

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Irish Whiskey

Caught in a revolving door, and my lungs are suffocating
Working hard is my reward and my life is so frustrating
I'm a martyr to myself and a hero to my family
I can feel a breaking point, a longing to be free.

But instead I'll hang in there and suffer with the rest
I'm a drunk and a sentimental man, so -
Dust us off a bottle of your best
Irish whiskey and drink with me
To departed friends, to departed friends...

In the middle of the night I wake up, my heart is pounding
I expected more from life than a house and TV watching
'Cause I wimped out on myself, and on my friends and family
'Cause they don't appreciate I sacrificed my dreams.

But instead I'll hang in there and suffer with the rest
I'm a drunk and a sentimental man, so -
Dust us off a bottle of your best
Irish whiskey and drink with me.
To departed friends, to departed friends...
To departed friends, to departed friends
To departed friends...
Departed!

(solo)

Hey there guys, I'm not the enemy
It's just shared frustration that makes us fight
It's a long way to drive to not make any money
Merry Christmas - at least we gotta try

But instead I'll hang in there and suffer with the rest
I'm a drunk and a sentimental man, so -
Dust us off a bottle of your best
Irish whiskey and drink with me...

But instead I'll hang in there and suffer with the rest
I'm a drunk and a sentimental man, so -
Dust us off a bottle of your best
Irish whiskey and drink with me,
Irish whiskey and drink with me,
Irish whiskey and drink with me.

To departed friends.