

# Everything But The Girl, Draining The Bar

This time you went just a little too far  
Now I don't mind picking you up from some bar  
And I'm used to dealing with the ways of most men  
But I won't come and get you from the jailhouse again  
Now I've sat and watched men fall drunk on the floor  
Just like my mother and her ma before  
And I was sixteen before I realised that men could walk upright  
And open their eyes  
Gin, whisky, don't bother me none  
But you're so darn proud of the things that you've done  
If you're such a man with such sorrows to drown  
Well how come there's always some girl picks you up when you fall  
down?  
So you go on home and get your guitar  
Write some more songs about draining the bar  
And if I'm so wise, why don't I show you the door?  
Cause you make me laugh  
And maybe that's what God made men for