

Buck-O-Nine, Few Too Many

spill your drink on her dress
you see her face she's not impressed
and i think and i guess
that you've had a few to many
go to the bathroom only to find
the door is locked and it's occupied
you spill your guts all over the place

i think you've had one to many
i think i've had one too few
i think you'll find
that the room is spinning
and i think i'll have a laugh on you

your distorted vision and your sweaty palms
isn't helping you keep calm
records are spinning they don't seem to quit
your girlfriend is screaming she's having a fit
broken a window fell off your chair
the gum you were chewin' is now in your hair
you run to the back to get some fresh air
thinking to yourself life ain't fair

an empty bottle on the floor
your passed out cold buy you want some more
you try to speak but your mouth is numb
too much drinking is what you're done