

# 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