

Carl Belew, Drink Up And Go Home

(Drink up and go home)

You sat there a crying cry in your beer

You think you got troubles my friends listen here

Don't tell me your troubles I got enough of my own

Be thankful you're living drink up and go home

I'm fresh out of prison six years in the pen

Lost my wife and family no one to call friend

Don't tell me your troubles I got enough of my own

Be thankful you're living drink up and go home

[steel - guitar]

Now there stands a drunk man he's drunk he can't see

Yet he's not complaining why should you or me

Don't tell me your troubles I got enough of my own

Be thankful you're living drink up and go home

I'm fresh out of prison...

(Drink up and go home)