

Conway Deborah, Will You Miss Me When You're

Deborah Conway

Will you miss me when you're sober

Will you remember me when you're not overcome

With bloodshot eyes and breath stinking of rum

Will you give me a thought

Well I was taught

The hard way not fal for drunks like you

Experience has torn my brain in two

And I don't think so clearly now

But I wonder how

I let you get away with murder all the time

It must have been some crazy state of mind

But I want you to know that I'm all better now

'Cos you've been caught

Red handed stuck inside the honey pot

Your fly's undone but you still don't know what's what

But reassured I'm gonna let you know

'Cos I got to go

And I'm taking the bar with me when I leave

It's a sure way to guarantee you'll grieve

If only for a day

You might even find out that

You will miss me when you're sober

You might remember me when you're not overcome

With your whiskey tears and feeling close to numb

That you'll give me a thought