

Gits, Another Shot Of Whiskey

You walk in with another headache
I can tell by the lines in your face
you seem to think if you just remove the problem
the answers are what will come next
Another shot of whiskey
and maybe I'll be ready
for what's still crowded in your head
Never thinking that all the good times
are what walked in with the bad
I don't know why we compromise ourselves
I thought it was a common understanding
with all I've tried to help with
Tell me, do I end up empty handed?
Another couple of beers while I'm safe here at the bar
and maybe I'll get me some rest
Don't know why all the good times have to turn-up with the bad
It's like a sword of hate
you brandish it so proud
I wonder if you're taught what you feel
or is it the way you got it cold dead in your eye?
It would be good if you could just
leave me well enough alone
The crime of fate is what I have to follow through
if I'm going to get past you
Another shot of whiskey
and that's about the only
way I can listen anymore
Go ahead and drown me of everything
At least I still got my place at the bar
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you brandish it so proud
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