

I Don't Even Have to Ask

Martha Scanlan

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I don't even have to ask
 who's beer is that
I'm drinkin all alone
I don't even have to care
 who set it there
and who's not coming homeSaturdays are used to be's
 like old Christmas trees
when Christmas has come and gone
 used to be dressed up in lights,
 stayin up all night
lit up till the dawnI could be out with the boys boondraggin on main street
 throwin dollar bills at some juke box bum, sayin
 play me some of that
 I,
 some of that
I still miss someoneAnd somehow packing up your things
 didn't seem to bring
 the peace that I'd hope to find
 cause what you you can't put in the truck
 what you can't pack up
is the space that you leave behindI could be out with the boys boondraggin on main street
 throwin dollar bills at some juke box bum, sayin
 play me some of that broken congegration singin
I still miss someoneAnd I don't even have to ask
 who's beer's that
 I'm drinkin all alone
 I don't even have to care
 who set it there
 and who's not coming home