A.A.

Poison Idea

Bottle, bottle, on the wall, who's the drunkest of us all?
Set yourself up for the fall, who's a slave to alcohol,
I know a place where you can go, you'll probably see no one that you know,
A few minutes will make you think you probably need another drink.
They said that I had a disease, I asked them, "What?" if they please,
I asked them what the fuck they meant,
Victim of the six percent,
Now I'm so ashamed of it,
I guess it's time that I quit.
I saw a friend the other day, getting out of N.A.
He was looking really good, that made me think of myself,
I care about my worthless friends, don't like to see them kill themselves,
Get so strung out they lose all hope, why do you think they call it dope?
Trembling hands, blooodshot eyes, propose a toast to my demise.
God gave me this liver,
I didn't know he was an indian giver.

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