

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