

# 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