

Bad Weather Friends

Kevin Quain

Bad weather friends

I'm in the wrecking yard
falling fast and crashing hard.
Never did know when to stop
I'm waiting for the wagon
I'm gut sprung and lonesome
like an old busted banjo in a pawn shop
make it one more for the road
it's time for me to go
God knows I wish I could stay
Hold that bottle steady, till I'm good and ready
and the angels come to take me away
Get six mariachis to carry my coffin
round up the boys, make 'em play dixieland
when I get my halo, and I get my wings
I'll buy a drink for my bad weather friends.

I'm playing the piano, wearing a sombrero
there's nothing but nickels in the jar
I'm in the ring, but I'm no contender
I'd rather be standing at the bar.
Make it one more for the road, it's time for me to go.
Oh God knows I wish I could stay.
Hold that bottle steady 'till I'm good and ready
the angels come to drag me away.
Get six busty show girls to carry my coffin.
wake up O'Connor, make him play Danny boy
When I get my halo and I get my wings
I'll buy a drink for my bad weather friends
I'll buy a drink for my bad weather friends
I'll make it rain whiskey for my bad weather friends.

Lyrics submitted by Amaya Mocha.

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