

Barfly

Buck-O-Nine

these are the hard times
these are the good times
these are the fine times
the keep me in line times
until you went away
now these are the hey days
the never get laid days
the play with myself
and forget about my health days
wont you come back to me
i love the way you walk
the way you smile
the way you talk
and i love
the way you torture me
now im a barfly
i wish that i could die
i never thought it would be this way
and i cant understand why
why you went away
its so mysterious
makes me delirious
sometimes im curious
but all around furious
wont you come back to me

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