## Matt Dusk, Two Shots Of Happy, One Shot Of Sa

Two shots of happy, one shot of sad You think I'm no good, well I know I've been bad Took you to a place, now you can't get back Two shots of happy, one shot of sad

Walked together down a dead end street We were mixing the bitter with the sweet Don't try to figure out what we might of had Just two shots of happy, one shot of sad

I'm just a singer, some say a sinner Rolling the dice, not always a winner You say I've been lucky, well hell I've made my own Not part of the crowd, but not feeling alone

Under pressure, but not bent out of shape Surrounded, we always found an escape Drove me to drink, but hey that's not all bad Two shots of happy, one shot of sad

Guess I've been greedy, all of my life Greedy with my children, my lovers, my wife Greedy for the good things as well as the bad Two shots of happy, one shot of sad

Maybe it's just talk, saloon singing
The chairs are all stacked, the swinging's stopped swinging
You say I hurt you, you put the finger on yourself
Then after you did it, you came crying for my help

Two shots of happy, one shot of sad I'm not complaining, baby I'm glad You call it a compromise, well what's that Two shots of happy, one shot of sad

Two shots of happy, one shot of sad