

Broadways, The Kitchen Floor

wasted, passed out on the kitchen floor
another week gone by and i haven't been dreaming
blacked out and i can't remember exactly what i did last night
i hear stories in the morning and i know that i'm out of control
because when i drink nothing ever matters,
i missed the sunrise, could barely open my eyes
now i've got to pull myself together
right now this town really f**king tears me down
someday it will drown me in the river
i've got to learn to put the liquor on the shelf
or i might end up drowning myself.