho
Ballantines Well, patrons at the bar in Lexington Kentucky
Once sprung for every drink you downed
With things the way they are it's not that kind of party
'Cause what you've got might just be going around
The fat cats won't be getting thin
Seeing the kind of jam you're in
Though the angels dance on the head of another pin
Ballantines
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