

Knapsack, Thursday Side of the Street

She walks to the store for some cat box sand
She stops for a drink and meets a man
He says I wish you were over now
He buys her a drink, they stumble to his house
She likes to drink with broken men
They sit at the bar and wait for it to end
She likes to drink with broken men
They sit at the bar and wait for it to end
Don't open the door on a friendless room
This person who came, couldn't come too soon
Then well, he says thanks for coming home
If not for the bar, I'd spend my life alone
She likes to drink with broken men
Sit at the bar and wait for it to end
She likes to drink with broken men
Sit at the bar and wait for it to end
She says, thanks for coming home
If not for the bar I'd spend my life alone
She likes to drink with broken men
They sit at the bar and wait for it to end
She likes to sleep with broken men
She lies on her back and hates for it to end