

# Freddie Hart, Drink Up And Go Home

You sit there a crying cry in your beer  
You say you got troubles my friend listen here  
If you'd look around you I'm sure you would find  
There's folks who got troubles worst that yours and mine  
I'm fresh out of prison six years in the pen  
Lost my wife and famly no one to call friend  
Don't tell me your troubles cause you're not alone  
Be thankful you're living drink up and go home  
[ autoharph + piano ]  
Now there stands a blind man a man who can't see  
Yet he's not complaining why should you or me  
Don't tell me your troubles got enough of my own  
Be thankful you're living drink up and go home  
I'm fresh out of prison...