

# Firewater, Drunkard's Lament

Call me a god and I'll tip the undertaker  
That fool couldn't tell a real still from a faker  
Well I ain't no fool, but I play one on TV  
Cause misery loves company  
That's why everyone loves me

Now, buy me a drink and I'll tell you all a story  
About a bastard who traded in treasure for glory  
There treasure was true love, the bastard he was me  
Cause misery loves company  
That's why everyone loves me

Well, I've been a rich man  
I've been a poor man  
Inside a Saturday night  
I've done the works  
And there's one thing I know  
You can't win if it ain't a fair fight

I ain't seen the pastor since Sunday bloody morning  
All the girls in the choir are in labor or mourning  
Take one look in my eyes, I think you'll all agree  
Cause misery loves company  
And that's why everyone loves me

I've done every shit job  
Handed out nose jobs  
Made a few friends in the tombs  
But I've found that in most cases  
Fixing the the rat race  
Is better than pushing a broom

Now, who shall I marry the junky or the jailer?  
Your choices are few when you know you're a failure  
But there's one thing that everyone in the bar agrees  
That misery loves company  
And that's why everyone loves me