

Sick Shift, Ode To Johnny Alkie

Late one night, just another night
Bottle in his hand so he feels all right
Hard luck boy, Johnny's playing
With his life again
Liquor prescribing, all the boys were vibing
'Johnny, give me your keys, son
You shouldn't be driving'
But he opens the door to his '54
And hops right in

Johnny was one of those guys
Who felt in life he could never win
His only love was for a cold sixer
And a flask of gin
Another bottle and another debacle
But this time, Johnny, he ain't coming back
No one will ever see him again

Knuckles white and his face was green
Johnny clenched the wheel like a speed machine
Yellow lines flashed through his sight
Like a thousand men
Thoughts racing through his mind
He knew the cliff up ahead
Was the end of the line
Eyes closed, pedal to the floor
Driving to his end