

Smashed Again

Sloppy Seconds

Doin' a little drinking at my favorite bar
Got so smashed I couldn't drive my car
 Got the phone and called me a cab
Got thrown out, and couldn't pay my tab
 Nowhere to go, no cash to spend
Don't know why I'm smashed again...
 Wake up in a puddle of booze
And crawl through the mountain of human refuse
 In the kitchen, I piss in the sink
Open the fridge, and I reach for a drink
 Clock on the wall says 1:00 pm
Don't know why I'm smashed again...
 Don't know why I'm smashed again
 Cant believe this mess I'm in
 Johnny Walker's my best friend
 Don't know why I'm smashed again
 My girlfriend threw me out in the street
 And now I'm layin on the cold concrete
 Four a.m. there's a knock at your door
 "ooh, let me sleep on your living room floor!"
 That's what you get for being my friend
 Don't know why I'm smashed again...
 I was born with a drink in my hand,
My feet on the ground, and my head in the sand
 Scotch whiskey, rum, and beer
 That the only reason I'm here
 Looks like another lost weekend
 That's why I'm smashed again...
 That's why I'm smashed again
 That's why I'm smashed again
Paul Bohall's my best friend... that's why I'm smashed again