

Odds, The Last Drink

carrying your ashes from bar to bar
i'm in a mess and you're in a mason jar
and you're under my arm like a football
i'm not ready to let go and that is all
you were never big on conversation
and that hasn't changed since your cremation

and i feel most times like you do
you know i feel most times like you do

i wish that i was hard nosed
fight a forest fire with a garden hose
and be brave enough right now
to start on something new

you were right there in the ern
light as a feather
if my hands weren't shaking i'd
glue you back together
this watering whole was our favourite stop
so i'll take off the lid and pour a drink down the top
for you and i'll pull down on that magic lever that
makes it stay the past forever

and i feel most times like you do
you know i feel most times like you do

someone stabbed my voodoo doll
now it hurts each time that nature calls
and you're lucky that natures finished calling out to you

you were down to your very last
little belt loop but you were
tougher than a pitbull in the paratroops
and if you're afraid of getting hurt
to suffer more ills
like the hypochondric that died choking on his pills
so i should swallow real hard and deal with this pain
cuz i'm as wasted as a neat freak in a hurricane

and I feel most times like you do
you know i feel most times like you do

I thought i was the one that died
it just was heavens weird amusement ride
but you pinched me in my dream
and i saw it wasn't true

so i'm dumping your ashes on the floor
Im gonna laugh as people slip on you
while coming in this door
and i'll drink on what you said
to stop my feet dragging
no one dogs bark should ever stop the wagon