

Harry Connick Jr., Boozehound

I used to be a boozehound
Spent my time downtown
Gettin round
Sittin in the barroom
Tryin to get another drink
"I think you've had enough"
"Come on... Just one more"
This time I ain't feelin so fine
Whatcha say we get to downin
Don't throw me just forget about the line
I wish I could be drownin
Sweet water... I ain't seen her in a while
I don't know if I can face her
I know she can always make me smile
If I can't outrun my chaser
I used to be a boozehound
Buzzin round midtown
Gettin loaded
Tryin to get a number
Feelin mighty good
"Is this guy bothering you?"
"No, no, I was just..."
All my life there ain't never been a drought
That's probably been my downfall
Even though, you know,
I might be passed out
I won't drop the high ball
I know where the river flows
And the lives that it devours
Ain't it great I can touch my nose
But I can't smell the flowers
I used to be a boozehound
Stumblin uptown
Gettin higher
Fallin off the barstool
Rememberin where I left the floor
"Say buddy, you need some help"
"No, I'm cool..."
Come and get me you can be my Boogeyman
You can catch me on the rebound
You may not fly like the Candyman can
But it's safer on the ground
Just one more trip to the fun house
They'll smother me with foam
See, my brother, that's the one house
That I can call my home