

Nine Pound Hammer, Don't Get No

Drinkin' all night long to sad country songs, it's driving me insane
Drownin' my fears in cheap American beer, lookin' for somebody to blame.
Head for the mountains, go for the gusto. You only go 'round once in life.
Seems I've spent most of mine on long drunken drives, makin' up excuses for an angry wife.

Now I'm cruisin' down I-75, throwin' my empties at the wrong way signs.
I'm so wasted I can't see shit. And it don't get no better than this.

Now what in the hell am I doing in this cell? Did I get drunk and start a fight?
One thing's fer certain, the way my head is hurtin', feels like I hit a bus last night
Then it all came back, like one big crash. Rammin' God's children head-on.
What can I say, it never happens this way in all those old Red Sovine songs.

When I was a kid I'd see beer commercials on TV.
Girls, good times, havin' fun.
Now I'm outside a PIK-PAK, tryin' to grab a 12-pack
couldn't wait til I was 21.

Now I'm only as bold as I'm told by a drunken society.
Now there's more blood on my can of Bud than there ever was in me.