Theme from "Cheers"

Titus Andronicus

I'm sorry, mama, but I've been drinking again
Me and the old man got us a head start on the weekend
And rest assured tonight I'm going to be in Kevin's basement with all my friends
Provided we can get, get our lazy asses down to Bottle King by tenAnd the walk home is going to be a real shit-show
I'll be picking up half-smoked cigarette butts all up and down Rock Road
And then throw up in the warm glow of the traffic light
But I'm going to put the devil inside me to sleep if it takes all nightSo let's get fucked up
And let's pretend we're all okay
And if you've got something that you can't live with, save it for another day
Alright, save it for another dayI'm sorry, Mama, expect a call from the neighbors tonight
All of my asshole buddies are coming over and they're feeling a little too alright
I'm sick and tired of everyone in this town being so goddamn uptight
But don't you worry, I'll do all the talking when they turn on the flashing lightsWhen I'm an old man I can be the quiet type
And I can go without a moment of fun for the rest of my life
I can read a good book and I can be in bed by ten
And I can get up early, go to work and come home, and start it all over againBut while we're young, boys, everybody raise your glasses high
Singing, "Here's to the good times, here's to the home team
Kiss the good times goodbye
Oh yeah, kiss the good times goodbye"I need a timeout
I need an escape from reality
Or else I need eternal darkness and death
I need an exit strategyDown in North Caroline
I could have been a productive member of society
But these New Jersey cigarettes and all they require of me
Have made a fucking junkie out of meSo give me a Guinness
Give me a Keystone Light
Give me a kegger on a Friday night
Give me anything but another year in exileI need a whiskey, I need a whiskey, I need a whiskey right now
I need a whiskey, I need a whiskey
God know how many times I've said this before
But I really don't feel like doing this anymoreSo hey, Andy, let's turn into dirty old men
Close down the bar every night at the Glen Rock Inn
Talk about our grandkids as we stroke our gray beards
Funny we're still doing car bombs after all of these yearsNow I know there are bicycles waiting to ride
But I could swear I heard voices from the other side
Saying, "Wait until you see the whites of their eyes"And now that I'm older, I look back and say

"What the fuck was it for anyway?"
Those dreams are lying in the still of the grave
What the fuck were they for anyway?So let it be on a stretcher if I get carried away
What the fuck was it for anyway?
What the fuck was it for anyway?

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