

Bette Midler, Drinking Again

Drinkin' again.
Thinking of when you loved me.
Having a few.
Wishing that you were here.

Making the rounds.
Buying a round for total strangers.
Just being a fool,
'cause I keep hoping, hoping, hoping you'll appear.

Sure I can borrow a smoke.
I can sit here all night and tell these jokers some jokes,
but who wants to laugh, who's gonna laugh
at a broken heart?
Oh, my heart is aching, I swear it's breaking.

And I'm drinking again.
Thinking of when you loved me.
And I'm tryin' to get home
with nothing, nothing but a memory.

Yes, I'm dying to get home,
dying to get home.
And I got nothin' but a bottle of beer,
and just my memory.